Liberty

JUNE 10, 1944 10c

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An Eyewitness Account

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THERE'S ONLY ONE BETTER BUY IN BONDS . . . *WAR BONDS!*

Help your Dentist—

HIS DAYS are more crowded than ever. For with so many dentists now at the fighting fronts, your dentist has taken on more appointments, more patients. He is doing all he can to guard the fitness of those on the home front.

You can do a lot to help him make the most of his time, skill and dental knowledge. Yes, you can help him—help him greatly—if you will follow these few simple, important rules:

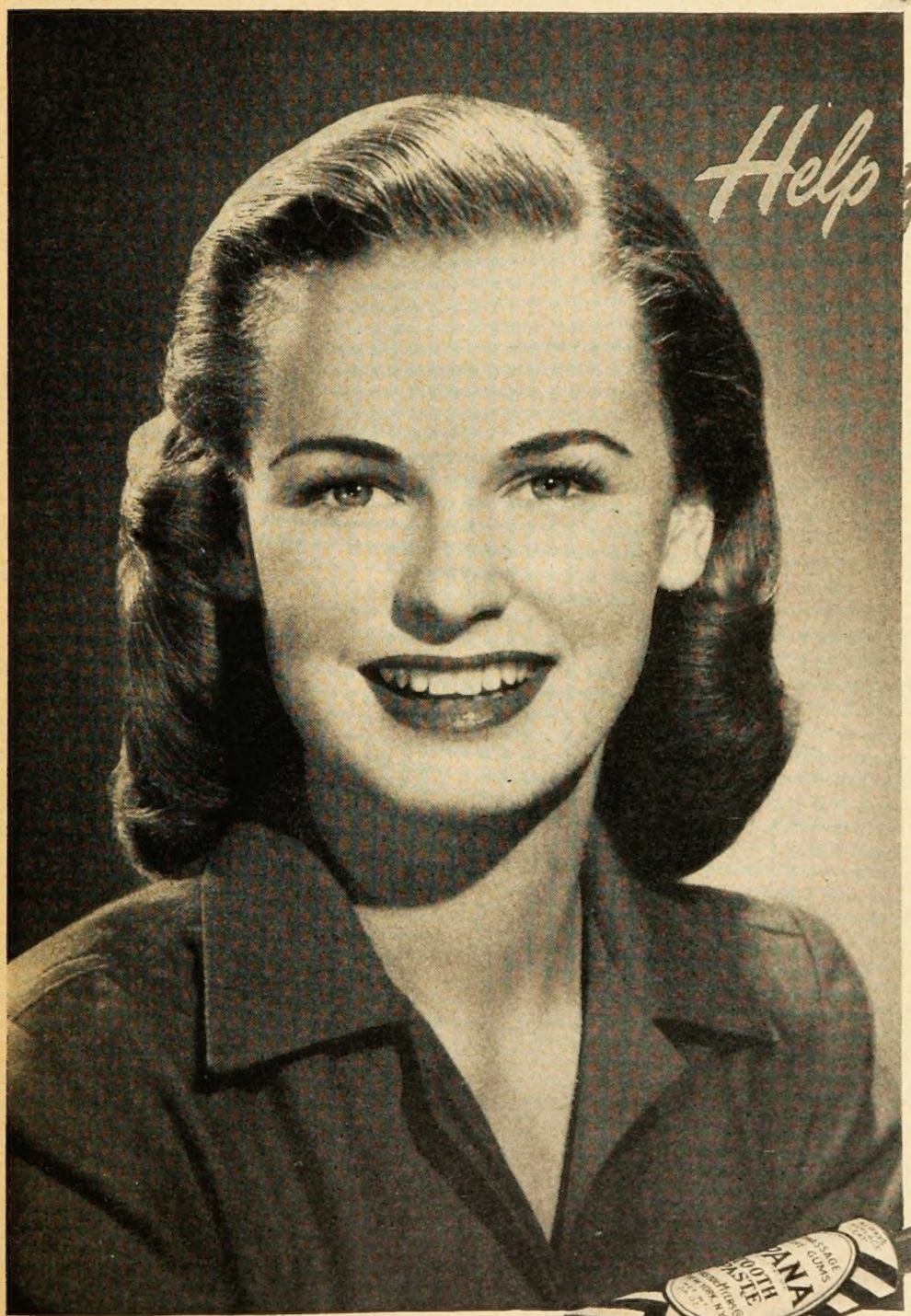
1. Make appointments well in advance.

2. Keep your appointments.

3. If you *must* break an appointment—do it promptly.

4. See your dentist regularly—don't wait until prolonged treatment is necessary.

5. Between visits—give your teeth and gums proper care at home.



Help your Smile!

Guard against "Pink Tooth Brush"
Help keep gums firmer and teeth more sparkling with Ipana and Massage!

THESE DAYS, the proper home care of teeth and gums is more important than ever. So choose your dentifrice carefully. And consider Ipana—the tooth paste millions prefer for cleansing teeth and, with massage, for helping the health of the gums.

It is well to remember this. For the brilliance of your smile, the bright sparkle of your teeth, depend so largely upon firm, healthy gums.

Heed the warning of "Pink Tooth Brush"

If you see a tinge of "pink" on your tooth brush, *see your dentist!* He may say that your gums have become tender because modern soft foods have denied them exercise. And, as thousands of dentists do, he may suggest "the helpful stimulation of Ipana and massage."

For massage with Ipana speeds up circulation within the gum tissues—helping gums to become stronger, firmer, healthier. So every time you brush your teeth, be sure to massage a little extra Ipana onto your gums.

Start today to help your dentist help your smile. At home, give your teeth and gums proper care. Thus, between dental visits, you can help yourself toward firmer gums, brighter teeth—a lovelier, more attractive smile!

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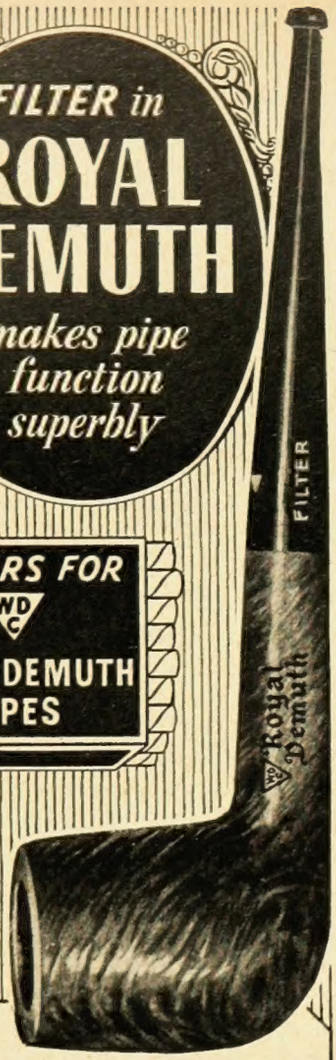

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★ ARTICLES

Berlin under Bombing, *N. Joglu, as told to Kurt Singer* 15
He Can Come Home from the Wars If—, *Lillian Porter Say* ... 18
Discords in the Wartime Wedding March, *Mary Day Winn* ... 22
Island Command—Conclusion, *Morris Markey* 23
Wires on Wheels 28
Quicksilver Ida, *Howard Sharpe* 30

★ FICTION

The Vandal Club, *Hugh Pentecost* 16
Moonlight Round About—Short Short, *Capt. Richard G. Hubler* 20
The Things You Remember, *Gertrude Schweitzer* 24
Professor Pyro—Part VI, *Edwin Lanham* 26

★ BOOK CONDENSATION

The Outnumbered—*Catherine Hutter's strangely stirring story of how a girl's faith stood against violence—abridged to a reading time of one evening* 31

★ FEATURES

Vox Pop 6
This Man's War, *Old Sarge* 10
On the Beam, *Wayne Parrish* 12
Books in Review, *E. A. Piller* 46
Crossword Puzzle 46
Colonel Stoopnagle's Fictionary *(Unabashed)* 52
Woman-Talk, *Margaret Fishback* 66
Liberty Goes to the Movies 70

★ EDITORIAL

The G. I. Comes into His Own, *Paul Hunter* 74

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LEE WAGNER, CIRCULATION MANAGER

Meet Fanny-Rosa, Miss duMaurier's Most Captivating Heroine!

Fanny-Rosa Flower, beautiful, tantalizing, devil-may-care, brought a quality that was new to the household of the prim, correct Brodricks. She not only inflamed the heart of Copper John's son, but influenced the fortunes of the family for both good and evil. Fanny-Rosa is a major figure among other fascinating characters in Daphne duMaurier's newest and finest novel.

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The story of "Hungry Hill" is centered in the bitter struggle between two families—the self-righteous, smug Brodricks and their sly, improvident neighbors, the Donovans. A quarrel in which a Donovan shoots down Copper John's father starts a feud which is to last for generations. Into this tense and dramatic setting walks Fanny-Rosa Flower, the green-eyed, careless beauty, bringing a wild, irresponsible charm that finds a target in the heart of Copper John's son John—and throws a new and disconcerting element into the lives of the staid Brodricks. The romance of Fanny-Rosa and John creates a combination of opposing temperaments that leads to an absorbing and suspenseful climax.

Not alone does this book have all the romantic elements that have won the author a tremendous following, but "Hungry Hill" is also a novel in the great tradition, dealing skillfully with the lives of several generations. Although it sells in the publishers' edition for $2.75, you may have a copy FREE if you join the Dollar Book Club now.

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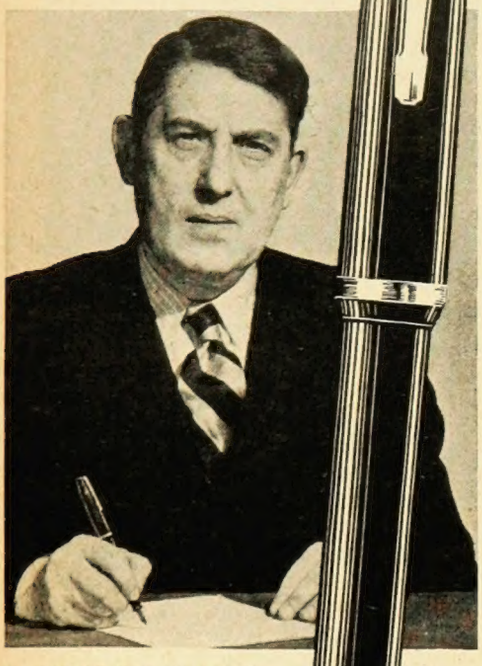

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VOX POP

"The Voice of the People"

ON THE WARPATH

HOUCK, ARIZ.—The Short Short entitled The Redskin's Reward, by Samuel W. Taylor (April 22 Liberty) reveals clearly the gross ignorance of the so-called author.

By his reference to hogans I understand the poor fellow had the Navajo Indians in mind. Does Taylor know that out of a total population of 50,000 Navajos more than 8,000 are in the service? Furthermore,

those who are rejected or discharged from the service are not refused because they "no savvy." S. Taylor's story is a rank insult against those Navajos in the armed forces, many of whom are at the front!—*Russell Bardin.*

Insult? Why, Taylor knows the Indians well enough to joke with them. He was just being funny. Some of his best friends are Indians!—VOX POP EDITOR.

STARS AND STRIPES!

CLEBURNE, TEX.—What the "L," I say! I've been a regular subscriber to Liberty for years, and I have noted the L in Liberty on the cover is sometimes marked with a star. According to you, the star means that that copy was sold on a newsstand—not as a regular subscription issue. I have the last four issues of Liberty on my desk, and three out of the four show the star on the L. Am I getting gypped? Is there any difference between a newsstand and regular subscription issue? I am curious to know!—*R. L. Derryberry.*

Relax, Mr. Derryberry. There is absolutely no difference between a starred and unstarred copy. The star usually denotes a newsstand copy, but it's not a hard-and-fast rule. O.K.?—VOX POP EDITOR.

CAMP ATTERBURY, IND.—Shame on you! Take a look at Win Hoskins' illustration on page 44 of April 22 Liberty. Do you

see what several of the fellows and myself in our barrack noticed on the sleeve of the sergeant (?) in the illustration? Since when has there been a rank in the United States Army represented by *four* such stripes?

Tsk, tsk!—Pvt. *Albert W. Zolton.*

Hoskins must have been a little "stripe-happy." Sorry!—VOX POP EDITOR.

SEE HERE, CORPORAL BOHLING!

CAMP POLK, LA.—I read the April 15 issue of Liberty, and was interested in your recognition of the movie See Here, Private Hargrove. Certainly no one could appreciate such a picture more than us G. I.s.

I disagree with you on your pick of the best characterization. Since Private Hargrove symbolized the average Yank, with faults and fame as his virtues, his leading lady had to be a sequel, as to the average doughboy's sweetheart. If the part could have been depicted better than it was done by Donna Reed, I, *for one,* want to know *who* could have done it.

See the picture again and see if you don't agree with me.—*Cpl. Melvin Bohling.*

Liberty's reviewer said Donna Reed was a "lovely young thing" and that she "handled the sweetheart role with poise and lots of femininity." What more could you ask for?—VOX POP EDITOR.

IS THIS MAN'S WAR ADEQUATE?

EL PASO, TEX.—Your page This Man's War is O. K. and helps every one—but don't you think it should have a different heading, since both men and women are in it? I suggest either This War or Everybody's War.—*L. B. Wilson.*

JERSEY CITY, N. J.—We've had lots of discussions in our family as to whether or

not the head on Old Sarge's column should be changed—now that women are serving in the armed forces as well as the men. But my kid sister, who is the cutest Marine this side of New Guinea, says she likes to think that the women are doing a "man's job" and that therefore the name should stand as This Man's War.—*J. G. Spinks.*

WE-POINT-WITH-PRIDE DEPARTMENT

PORT HUENEME, CALIF.—Liberty is *super.* I've read it for a number of years and find little fault in it.

I really think the short stories are *it.*

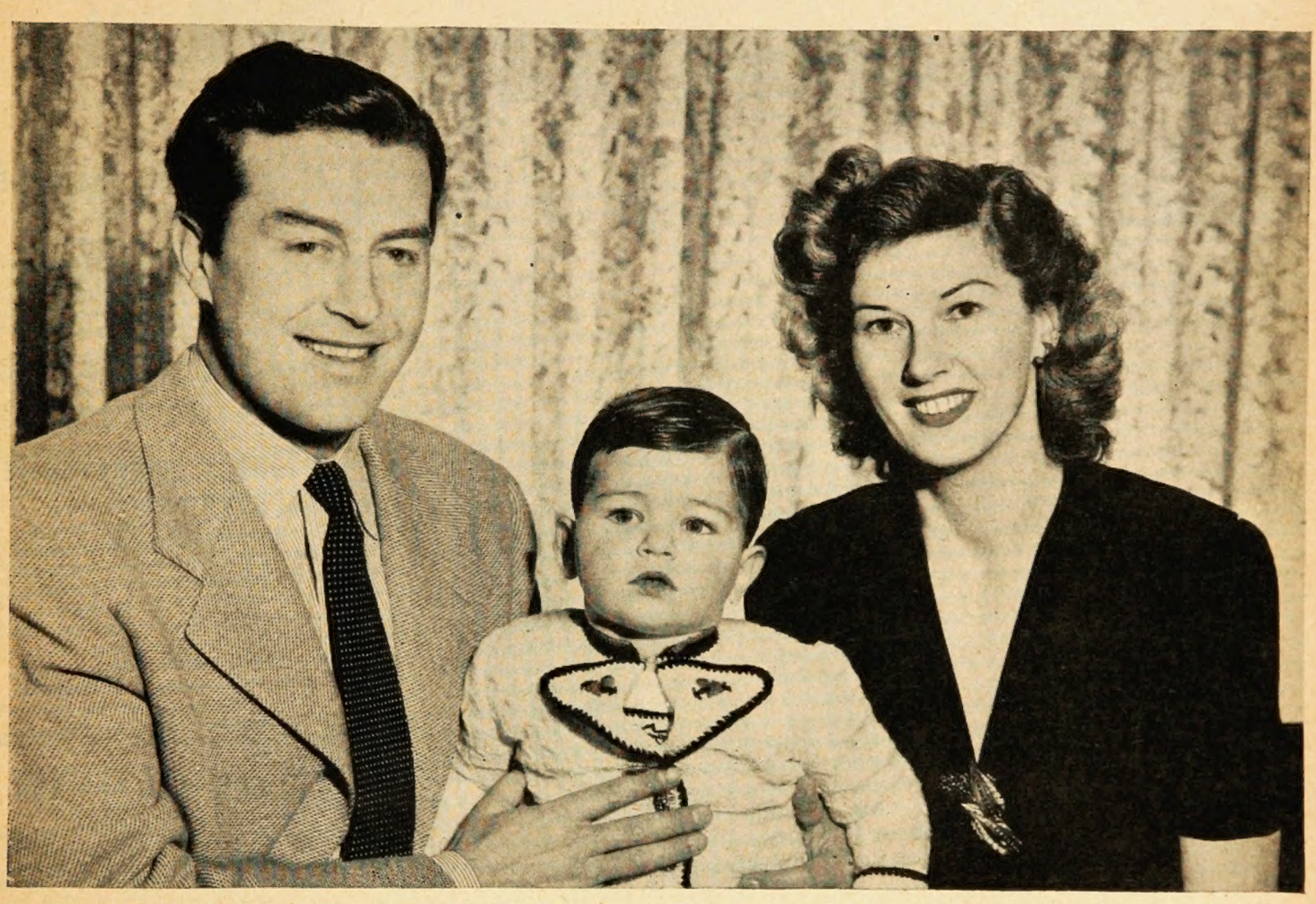
Why must people write such silly letters, like "I don't like Liberty because . . ." or "That last article was lousy."

Why do they buy it if they don't like it? There are other magazines. But none will compare to Liberty.—*W. N. Farhood, S1/c.*

WASHINGTON, D. C.—I'd like to tell you how much I enjoyed C/O Postmaster in April 22 Liberty. The "G. I. Joe" who wrote that book certainly knew what he was talking about. Let's have some more stories from him. They are the real thing.—*M/S, J. Brown.*

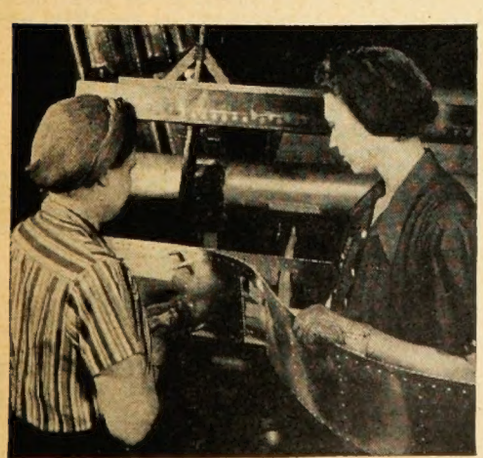
"Add three Millands to your list of enthusiastic Servel owners"

says Ray Milland *appearing in* "TILL WE MEET AGAIN" • *A Paramount Picture*



Mr. and Mrs. Milland say their Servel Gas Refrigerator is so quiet they'd almost forgotten about it until we asked questions. "It just sits there," says Ray, "and keeps things cold, and never causes a moment's trouble."

Two million families are glad they own Servels today, when repair men are hard to find. Servel, the Gas Refrigerator, is *different*—it has no moving parts in its freezing system to wear out, break down, or become noisy.

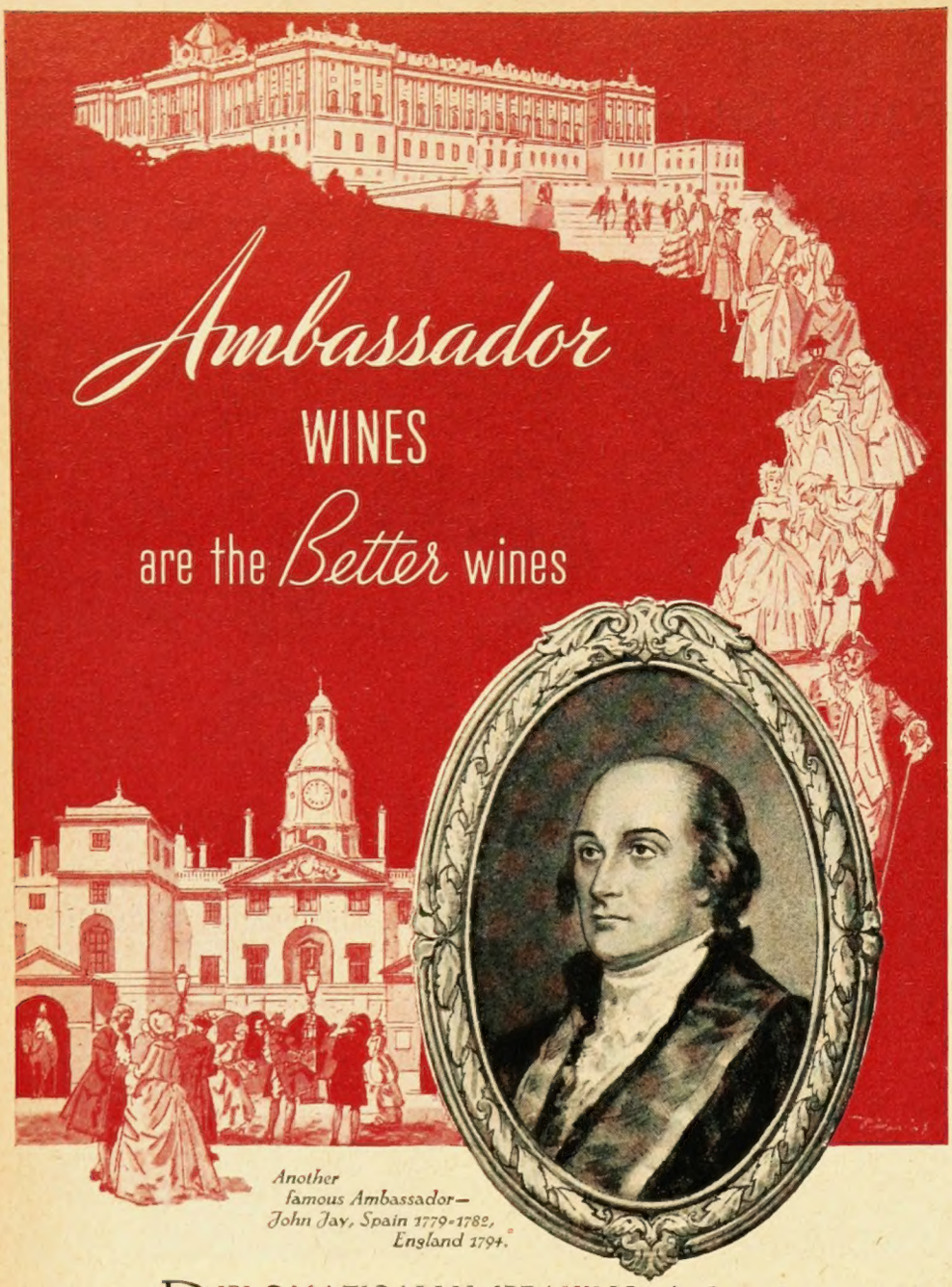


These two Milland fans are Servel war workers. Today our factory is 100 per cent at work for the war. We have made some refrigerators since Pearl Harbor—but the Army and Navy needed them all. After the war we'll be making more Servels—and even better-looking ones, too! We hope you'll want to own one.

We'll make homes more comfortable, too . . . with the Servel *All-Year* Gas Air Conditioner. It will heat homes in winter, cool them in summer—keep proper humidity all year round. Perfected before the war, these systems are already on test in hundreds of homes across America . . . and doing fine.

The Gas Refrigerator that "stays silent—lasts longer" was first introduced through your Gas Company. And that's where new Servel products will be announced. Buy War Bonds and Stamps today so that you can modernize your home in the future. Your Gas Company will be glad to help you plan.

Ambassador WINES are the *Better* wines



Another famous Ambassador— John Jay, Spain 1779-1782, England 1794.

DIPLOMATICALLY SPEAKING, Ambassador Wines are the *Better Wines*. Careful selection of grapes from EVERY traditionally famous California wine district... millions of gallons of fine wines are then made with slow and skillful care... Then, only the rare top-bracket casks are selected and their finesse of bouquet and traditional character are perfected for your enjoyment ...thus, are brought to you Ambassador - The Better Wines - by the "Old Masters" of California vintners.

Buy War Bonds now to enjoy fine things in future.

Wines of FRUIT INDUSTRIES LTD.
San Francisco

NEXT WEEK

TARAWA—THE STORY OF A BATTLE

By Robert Sherrod
Liberty's Book Condensation

This book exudes the breath of battle; it thunders with the boom of big guns; it is alive with the fury and danger of battle; it tells the graphic story of its horrors.

But Tarawa is even more than that. It is the superlative record of the Americans who lived and those who died in the toughest fighting Americans have yet faced in this toughest of all wars.

DOES LIBERATED ITALY LOVE US?

By John Daly

For over twenty years Italians had no freedom. Then our armies took it to them. Do the Italians like it or resent it? Do you really know how we have worked out as liberators?

VICTORY TOP

By Edmund S. Whitman

A gyroscope has the Nazis and Japs spinning dizzily on their axis. It's a child's toy that grew up to do big things.

THE WILL AND THE WAY

By Juliet Bridgman

The Japs ravaged China of almost all means for making essential products. Yet the great land of China survived, thanks to a zealous New Zealander who spark-plugged her recovery.

THE RAILROADS AREN'T SNOOZING

By Curtis Reed

The railroads have a few surprises up their sleeves in the shape of postwar travel. Here's the fascinating picture of what your ticket will get you.

WHAT MAKES HIM RUN SO FAST?

By Paul Gardner

His form is bad, he has no "kick," he does things wrong—but Gil Dodds still smashes records. How? Here's the story of a man who runs on winged feet and a prayer.

JOHNNY GETS A FURLOUGH

By Paul Deresco Augsburg

Johnny wore medals he'd won in the Pacific; but it was the score he settled with Clip back home that really made a man of him.

BULLETS FOR THE BRIDEGROOM

By David Dodge

Beginning an exciting and breathless new serial of a Reno honeymoon that became a rendezvous with death. A fast-paced novel of high suspense and intrigue.

The BIG PARADE is still going on!

Twenty years ago Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer started making motion pictures and the young firm's first year's hit was THE BIG PARADE. Perhaps it was an omen. Anyway, for twenty years since, Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer has been making THE BIG PARADE OF HITS that has brought this studio the leadership of the industry.

Today, we celebrate these twenty years of fine picture-making with a film that is a complete fulfillment of all our endeavors. It is THE WHITE CLIFFS OF DOVER, and it is *the* love story of our time. Deeply moving, with the sincerity of all truly great things, THE WHITE CLIFFS OF DOVER is the result of two decades of producing the best in entertainment. We offer it, also, as a promise of the many more fine films to come. We suggest you watch for AMERICA and DRAGON SEED which will follow THE WHITE CLIFFS OF DOVER.

1924 BIG PARADE • 1925 THE MERRY WIDOW
1926 FLESH AND THE DEVIL • 1927 BEN HUR
1928 TELL IT TO THE MARINES • 1929 BROADWAY MELODY • 1930 MIN AND BILL
1931 TRADER HORN • 1932 GRAND HOTEL
1933 TUGBOAT ANNIE

TWENTY YEARS OF LEADERSHIP
1924-1944
MGM

1934 DINNER AT EIGHT • 1935 MUTINY ON THE BOUNTY • 1936 SAN FRANCISCO
1937 GOOD EARTH • 1938 BOYS TOWN
1939 WIZARD OF OZ • 1940 BOOM TOWN
1941 HONKY TONK • 1942 MRS. MINIVER
1943 RANDOM HARVEST

The White Cliffs of Dover

starring
IRENE DUNNE
A CLARENCE BROWN Production
with ALAN MARSHAL
and with
RODDY McDOWALL
FRANK MORGAN
VAN JOHNSON • C. AUBREY SMITH
DAME MAY WHITTY • GLADYS COOPER

Directed by CLARENCE BROWN • Produced by SIDNEY FRANKLIN • Screen Play by Claudine West, Jan Lustig and George Froeschel • Based on "The White Cliffs" by Alice Duer Miller • A METRO-GOLDWYN-MAYER PICTURE

THIS MAN'S WAR

CONDUCTED BY OLD SARGE

MY hat's off to the War Department for taking a much needed step—the establishment of its new Personal Affairs Division. This opens a new avenue of assistance for many soldiers and members of Army families who find themselves bogged down, befogged, and bewildered by personal problems and G. I. red tape.

The Personal Affairs Division, operating under Army Service Forces, provides a central source of information on such important matters as:

Allowances
Pay arrears

Grass skirt

Emergency financial aid
Insurance
War Bonds
Legal assistance
Hospitalization
Vocational rehabilitation
Employment
Pensions

The function of PAD will be to provide advice and assistance and to refer inquirers to the Army, government, or civilian agency charged with handling the particular problem presented.

PAD not only is working in close coordination with established official bodies such as the American Red Cross, Veterans' Administration, Army Emergency Relief, Office of Dependency Benefits, U. S. Employment Service, Selective Service, and the Civil Service Commission, but also with civilian groups such as the bar associations and legal aid societies.

PAD is extending a helping hand still nearer the G. I.'s home by organizing, through a volunteer women's committee, volunteer units of women relatives of Army personnel. Their duties will include visits to the homes of military personnel and the arranging of medical care and hospitalization through the appropriate agencies. These groups may also set up day nurseries and aid in other special problems.

The new division will serve personnel and dependents of members of the Army Service and Army Ground Forces only. Army Air Forces is omitted because agencies of its own already are at work.

Branch offices of PAD are now established at the nine command headquarters of Army Service Forces throughout the country. You may send your question to the office nearest you. Or you may write the Personal Affairs Division, War Department, Washington, D. C.

OLD SARGE.

* * *

Sarge, to save some of our new G. I.s from shock when they follow us vets to these South Sea Islands, I want to tell what happened when a pal of mine bought a grass skirt to send home to his girl as a souvenir. The original owner was wearing this hay creation, her only garment, when my friend made his offer. To his great surprise, she immediately whipped off the skirt and handed it to him. Blushing, he offered her a large khaki handkerchief. She smilingly accepted—and knotted it around her head. Was he mortified!

Pvt. D. C., Southwest Pacific Area.

O. K., boys, you've been warned. And to square the many other lads who send or bring home such souvenirs, I'll add that the transaction described by D. C. probably was an exception rather than the rule. I mean, all these skirts weren't bought that way.

* * *

What are the present regulations regarding wearing of the uniform by members of the WAC?

A WAC's Mother, Philadelphia, Pa.

They're now the same as for the rest of the Army. Civilian dress may be worn only when dining at home with not more than two other persons. Sports attire is permissible while the G. I. is participating in games. At all other times proper uniform is required.

* * *

The technician ratings in this man's Army have caused much perplexity for me and for others. Our Table of Organization in this outfit lists a goodly number of men with ratings, but there are surprisingly few lowly privates. Could you enlighten me as to the liability of these techs for certain special duties? For instance, should a T/5 be given such details as K. P., private of the guard, etc., or should he always have a corporal's duties, such as charge of quarters and corporal of the guard?

1st Sgt. C. C., Fort Leonard Wood, Mo.

Circumstances dictate the use of available personnel in whatever way may be necessary to ensure proper function of the command and security of the installation. If there is a shortage of privates, the C. O. may direct noncoms to help out by performing duties not normally handled by ratings. If a T/5 or other noncom objects to assisting as such, he can turn in his stripes and do the job as a private.

* * *

Sarge, I think the WAC, Waves, and other women's service organizations are very fine, and I admire their personnel. But I believe a grave mistake has been made in forcing enlisted men to salute women officers.

As far back into time as historians have been able to delve, the female of the species has been considered the weaker sex. Because of this long established belief, men always like to feel themselves the superior, and I maintain that being compelled to salute a woman officer is causing deflation of the male ego and weakening the male morale. It also breeds disrespect for these fine auxiliary organizations among some of the men in our armed forces.

Therefore, I contend that saluting a woman officer ought to be left entirely to the enlisted man's discretion. Also, that enlisted women should have the right to choose whether they wish to salute a male officer.

I'd like to see what you and the other readers think of this.

(Miss) S. J. B., Carmel, Calif.

Miss, I could quote you Army Regulations on how saluting all officers is compulsory, and how it's the officer you salute, not the man (or woman). But you've raised more than a question of regulations and I'd probably have a brickbat fly through the page while I'm reading. I'll just step into the next foxhole while you and the girls in uniform debate this.

* * *

Here's a tracer aimed at you for stating that A. P. O. means Army Post Office. It couldn't be that, because Navy men also get their mail that way.

J. D. S., Dallas, Tex.

Sorry, J. D. S., but it's F. P. O., meaning Fleet Post Office, for the Navy. Some seamen my get their mail via an A. P. O. number, but they're Navy personnel on assignment with the Army.

* * *

In one of your columns that reached me here in Sicily I noticed that you said

Special duty

all mail sent to servicemen overseas is censored. I've been over nearly a year and have yet to see a censor's stamp or anything similar on my mail. Is there an AR on this, and, if not, what is your authority?

Pvt. M. M., Sicily.

Censorship matters are not included in AR but are dealt with in confidential directives. All mail to and from the United States is subject to censorship. Let's credit the discretion of your correspondents for the lack of deletions or markings in your mail.

This department of Liberty is for the men and women of the armed forces of the United States: Army, Navy, Marine Corps, and Coast Guard, also their families and friends. The identity of letter writers will not be disclosed without their permission. Address your letters to: "Old Sarge," c/o Liberty, 205 East 42d St., New York 17, N. Y.

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ON THE BEAM

BY WAYNE PARRISH

Consolidated Vultee presents the first passenger luxury liner of the future. The interior, designed by Henry Dreyfuss, provides a maximum of comfort.

A Jump Across the Atlantic

Two U. S. domestic air lines which until two years ago operated only networks of routes between New York and Los Angeles, have jumped into top position as trans-Atlantic operators. They are Transcontinental & Western Air, Inc., and American Airlines, Inc., which are operating under military contract for the Air Transport Command of the Army Air Forces.

Five overnight schedules each way across the Atlantic a day! That is what TWA is now operating. American Airlines is doing about the same. In the past two years TWA has operated more than 3,000 ocean flights, 1,647 of which were crossings of the North and South Atlantic. Since January, 1944, daily schedules have been boosted to the present five.

The domestic carriers have found trans-Atlantic flying to be pure routine, easier in some respects than operating between New York and Chicago. One official in fact says he can maintain a better operating efficiency across the Atlantic, even in wintertime, than between the two largest U. S. cities.

The two domestic air lines have put far into the shade all previous concepts and records for the Atlantic. Although Pan American Airways and American Export Airlines are still operating flying boats to Ireland, the volume of schedules is far behind those being maintained for the Army—and take a lot longer.

A trip across the Atlantic by flying boat, with its many scheduled stops and roundabout route, is likely to take from three days to a week, especially in the winter, although American Export has been able to fly nonstop from LaGuardia Field to Ireland in from sixteen to eighteen hours when weather conditions are ideal.

But by the four-engined C-54 Douglas transport plane, the Atlantic is now no longer to bridge than is the New York-Los Angeles route. It's only a hop, skip, and jump in from fifteen to twenty-one hours from New York. From ten to fifteen planes of various types leave airports in the eastern United States every day and arrive early the next morning in Scotland. Additional military airplanes are ferried across every twenty-four hours. Atlantic air transportation today is as frequent as any prewar air travel in the world.

The Magic Carpet

Not so many weeks ago your On the Beam editor walked into his office in Washington, D. C., a few minutes before ten o'clock in the morning. Just twenty-four hours before, he had left Casablanca, Africa. All day long he had to pinch himself to realize that he had had breakfast in Africa the morning before

Trans-Atlantic travel has been revolutionized within the past year and a half. Not much information has been permitted to leak out about it, but you can take our word for it that everything you knew or read about flying across the Atlantic before the war is obsolete and ancient history.

Here is our own experience in a nutshell. Awakened at 8 A. M. in an ocean-front hotel in Casablanca, we dressed, had breakfast, and went to the airport. A brilliant sun was shining. We feasted on those wonderfully juicy oranges just taken from the trees. Arabs in their assorted garbs were everywhere. The white buildings of Casablanca shone in the morning sun. A few camels were seen on the drive to the airport. A trimotored French airplane was loading up with passengers bound for Algiers. American airplanes of all types were over the field. The airport was a beehive of activity with planes arriving and departing constantly.

From that wartime African airport, with activity and color suitable for a moving picture, we departed at ten o'clock in a large four-engined C-54A Douglas cargo airplane operated for the Air Transport Command by a U. S. domestic air line. In a few minutes the African coast line receded into the distance.

First stop out was the new land airport on one of the Azores islands far out in the Atlantic. It was a brief hour's stop for late lunch and refueling. Off again, via a route we can't mention, to arrive at 2.45 A. M. at New York's LaGuardia Airport.

Finding oneself in New York at that hour of the morning is an anticlimax, for our destination was Washington. There ensued a wait until 6.30 for the first commercial air-line trip of the day to Washington—a wait that seemed days after crossing the Atlantic from Africa in such a short time. The arrival in Washington was exactly at eight o'clock—the hour of awakening in Africa the day before.

The transition was breath-taking and unbelievable. But how routine it all was! The flight was as smooth as silk. Not the slightest incident marred the casualness of the entire trip of more than 4,000 miles. And how much shorter the trip would have been had we come direct from England, 1,000 miles closer than Africa! This was no adventure, no stunt, no rarity. It was routine to the point of dullness. The mystery of the Atlantic? There isn't any mystery any more.

Postwar Jobs

Postwar jobs on the air lines should be plentiful, for this is one branch of aviation that will expand very rapidly when peace returns.

Here are some indications. Before the war the U. S. air lines operated about 50,000 miles of routes. When half of the air-line planes were taken over by the Army, about 5,800 miles of routes were suspended. Another 704 miles was turned into mail and express service only.

Since war began, the Civil Aeronautics Board has approved 6,754 route miles on which service has not been inaugurated. Hearings for additional new routes are being conducted regularly. So there will be a substantial increase in route miles ready for service as soon as equipment and personnel are available.

There are about 600 applications on file with the Civil Aeronautics Board, asking for over 500,000 new route miles, and more are coming in every day.

Although the air lines have been operating with fewer than 200 airplanes, they have done an extraordinary job of utilizing their equipment without reducing safety factors. Not immediately but within a few months many more airplanes will be available to the commercial operators as a result of the wartime output for the Army and Navy.

Odds and Ends

Henry Ford's huge Willow Run plant is turning out plenty of Liberator bombers. Two thousand have been built and flown away from the factory, while another thousand were built for shipment to final assembly plants elsewhere.

One of the newest aircraft plants is so large that no less than thirty-eight persons are assigned to keep the overhead fluorescent lights functioning on three shifts—and there is no surplus or wastage of personnel.

MEET YOUR NEW NEIGHBOR . . .

SWITZERLAND—land of snow-capped mountains and friendly, freedom-loving people—vacation land for visitors who come to enjoy the popular sport of mountain climbing and the unusual customs, quaint costumes and festive dances of these "people who live on the side of the mountain."

Appreciation of the charm and beauty of all foreign lands and peoples and better understanding for a more tolerant peacetime to come, will be yours when you "meet your new, world neighbors" by twisting the controls of your post war HALLICRAFTERS radio.

Built by experts for experts, Hallicrafters radios are truly a "radioman's radio". Ask the men who have used them in the past and who are using them today—radio and electronic technicians all over the world—they will attest to their excellence. THE HALLICRAFTERS COMPANY, MANUFACTURERS OF RADIO AND ELECTRONIC EQUIPMENT, CHICAGO 16, U.S.A.

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IT MUSTN'T bite the hand that throws it

THIS IS A HAND GRENADE. When you pull the firing pin and release the lever you have only the length of time it takes the fuse to burn down to get rid of it or get away from there —and that's only a handful of seconds!

If you made hand grenades, or used them, you'd want to be mighty sure about those fuses.

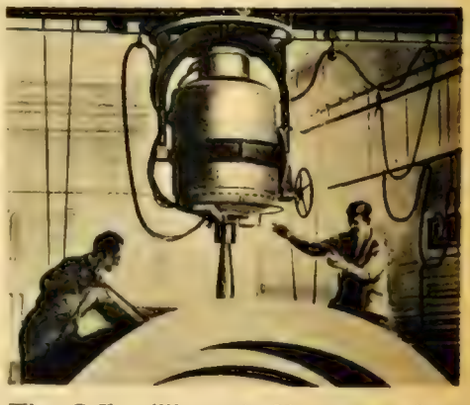
You can be. The fuse of this grenade, and thousands of others just like it, was individually X-rayed while passing down a production line at the rate of 4000 an hour. When a bad fuse showed up, something equivalent to the signal for a four-alarm fire took place. A bell rang, a red light flashed, the bad fuse was automatically daubed with red paint, and finally, to make assurance doubly sure that the bad fuse didn't slip through, it was recorded on the chart of a photoelectric meter.

From sorting oranges for California fruit growers to sorting hand grenades is quite a step—but it is typical of the new wartime jobs G-E scientists and engineers have put X rays to work on. It is also typical of the application of G.E.'s peacetime research and engineering to war.

Nearly twenty years ago Dr. William D. Coolidge, now G-E vice-president and Director of the Research Laboratory, developed the Coolidge X-ray tube—one of the most important developments of all time in science and medicine. In the years that followed, he and other scientists and engineers worked steadily to improve this almost magical tool of research and healing.

Then came the war, and the X ray in its latest and most powerful form became almost overnight a vital tool of war production, testing for hidden flaws no human eyes could reveal the metals on which the strength and endurance of our arms depend.

Which makes the X ray another good example of the way G-E research and engineering work to meet America's needs—constantly, in unexpected ways—in war and peace. *General Electric Co., Schenectady, N.Y.*



The G-E million-volt X ray cuts from hours to minutes the time required to examine metal parts—from airplane crankshafts to turbine shells.

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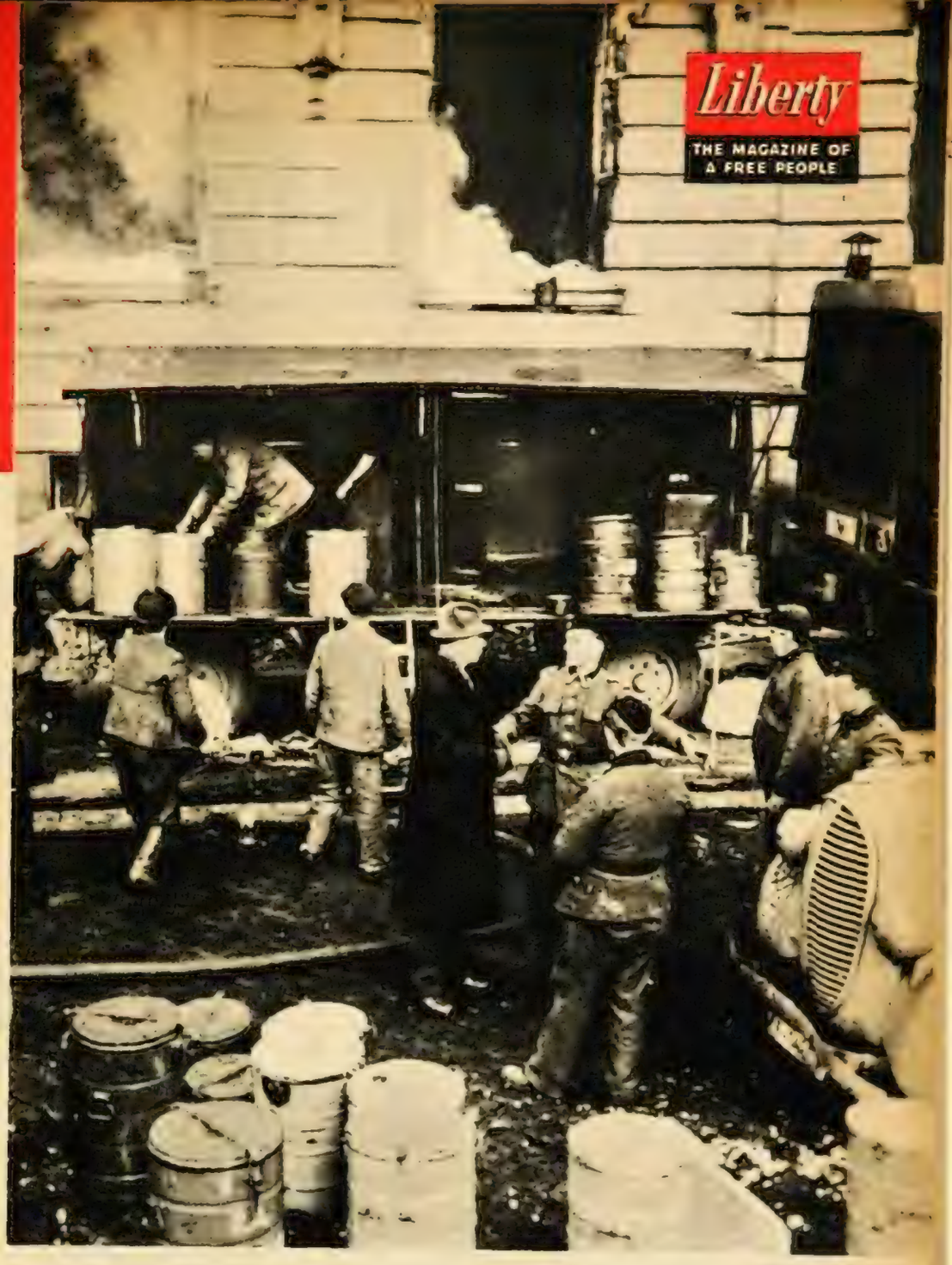


EUROPEAN PHOTO

The taste of war—and thin soup—is in the mouths of these bombed-out Berliners.

A Turkish official, caught in Berlin during the Allied blitz, tells how the Germans are taking it, and what they say

BY N. JOGLU, as told to KURT SINGER

I HAVE just come from the inferno made of Berlin by the blitz of the early days of 1944. I was in Germany for nearly three months, attached to the Turkish Trade Mission, and I saw it from the inside—its shattered hotels, ruined embassies, and stricken workers' quarters.

All my previous experience of death and destruction was as nothing compared with the blitz. The air-raid signals always sounded too late, when the bombers were practically overhead. Frequently bombs dropped before people were able to reach a shelter; for the Nazi Air Defense never knows whether the R. A. F. or the American Fortresses are headed for Berlin or near-by Leipzig, Magdeburg, or Hamburg.

On one occasion when the air-raid siren sounded, I ran from my home in Friedenau toward the nearest public shelter, five hundred yards away. Halfway there, I heard a bomb burst with ear-splitting tumult and threw myself behind a tree for protection against flying glass fragments. None of the debris hit me, but I saw fires starting around me, first one, then five, then ten, then so many that I could no longer count them.

I made another dash for the shelter. Some people were lingering about trying to do something about the fires, but hundreds were running frantically, and soon their numbers swelled to thousands. When the crowd finally reached the shelter, a cordon of police told them there was no more room.

The screaming, hysterical mob plunged on once more in a desperate race for the next shelter—through burning streets, exploding buildings, rain of antiaircraft shrapnel and burning furniture hurtled through space. At the next shelter I was again excluded—no room. There was nothing now but one of the emergency shelters—a pipe line just big enough to crawl into.

I could see and hear everything. After twenty minutes I was paralyzed with cold and painful cramps in my legs. I thought the end had come. I pictured myself struck dead or burned to a cinder. There seemed not the slightest hope of surviving under the terrific impact of the blockbusters. The raid lasted about four hours, and when the all-clear sounded I could hardly stand.

The next day I had reason to rejoice. The representatives of foreign governments were called to an emergency meeting of the Department of Commerce and told that we would be evacuated. While there we exchanged experiences of the night. A member of the Swedish Trade Mission had used the air-raid shelter under the famous Hotel Adlon, and when the bombing was over the Hotel Adlon was gone—vanished. The Swedish Legation had been damaged and Swiss officials badly hurt. All of us were glad to get out of this city of disaster, once so boastfully proud.

When I first went to Germany, the people were singing patriotic songs like Wir fahren, wir fahren gen Engelland. But nobody sings that song now. There are too many puns on it. Too many Germans on the Russian front have gone to "Engel's Land"—that is, to Angel's Land. The antiaircraft guns are too noisy for any songs to be heard, anyway. Inside the shelters, even through walls three and four feet thick, all the sounds of disaster can be heard.

No, no songs are sung. Wives and mothers of fallen soldiers are not allowed to wear black and newspapers are restricted to twenty-five obituaries a day, but every one knows there is practically no family without casualties. There isn't a soul in Germany today who remains enthusiastic about the war in the sense that every one was enthusiastic when Hitler had himself photographed in Paris at the foot of the Eiffel Tower.

War weariness is universal. Every one inside Germany is constantly and hopelessly dead tired from long working hours and horrible nights spent in air-raid shelters. There is hardly an item of food that isn't scarce or fantastically priced. It doesn't take long, under such conditions,

(Continued on page 54)

The VANDAL CLUB

Miss Moffet's settlement house was wrecked, and Max Chandler knew there was more dirty work afoot than the mischievous antics of a gang of tough kids

BY HUGH PENTECOST

ILLUSTRATED BY AL SCHMIDT

I HAD never heard of Miss Hilda Moffet till the evening I saw the wreckage of the settlement house and the stain on the rug beside her desk. None of us needed a police technician to tell us that stain was blood.

Working for Max Chandler has made me a connoisseur of wrecked joints. I have never seen anything to match the job that had been done on Miss Moffet's settlement house. It was an old three-story brownstone on the lower East Side of New York, and not a pane of window glass remained intact. Only the rug in Miss Moffet's office had been left in one piece, and that was marred by the ugly red stain.

There was an added feature that turned my blood slightly cold. Some of the damnedest obscenities I have ever read in my life had been scrawled over the walls in black crayon.

Max stood in the doorway of the wrecked office, watching two cops who were poking around aimlessly in the ruins with their night sticks. Max has pale blue eyes that can be as cold as cut gems. They were that way now.

I had asked Max earlier why we were going to see Miss Hilda Moffet and who she was.

"Old friend," Max had said. "She's asked for a favor."

I got a part of the picture on the way downtown in a taxi. Miss Moffet was about seventy. She came from an old aristocratic family. Nearly fifty years ago she had walked out on the social whirl and opened a settlement house for East Side kids.

"She's done a wonderful job," he told me. "Thousands of kids who might have wound up in jail, or worse, have turned out to be solid citizens because of her work. She's got some kind of shindig on tonight and she's asked me to talk to some of her kids."

This Hilda Moffet must really rate high with Max, I thought. There's just one favor he never grants. He won't make speeches. Twice a week he has his own radio broadcast. He had been a foreign newscaster before the outbreak of war in '39. He covered the blitz of Warsaw, the fall of Norway and the Low Countries, the debacle of France. After Pearl Harbor he hotfooted back here to get into the armed forces. He got the bird from the powers that be. His following on the air made him far too valuable at home. For two years he and Lee Ames, his secretary, and I have traveled the country from one end to the other, battling our pleasant little native-born fascists, the hate-mongers, the grafters and crooks and black-market operators. I am a sort of watchdog, legal adviser specializing in libel, private photographer, private bartender, and travel agent.

Well, we had come down here so that Max could break a precedent by making a speech to Miss Moffet's youngsters and we had found the place a wreck, and no Miss Moffet. Also no information. There was a crowd of people outside the building, but we hadn't known what was up when we came in. The two cops were uncommunicative.

"Somebody busted the place up," one of them said in answer to Max's question.

"A brilliant analysis," I said.

The cop gave me a dirty look but didn't say anything.

"Where's Miss Moffet?" Max asked.

"She ain't around."

"Who's in charge?"

"The lieutenant ain't here yet."

Max gave me a sign I understood. I usually carry a large camera and plate case, but I hadn't expected to take any

Max's fist traveled to connect with Marigold's jaw. Joe's knees buckled.

pictures tonight. However, part of my standard equipment is a tiny speed-lens job that I carry under my vest. We take pictures if we are allowed and we also take pictures if we are not allowed. Max wanted a shot of the wrecked office, so I got two or three good ones.

Then the lieutenant came. His jovial manner and broad smile were thrown off key by a pair of very sharp shrewd shoe-button black eyes.

"You'll have to run along," he said to us cheerfully. "We got a job to do here."

"I'm staying," Max said.

"Now look, bud—"

Max took out his wallet and produced a special pass. The lieutenant didn't look happy but he swallowed hard and was a little man about it. "I'm certainly glad to know you, Mr. Chandler. Always listen to your broadcasts. Damn good, too. My name's Faxon."

"I'm an old friend of Miss Moffet," Max said. "I was supposed to take part in some sort of gathering here tonight. I want to know what this is all about and what's happened to Miss Moffet."

"That's what I'm here to find out," Faxon said. "Turn up anything, boys?"

"Somebody give the place quite a goin' over, lieutenant," the analyst said.

"This couldn't have happened without the entire neighborhood knowing something about it," Max said. "Your men seem to be more interested in treasure hunting than in getting the story from people."

"I gave orders they were to stay inside and see nothing was touched till I got here," Faxon said. "Well, let's see what we've got here."

"Among other things, you've got a blood-stain on the rug," Max said.

The lieutenant looked at it. "It could be red ink," he said.

"It could be red ink," Max said, "but it isn't. Aren't you going to find out what's happened to Miss Moffet?"

"Sure. Take it easy, Mr. Chandler." Faxon turned to his two men. "Go outside and pick up two or three people who saw something."

THE analyst went out and came back with three very frightened, very dumb-looking people. He couldn't have picked three worse witnesses if he'd been trying hard. One of them was a Jewish patriarch who kept muttering into his beard that he didn't know anything. One was a stout Irishwoman with a black string bag full of late shopping loot. One was a girl about eighteen who looked as though she were made up for some sort of charade.

Faxon began asking them all questions at once. The story was pretty garbled. The Irishwoman had been shopping. She had seen a lot of young people, all boys, going into Miss Moffet's in groups of three and four. It wasn't an unusual sight. Then things happened.

"It was like an explosion like," she said. Windows began shattering from the inside. It didn't last more than six or seven minutes and then the place disgorged itself of youth.

"What about Miss Moffet?" Faxon asked.

"I didn't see hide nor hair of her."

"Do you know Miss Moffet by sight?" Max asked.

The Irishwoman snorted. "Sure, and who doesn't know her—her with her umbrella, even when the sun is shinin' bright."

The patriarch with the beard was no good at all. He heard no evil, saw no evil, and he wasn't talking, good or evil.

The tootsie with the hips and the mascara had trouble looking away from Max to answer Faxon. "It was those drips from the Blue Tulip," she said.

For some reason Lieutenant Faxon didn't like that. "Did you recognize any of them?" he demanded.

"No, but it was them," the girl said.

"What is the Blue Tulip, lieutenant?" Max asked.

"Oh, it's a bar and grill a couple of blocks away," Faxon said. "Some of the older boys in the neighborhood hang around there—all perfectly harmless."

"Says you," said the tootsie.

"I know the boys in our neighborhood," Faxon said. "I know they wouldn't do a thing like this. Why, they're all crazy about Miss Moffet!"

"Which brings us back to the question," Max prompted. "Where is Miss Moffet?"

"Look here, Mr. Chandler," Faxon said, "we've had plenty of trouble with kids all over the city since the war. We're lousy with juvenile delinquents everywhere—boys and girls." He gave the tootsie a dirty look. "In this precinct we've done a good job. Miss Moffet's been a help to us. I know the kids here wouldn't harm her."

"Why should anybody harm her?"

Faxon shook his head. "It's isn't only kids, Mr. Chandler. They gang up, the way kids will. Then some petty racketeer steps in and steers 'em wrong. They go in for robberies and busting up joints like this and raising hell. They're a headache, but we don't have 'em in this precinct."

"Says you," the tootsie said. I was getting to like her. She didn't go for Faxon and neither did I.

"O. K. Get these people out of here," Faxon said to the analyst. "And it would pay you to keep a civil tongue in your head, sister."

"Says you," the tootsie said, and sashayed out.

"Maybe we ought to search the building," Faxon said.

I thought Max was going to explode, but he didn't. I looked at Max and guessed he was thinking the same thing I was. There was something almost too clumsy and incompetent about Faxon and his men. I had a hunch they would have brushed the whole thing off with a routine report if it hadn't been for Max.

We searched the building without much hope of finding Miss Moffet. We didn't find her. We did find there was a back entrance to the building through which Miss Moffet could have been taken without any of the crowd on the street seeing her.

"I guess we better send out a general alarm," Faxon said.

We went back to the wrecked office. What I took to be another witness was talking to the analyst and his pal. He was a young man in his early twenties, and about as nasty a piece of work as I've seen in a long time. He wore a wasp-waisted suit with pointed lapels. There was a broad stripe in the purplish material. He had a pointed chin, a pointed nose, and an almost nonexistent forehead, back from which grew thick, oiled hair. A cigarette dangled between his lips and bobbed up and down when he spoke. He kept his black eyes squinted against the tobacco smoke.

"Hello, lieutenant," he said, as we came in.

"Hello, Joe. Nice to see you," Faxon said. He turned to us. "Joe, this is Max Chandler, the famous radio announcer, and his assistant, Mr.—er—"

"Buchanan," I said. "Rod Buchanan."

"This is Joe Marigold," Faxon said to Max. "He manages the Blue Tulip we were talking about. I'm glad you came in, Joe. A girl we had in here seemed to think it was some of the boys who hang around your place were responsible for this mess."

Mr. Joe Marigold's eyes widened in horror. "Why, lieutenant! You know better than that. There isn't one of those kids isn't crazy about Miss Moffet!"

"That's what I told Mr. Chandler," Faxon said.

"Why, I've known her ever since I was a kid," Mr. Joe Marigold said. "That's why I came over. I heard about this and I thought maybe there was something I could do to help her."

"Miss Moffet is missing," Max said.

"Missing?" Mr. Marigold's tone was anguished. "That's terrible! You mean you don't know what happened to her?"

"We haven't any idea," Faxon said. "I'm about to send out a general alarm."

"We can help with that," Marigold said. "I'll pass the word along. Every kid in the district will be out looking for her."

"Thanks, Joe," Faxon said. "That'll be a help."

"Well, I'll be getting the ball rolling," Marigold said, and started toward the door.

"JUST a minute," Max said. "How can you be sure none of the neighborhood boys is responsible for this?"

"Why, I *know* them, Mr. Chandler."

"So you think a gang of vandals came from some other part of the city and just wrecked the place in a spirit of prankish fun and took Miss Moffet off with them?"

"It has to be that way. Our boys—"

"Why, Mr. Marigold? What reason could an outside gang have for doing this? Miss Moffet had nothing here worth stealing. She no longer has any money that would make a kidnaping worth while. There's something vindictive about this, Marigold. It was done because some one knew it would hurt her more than anything else."

The corner of Marigold's mouth twitched. "I can't explain it, Mr. Chandler. The main thing is to find her. I got to get back to my place and start the boys working. A pleasure to meet you—and you, too, Mr. Buchanan."

The feeling was not mutual.

"Well, I guess that's all we can do here," Faxon said, when Marigold had gone. "If you want to call me at the precinct station house later in the evening, Mr. Chandler, I'll let you know what progress we've made."

We went out. Faxon, the analyst, and the analyst's pal drove off in a police car. Max turned to me. "I want to circulate a little, Rod. Grab yourself a pay phone and call Lee. Tell her I want her to meet us as soon as she can make it. Then come back here and join me."

"Where is she supposed to meet us?" I asked.

"The Blue Tulip, of course," he said.

The Blue Tulip was like hundreds of other joints located all over the city. It was dimly lit. Blue paper shades, cut out

(*Continued on page 62*)

HE CAN COME HOME

Some of the boys have been overseas overlong and the Army knows it. There's a new plan to get some of them home, but the obstacles are many and tough

It was "commando" Kelly's feat of killing forty Germans at one time in Italy that earned him a home furlough.

INTERNATIONAL PHOTO

PRIVATE First Class Bill Brown is home from overseas. He returned under a military plan that has been in effect only since the first of this year. The Army calls it "rotation or return of military personnel as individuals on duty outside Continental United States." Bill has some general idea of the rotation system which brought him home after two years in a remote spot in a theater of war. But all his folks know is that Bill is home in one piece and that he's being assigned to a post here where "he's going to stay for months and months, we hope."

The Smiths, who live next door, have a son, Jim, who's been overseas as long as Bill. Mrs. Smith immediately ran over to visit Bill, and came home upset and unhappy. Of course it's nice that Mrs. Brown can have *her* son home, but what about Jim?

The more Mrs. Smith thinks about it, the more bothered she gets. Instances of other boys returned from overseas come into her mind. Finally she sits down and writes Jim a letter telling him what she thinks of everything, and particularly of the Army's failure to get him home on furlough.

Her letter reaches Jim when his morale is at low ebb. He and his buddies have been dreaming of going home and his mother's letter points up the whole discouraging picture. He envisions a lot of servicemen back in the States who haven't done any more than he has. He's still slogging there in the mud after two years—and they're home: free to see their families, to walk down Main Street, to relive the old days. Besides, an idea has been stewing in his mind: "The United States sends over a lot of munitions and supplies, so there must be a lot of ships going back empty. Why can't they be filled with us fellows who are due for a furlough in the States?"

The commanding officer in Jim's theater knows the answer. It is he who selects the men for return under the rotation system, and he knows what's on Jim's mind. But he has the over-all plan of action in the theater to carry out. He can't release a sizable number of his men, for the simple reason that he may not have men to replace them. And for every man who goes out there must be a replacement.

His task is to build up a certain striking power. Suppose he sends Jim and a crowd of his comrades home. Then an equal number of men must be sent out to replace them. There's no striking power percentage there. He's right back where he started. He's got to have additional new troops, and incoming ships filled with supplies and new men can't carry rotation replacements at the same time.

And here's something to think about. According to the Office of War Information, it takes about fifteen Liberty ships to transport approximately 3,700 vehicles and the equipment of one armored division overseas. That doesn't include the necessary troopships. Such an armored division uses 650 tons of gasoline a day, about 600 tons of ammunition, and 35 tons of food. An average of one Liberty ship would have to arrive every eight days to keep the division in action.

No, there isn't much shipping space for rotation replacements to rattle around in. To carry out any large rotational system in an overseas Army building up for a specific job would simply delay the day when the striking power would be sufficient to do the job.

Moreover, to immobilize any large bloc of the Army through rotation would simply mean a further drain of manpower from essential industry, because more men would be drawn into the service.

This exchange angle is something Jim and his buddies haven't taken into account. But the theater commander is always conscious of it. He does the best he can. Whenever feasible he sends his men out to rest areas "within the theater rotation." Even then he has difficulty getting replacements. But he knows the importance of giving his men every possible break without impairing his first objective—fighting the war.

New Zealand and Australia, for example, have proved particularly well suited to the rest and rehabilitation of men in the Southwest Pacific. Divisions are rotated whenever it is consistent with the tactical situation. And in February the War Department announced a plan to relieve several hundred men at a time on the Italian front. They are given physical examinations and new clothing, and then allowed a reasonable length of time away from the fierce fighting to relax.

Sure, we'd like to bring home every Pacific's jungle slop. But a successful

FROM THE WARS IF—

BY LILLIAN PORTER SAY

But it isn't like going home, and the Army knows it. The answer is rotation—for a percentage. In February the War Department announced that more than 200,000 troops, exclusive of sick and wounded, had been returned to the United States from overseas since the beginning of the war. By no means do men on rotation alone make up this figure.

The Army, for example, distinguishes between "rotational personnel" and "returned personnel." No specific replacement is sent out for a man in the latter category. Personnel may be returned to the United States for a variety of reasons—for hospitalization, emergency reasons, redistribution of officers, discharge, and for disposal of officers unqualified for duty, for example.

Men who have been captured by the Axis and then escape must come back to this country either as returned personnel or by rotation. An "emergency furlough," incidentally, is granted only when the commanding officer is convinced that the circumstances are unusual and the man's presence is vitally necessary at home.

"Rotational personnel" refers to men who, before they return to the United States, have been replaced by others from this country who have been trained to do their particular jobs. They may be men who have suffered combat fatigue and whose replacement is necessary to ensure efficiency. They may be experienced personnel who will be used in the training and formation of new units in the United States. And they may be men who the theater commander thinks deserve to return. Men who have been wounded in action more than once, even though released from the hospital for duty, get special consideration.

The War Department emphasizes that the men sent home shall be those with the longest service overseas, but it leaves it up to the theater commander to set the period for eligibility. The eligibility itself isn't a right to be returned; it just establishes a basis for selection. The actual relief depends on conditions in the theater.

To date, the minimum period for eligibility for rotation in North Africa has been set at eighteen months; in the Alaskan and Caribbean commands, over two years. Other theaters are working out formulas. Air Forces combat crews, by the way, are handled separately.

Here's what happened to Pfc. Bill Brown before he reached his home in the States by way of rotation. Before Bill was notified that he had been selected from the eligibles for exchange, the theater commander had requisitioned a man to replace him. This man was picked from a rotational personnel group in the United States—which is undergoing training at all times—or from some other source if the group contained no one of the exact specifications desired.

It took Bill's replacement at least four months—perhaps six or eight—to get to the war theater, and then possibly another month to reach Bill's unit. Perhaps Bill left his unit as soon as it was known his replacement was on the way. On the other hand, depending on the activity in the theater, he may not have left for home until his replacement had actually arrived.

Once Bill arrived in the United States, he—like all others returned by water—was routed directly to one of the country's fourteen reception centers—the one nearest his home if possible. There he was classified to determine his new assignment and given approximately three weeks' leave before assuming his new duties.

So, roughly estimating the time consumed in travel by Bill and his replacement, this exchange took six months. During that time they were floaters. The

guy who's been wading through the offensive needs men and more men.

Lt. Childers, the Nazis' redskin nemesis, and Kelly. Before they could come home, their commander had to have a couple of replacements for them.

Army's floating population is useless to the immediate fighting effort.

But when Bill is home on furlough he is *not* on vacation. He is still part of the fighting machine. Delayed travel orders to his new post make his three weeks at home possible. Men like Bill are experienced and battle-trained and every effort is made to assign them to duty where their experience may best be utilized—in training establishments, for example. They are placed in "low priority" units—units not scheduled for overseas duty immediately. Yet a man particularly qualified might be sent out again in four months or less.

Families are urged by the Army not to attempt to meet their men at reception centers. How they get news of the place and date remains a mystery to the military, but what happened to Corporal Jones and his wife, Mary, is typical.

Somebody who preceded Corporal Jones home told Mary that he would arrive at a certain reception center at a certain date. Mary got excited, left the baby with her mother, and spent the next two days on an overcrowded train. By the time she arrived, completely exhausted, her husband had left the center and was headed home. Mary spent the night in a waiting room, then two more days on a train. Meanwhile, Corporal Jones was home—and no Mary. Needless to say, their meeting was anticlimactic and disappointing. So the Army says, "Sit tight. We'll bring him to you."

THE Navy's problem is less difficult than the Army's. Normally, ships touch home ports at intervals for overhaul, and generally officers and men are given a chance to go home. Even if they can't get home, they may go ashore and enjoy the bright lights and recreation.

In August, 1943, the Bureau of Naval Personnel issued instructions for a rotation plan for enlisted men. Basically, it establishes a period of eighteen months' service aboard ship or in outlying stations on hazardous duty for eligibility. However, as in the Army, it doesn't bestow the "right" to return to the good old U. S. Fighting efficiency of the service comes first.

Enlisted men who do return under the Navy's policy of rotation are given a thirty-day rehabilitation leave before they are assigned to new duties within the United States. The Marine Corps also tries to rotate its personnel for duty here when circumstances permit.

The Navy has no specific regulation for the rotation of officers, but the policy has been to bring officers back to the United States after prolonged sea duty. Some exchange posts with those who have been on shore duty, others organize and train crews to man new craft coming off the ways, and others go to specialty schools to prepare for new sea assignments.

The Army and the Navy are keenly aware of the desire of their men to return home after long periods away on the job of fighting. They recognize the logic and justice of having other men who have served only in the United States replace them, and they know there are vast numbers of men in both services who are aching to have their first crack at the actual fighting. They've made a start, and as the war progresses rotation undoubtedly will be applied on a steadily increasing basis.

Meanwhile, Mrs. Smith is urged to write encouraging letters to her son Jim to keep alive his faith in the country's military leadership and the assurance that his and her sacrifices are not unavailing and unheeded, but vitally important in carrying the United States to victory.

MOONLIGHT ROUND ABOUT

Retenu, the veteran marine, tells a story of a moment of moonlit quiet before a raid, and a captain's strange wish that was, perhaps, a prophecy

BY CAPTAIN RICHARD G. HUBLER, U. S. M. C. R.

"NO one of you knew the captain," said Retenu, "so, of course, you will not believe me when I tell you about him. It is true, but sometimes I wonder if I believe it myself."

In the darkness, the wizened little marine sergeant put out his hand. As if it was divined what he wanted, the shadow next to him slipped a cigarette into his palm. Retenu put it slowly into his mouth, wetting the paper with a twist. He snapped a match with his fingernail and lit the cigarette, blowing out the match before the sulphur of the head had ceased to flare.

In the red light of the flame, the illumination from below, the face of Retenu took on the aspect of a thoughtful demon. The glow as he drew in his first draft gave his sunken cheeks again a vanishing touch of the macabre.

He was sitting on the lip of a foxhole in the Russell Islands to the north of Guadalcanal. The double sirens of the preliminary air-raid alarm had sounded. They were waiting for the nightly visit of the Japanese bombers from Kahili on the island of Bougainville to the north. There were perhaps a half dozen of them squatting on their upturned helmets, smoking in the shadows of the palms, waiting for the sound of motors in the sky and the breathy whisper of the bombs away.

No one knew any other in the night. Only Retenu spoke, in the casual tones of a man remembering, and the rest listened.

"He was a teacher," said Retenu. "He talked that way, slowly and well, with the words that a teacher might use. Not long words, you understand, but chosen precisely and sometimes strange. His name was Claude—Captain Claude Oliver, and he was with the quartermaster.

"As you know, the men who fight do not know very much about the quartermaster except that he has ruled paper with figures on it and a great many pencils, and is in the habit of refusing things such as shoes and shirts. He is necessary and without color in the imagination, but we would die without him to clothe and feed and supply us. So I respected Captain Oliver in spite of the fact that I did not exactly understand or love what he did.

"How I came to know him better was not a matter of boxes and bales, or of indignation, as is so often the case with the quartermaster officers. On Guadalcanal, in the days when it was peaceful after the fighting, his tent was next to mine on Officers' Hill above the Lunga River. I had no right to be there, but when a man has spent as many years as I in the Marines he has certain privileges.

"In those nights we had only movies and the raids of Washing-Machine Charley for our amusement. The movies, in the Coconut Bowl, where the fighting had once been so fierce and where clips of .50-caliber ammunition could still be found, were over by ten o'clock. And at ten thirty, they would bang on the long eight-inch shell hanging outside the Operations tent beside the Lunga and we would come out of our tents and watch the searchlights crossing the sky in search of Charley. We could tell, then, how close he was by the banging of the shell—if it was quick and impatient, we tumbled out of bed quickly; if it was slow and loud, we knew we had plenty of time to lace our field shoes.

"There was a bench in front of my tent. It was good for washing and sitting. There I met Captain Oliver in the moonlight.

"Of all the things which I shall find it hard to forget about the Solomons, I believe the hardest will be the moonlight. The blood and the noise will pass away as I get old, and the taste of the water and the smell of the rain and the dead will go, but the moonlight will remain—pale, piercing light that burned the eyes almost like a flare and put no peace but a rising, furious impatience into the soul.

"One recalls that light as if it were the rays of an unfathomable mystery, one that intrigues and escapes beyond following. The flat leaves about us had a shine in the darkness; the ground looked as if it had been touched with frost, though that latitude never knew frost; the sky had a rime; and without the moist heat of the night one would have sworn it was autumn.

"Mind, there was nothing warm about that moon such as there is in autumn in the States. It ran its course in the sky like a proud lady, contemptuous of the light it gave back to the earth from the sun. It had no pity and no shame.

"To me—and to others, it seemed—it had a queer hypnotic quality, as if it could turn the mind inward and against itself. A man who had not been accustomed to the world, to women, say, might have gone lunatic in his cot—if he had not had memories of love and warmth. He might have frozen spiritually though his body lay in sweat."

Retenu lit another cigarette by the butt of his first. "That was the moon that brought the bomber," he continued, "back of a rack of clouds that gave the air a curious luminous quality, as if the night were lit from an invisible source; quiet, as though the jungle were nothing but the phosphorescent growth of underseas."

The marine sergeant was speaking almost to himself in the careful and finished phrases that he liked. It might have been his French blood; he sipped his words like wine. He had told stories for a long time; perhaps he was proud of the way he told them. Around him, they were silent and waiting—for the bombers from the north, perhaps, or for the end of his story.

"As I say, we would come out of our

Liberty's SHORT SHORT STORY

ILLUSTRATED BY JOHN COLLINS

"He swept the sky with his hand. 'This is real,' he said. 'Out here I breathe a different air.'"

tents and sit on the washing table that was as white as a marble slab in that moonlight. Captain Oliver would come, too, and we would sit together.

"I remember the night he talked to me. Neither of us had gone to the show, which was a particularly ancient and odorous product of Hollywood. It was just breaking up, and the dark shapes of the men and their sabers of flashlights moved along the ground as if they were cutting their way through the night. We heard talk and laughter and saw the moon at the quarter mark in the sky, full and merciless.

"'This is a night to wish upon,' said Captain Oliver suddenly. His thin scholarly face was fixed upon the sky. 'So?' I said politely. He nodded slightly. 'What would you wish for, captain?' I inquired. He looked at me in surprise.

"'I really don't know,' he said with a little laugh. 'I never thought about it.'

"'You sound as if you had,' I told him. 'Every one does, I suppose,' he replied. We were quiet for minutes and then he spoke again.

"'Not wealth,' he said in a tone of disgust. I shrugged. 'Not wisdom,' he went on. 'I have had enough of that—a schoolteacher realizes, none better, God knows, how futile it is when attained. *He that increaseth knowledge increaseth sorrow.*'

"I DID not know it then, but that was a quotation from Solomon in the Bible. At the time, I thought it was a very good remark. But Captain Oliver went on. 'Not immortality, either,' he said slowly, 'for that would be boring and horrible, like a god lost forever in the woods.'

"'Health or love?' I inquired. I was getting interested, you see, for a game was a game on Guadalcanal and it would pass the time until Charley came over.

"He shook his head. 'Nor happiness,' he said, 'not more happiness than I have now.' He must have seen my look of surprise in the moonlight, for he began to explain.

"'A man who teaches,' he told me, 'lives in a monastery and finds his life-force by indirection — from books and from the vitality of the freshet of youngsters that comes under his lectern. He has nothing in himself to sustain him, nothing but dreams and, sometimes, if he becomes emeritus, visions.'

"He swept the sky with his hand. 'This is real,' he said, and his voice was deeper. 'The only real thing. Out here I breathe a different air and feel a different sparkle of blood in my veins. I have a reason for being.'

"Of course there was nothing to say to that. I kept quiet and once more he began to talk.

"'If I had my wish,' he said, almost too low for me to hear, 'I would like to remain as I am, feeling as I do now, to the end of my days. I would not want to be rich, wise, healthy, or immortal or indulge in any of the foolish things that people wish for. I would simply like to finish out my span of years in the fashion of my life tonight—with this moon and this wind and this clear thought.'

"I shivered a little when I heard him speak, but it might have been my malaria returning. But the face of Captain Oliver was strangely like a priest's—like a novice's taking his vows at an altar, his face uplifted until the cords in his neck strained and his cheeks took on the paleness of the moonlight. His eyes shone and he spoke again in a whisper.

"'That is my wish,' he said, so low and passionately that I could just hear him, 'to be at this same fullness for the rest of my days. To feel always until my allotted time is up the way I do tonight!' After a moment, he lowered his head and looked around like a man bewildered."

Retenu tossed away his cigarette in a flutter of sparks and then continued.

"The air-raid alarm sounded then, a frenzied brass banging from Operations. At the same time the antiaircraft guns began to sound around Henderson Field and from Tulagi, across the way. We could see the red splotches of the exploding shells in the air. I glanced up. As I did, I caught a glimpse of Washing-Machine Charley pinned in the beams of a cone of searchlights like a moth. At the same time there was the whisper of bombs in the air.

"I ducked into my foxhole and lay still, my hands over my helmet. The whisper was magnified and menacing. The bomb would strike close by. The ground shook and the explosion lifted my body inches off the ground.

"SECONDS later, I crawled out. There was a smoking crater four feet deep fifty yards off. I went over to inspect it, swallowing to take the concussion from my ears when I stopped.

"Captain Oliver still lay in his foxhole, his face uppermost, a look of peace on him, his eyes staring up at the moon. He was dead and not a mark on him. Concussion, perhaps."

The sirens began to sound and they fitted their helmets on in silence. Retenu, taking the precedence as was his right, stopped before lowering himself into the foxhole.

"If none of you will ask," he said with dignity, "I must ask the question myself. Did he get his wish, this Captain Oliver? And my answer must be, I do not know."

He sighed and let himself down. As he did, the moon broke through the clouds and the antiaircraft guns began to bark and there was the sound of a plane in the far cold reaches of the sky.

THE END

DISCORDS in the WARTIME WEDDING MARCH

Will divorce wars follow war marriages? The evidence seems to say—"They will." Here it is, along with a sample of the tangles ahead

BY MARY DAY WINN

IT takes a brave soul to sound a warning honk in the middle of the Wedding March from Lohengrin. But a lot of thoughtful people who have been watching the pell-mell rush to the altar which began shortly before Pearl Harbor are doing just that. Those whose job it is to help pick up the pieces point out that many war marriages have already broken up and many more are breaking.

The divorce rate took a sharp upswing in all the warring countries after the first World War, and another rise after this war is already being foreshadowed. Reno divorces increased more than 30 per cent in the first six months of 1942, and the rate is still sharply up. Reno's courts dissolved 404 marriages in February, for example, an increase of 119 over the same month last year. In England divorces in 1943 were almost double the prewar rate.

True, there are some special reasons contributing to these increases. Many women are making big money in war industries for the first time in their lives. Some of them are getting divorces they have long wanted but couldn't afford previously. The same holds true for some men whose pay checks have suddenly ballooned. As for England, the double-time step-up is in large part attributable to liberalization of the divorce laws.

But the figures show which way the breeze is blowing and it bids fair to whip up to gale intensity when the men come back and pent-up grievances on both sides are hung out for airing in the courts.

Much of the postwar rise in the divorce rate is expected to come from the untying of knots too hastily tied as a result of war [illegible] Mabel and Jim. Theirs was a "quickie" romance—a blind date in the little town near his camp; loneliness and the desire to belong to some one on his part; the glamour of the uniform and the everybody's-doing-it feeling on hers. They went through a ceremony before a justice of the peace and spent a week together in a shabby hotel room. Then she returned to her job and he shortly was at a forward base in New Guinea.

They had gone through the forms of being married, but it wasn't a marriage at all in the accepted sense. There was no home; no sharing of problems, friends, and experiences; no learning to live with each other by mutual give and take. There was nothing but the memory of a few short days together and the fragile link of letters often weeks apart. That's war, of course.

To speak cynically, it was easy for Jim to be "true" to this marriage; he didn't have much chance to be otherwise. Not so Mabel. The wedded-but-no-wife role became harder for her to play. She was bored and lonely and soon began to go around with other soldiers. "Friends" let Jim know it, and spared no details for lack of facts. He wrote to her, and there was no mistaking his anger and suspicion. She replied curtly that he didn't seem at all like the man she had married and she thought they'd better get a divorce.

But if Mabel tries to follow up this threat she is due for a jolt. While a serviceman is just now the easiest man in the United States to marry, he's also the hardest to divorce. Some legislatures, for example, have abolished the usual waiting period for servicemen applying for marriage licenses. But the federal government tightens up on divorce by a law prohibiting judgment against any individual in uniform unless he is represented by counsel. Plainly, conditions of war often make it impossible for the fighting man to arrange for counsel; so Mabel may discover that, like it or not, she is married to Jim for the duration.

It would be foolish to say that Jim and Mabel's quickly withered romance is typical of war marriages. But reports brought back by a number of chaplains from the fronts indicate that the pattern is one of the chief causes of friction that may lead ultimately to divorce.

For example, Major John S. Garrenton, staff chaplain for the India-China wing of the A. T. C., told a War Department press conference that requests for divorce by the wives of men in service are one of the greatest problems he encounters. "The woman who has a husband wading through hell, sweat, and blood, and who is playing around with another man, is the lowest thing I know, and the next lowest thing is the man who runs around with her," said Major Garrenton.

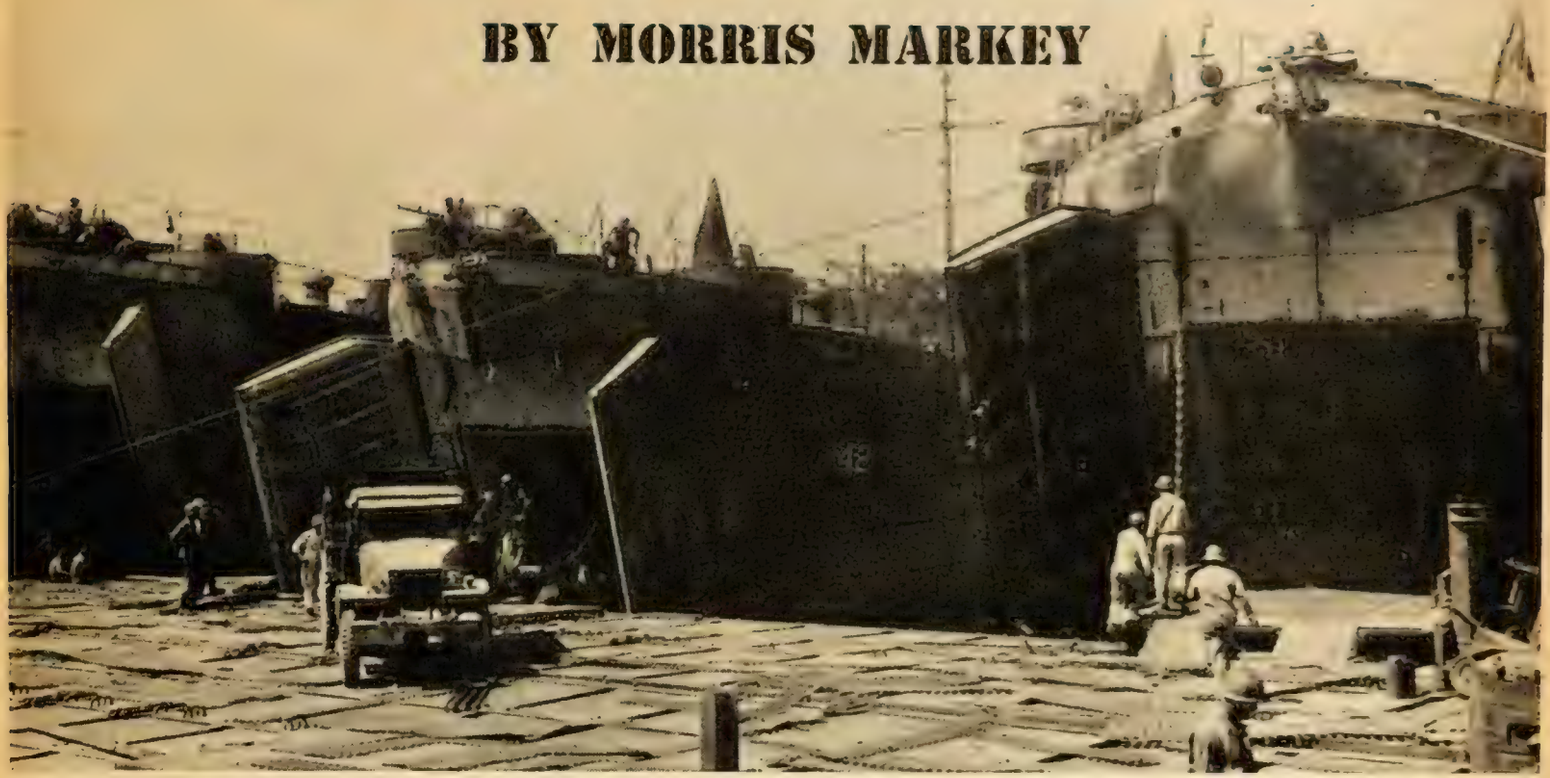
There is plenty of other evidence that divorce has become a big personal problem for many servicemen. Edward Schoeneck, chairman of the New York State Bar Association's Committee on War Work, recently reported that the committee had handled at least 2,500 "wayward wife" cases in 1943, and the number doesn't include cases brought before local bar associations.

Louis Fabricant, president of the National Association of Legal Aid Organizations, says that informal reports from volunteer lawyer groups included in the Army and Navy free legal assistance

(*Continued on page 67*)

ISLAND COMMAND

BY MORRIS MARKEY



OFFICIAL U.S. NAVY PHOTO

Nudging up to the steel pier built by the Seabees at Kwajalein, landing ships disgorge the materials of war.

PART TWO—CONCLUSION

A JAP snooper flew over during the second night of my stay with the Island Command on Roi-Namur, at the northern end of Kwajalein Atoll. That may not sound very dramatic—a single enemy plane—but the situation was unusual.

The Marines had completed the capture of these islands only thirty-six hours earlier. Within those thirty-six hours the several thousand men of the Island Command—the Seabees and the "housekeeping" unit, the communications and harbor control people, the Aircraft Service Unit, and the rest—had swarmed ashore, unloaded their gear, and accomplished giant labors.

The wrecked and shattered islands were already almost cleared of their dead. The surface of the earth was beginning to look like earth again, and not like an abscess on the ocean's face. It was about midnight. Every man was dog-tired, although the work carried on under the brilliant arc lights.

Then came the sirens—and all lights were doused. The Navy vessels in the lagoon sent up dark billows from their smokepots. And up alongside the full moon the engine of that fellow's plane racked and chattered.

The Island Command's Seabees had been given a degree of battle training, and of course the Marine Defense Battalion was schooled to combat. But for the remaining thousands, workmen and builders, technicians and experts of a hundred sorts, this was the introduction to war.

They had toiled to make the islands habitable—not only as a home for themselves, but as an advanced base for the ships of the Navy and for American airplanes. Those planes were poised on older fields, eager to come in and make Roi their home port. Indeed, nearly all the energy in those first days had been spent on the mauled runways.

The three runways had been handsome ones until our bombers and naval guns got to work on them. Reconnaissance photographs had shown that. But what were they made of? In the pictures the material looked like concrete, and that would be easy for the Seabees to repair.

But it wasn't concrete. When the bulldozers had scraped the surfaces clear of superficial wreckage, the Seabee engineers had discovered that it was live coral with a binder of oil. There was plenty of oil at hand. But the only live coral was out there on the floor of the reef, covered by a fathom or two of Pacific Ocean.

Danger still lurks in the skies as the Navy's new base on Roi-Namur takes rapid shape and the Japs return for a look-see

So the dredges (made in Chicago) were backed out into the water, and the trucks (made in Detroit) were laden with the white wet stuff, ground by the sea as fine as confectioners' sugar. It was like toiling with white mud.

Engineers figured a way of spreading it into and over the hundreds and hundreds of shell holes that pitted the runways. Trucks came up from the reef to dump their loads, powerful columns of water from mobile tanks scattered and spread the stuff, oil mixers did their jobs, and carryalls (motored affairs resembling some twelve-legged prehistoric monster) smoothed it out upon the surfaces which the Japs had built so well.

Within the thirty-six hours the Seabees had made over a considerable stretch of the runway, made it as good as new. They were working ahead methodically when the sirens blew and that fellow overhead made them put the lights out and stop what they were doing.

Earlier in the evening the Civil Affairs Unit had brought the native ruler of Kwajalein Atoll to the tent of Captain E. C. Ewen, Island Commander. It was a strange meeting—King Lamanini of Micronesia and the one-time captain of the Naval Academy's football team on a ruined little island in the Pacific 8,000 miles from Washington. King Lamanini was small, dark, and very dignified in his freshly laundered white shorts and shirt and his white sneakers. He had been born under German rule in the Marshalls before World War I. He had seen the rule of his people pass to the Japanese and remain there for twenty-two years. Now he wanted to know what the new conquerors proposed to do about his 600 subjects, gathered now a trifle nervously on one of the lesser islands of the atoll.

The Civil Affairs Unit produced an interpreter who could speak the local dialect. The king was assured of our friendly intentions, and presented with a proclamation to that effect signed by Admiral Nimitz. Then a wage agreement was reached for such of the king's men as might wish to work for us—the same half dollar a day that the Japs had paid. Another was made for the exchange of such Japanese money as the islanders might

(Continued on page 69)

THE THINGS YOU REMEMBER

BY GERTRUDE SCHWEITZER

ILLUSTRATED BY PAT HOLBROOKE

THEY walked past the lake in the park where sailors rowed their girls in ugly little flat-bottomed boats. They walked up the slope of a little hill lined with rhododendron bushes and wooden benches. They could find no place to sit down, because every bench was filled with girls and men in uniform, some talking, some laughing, some frankly kissing each other right there in the full sunlight for every one to see.

Just a few months ago I would have thought that was vulgar, Leslie said to herself; but now I understand. They're really alone. There's really nobody else in the world. Love is like that. . . .

She curled her fingers tighter around Mike's and felt his answering pressure. She looked up into his dark rugged face and saw in his black eyes that she was beautiful. She was not, really—only long-legged and swiftly, gracefully moving, with a little triangular face and clear young skin and deep-set blue eyes. But she felt beautiful.

"Tired?" he asked, with that wonderful rich tenderness he could put into every word he had for her.

"A little." She looked beyond the rhododendrons. "We could sit on the grass."

They found, miraculously, an undiscovered spot. Leslie sat with her back against a tree, and Mike lay down and put his head in her lap.

"What are we going to do, Leslie?"

"I don't know. I wasn't thinking. I was just walking with you in the park and holding your hand and being in love with you and not thinking."

He stirred. She could feel that he was looking at her, but she rested her head against the tree and stared at the bland sky. It would be easier to talk to him that way about this thing that she knew could not be put off any longer.

"Leslie," he said softly—"Leslie, you know I don't want to ask anything of you that you think is wrong or that will make you unhappy. You know that, don't you?"

"I know. If things were normal, we'd be planning to get married back home where my folks are, in the little church on Locust Street. That's what we both would want if things were normal."

"Yes," he said.

But the way things were, they were not going to be married, not until after the war. Mike was going away Monday. This was Friday, and they might never in the world have anything more than these next three days.

They had known each other four months, and been in love almost from the first. They had seen each other as often as possible and been happy together and pretended it was going to last forever—and then, all at once, he was going. There wasn't enough time. There wasn't enough anything. . . .

What are a few walks, a few movies, a dance or two, a good-night kiss at the door? Not enough, when it might be everything forever!

Leslie stared at the sky. The world was upside down, with nothing safe or secure or [illegible] It was a world in which three days might be a whole lifetime.

"We have only three days," she said. "We can't waste them. We have to be together every minute."

She felt his hands on her shoulders. She bent to his kiss, and her heart had a wild, uneven beat.

"There will never be another three days like ours," he murmured.

IN the room at the girls' club where she lived, Leslie packed her bag. She didn't need much for three days, but it took her a long time. Her fingers were cold with this new excitement that quivered in her.

It was funny the way you met the people who changed your life. She had met Mike on a street corner. She and another girl who lived at the club had been coming home from work, and all at once the other girl had let out a little shriek and run into the middle of a small knot of soldiers standing on a corner and thrown her arms around one of them. It was a boy from her home town—a boy she didn't even know very well. But that's how it was in times like these. Everything was speeded up and more intense, and you hugged a boy you scarcely knew because he was a soldier from home.

The boy might have picked any one of that knot of soldiers for a date with Leslie and the other girl that night, but he picked Mike. Leslie and Mike didn't just look at each other and know right away. It didn't happen like that at all. They went to a movie, and then they went dancing, and it was as though little threads slowly began weaving back and forth between them. . . .

She came from a mill town and he from a farm town, but they both knew about things like walking in the fields with a dog, family picnics in the woods, and the cool damp smell of tree-shadowed earth—about belly-whopping down a snow-glazed hill and feasting on cookies and hot chocolate in a warm kitchen . . . about going to church on Sunday and daydreaming through the sermon and wondering whether God would mind. . . .

They danced well together too—not the kind of dancing any one would turn and look at, but they were in harmony, in rhythm. They felt good, dancing together. Her chin came to his shoulder, and his hand on her back was light and strong and firm, and they were right for each other when they danced.

They were right for each other—that was it. It was made up of small things and big things and it all added up to this feeling of belonging together. The night Mike told her he loved her, they had both been very sure for some time.

"But I want to wait, don't you?" he had said. "Until we can have the kind of marriage we know is good—a home together and kids and me coming home every night. I want only the best for us, don't you?"

Whatever he wanted was what she wanted.

Leslie went to the dresser for some handkerchiefs, but she stopped there and stared at a silver-framed picture of a woman with white hair and eyes that were keen and merry and soft all at once.

"Listen, mother, you see how it is," Leslie said to the picture. "The world is different now. The man you love goes away, and you have no way of telling if he'll ever come back. You can't let him go with nothing. You know you've got to give him something wonderful to remember—something to last him all the long, terrible time he's away. . . ."

It was funny, the things you thought of. Leslie could see in her mind the big old-fashioned frame house, with the walk of flat colored stones that her father had put in the summer she was eight, asking her advice about the color scheme. When the walk was finished, he called to Leslie's mother to look at it, and she ran out of the back door as though she could scarcely wait.

"Is it finished? Oh, Ned, it's beautiful!"

And Leslie's father beamed, the color deepening in his broad, strong, well lined face.

"Oh, it's not so much. Leslie helped me."

When Leslie was little, she played a kind of game with the colored stones. She would hop along the path on one foot, trying not to touch any of the blue stones, and if she succeeded, it meant she was going to get whatever she particularly wanted at the time.

ONE day her father came out of the house while she was playing the game. He stood a moment watching her, but she was so intent, every muscle aching with concentration, that she did not see him until his foot appeared suddenly on the path before her. Then she was so startled that she lost her balance and landed with both feet square in the middle of a blue stone.

Her father waited until she had stopped weeping.

"Well, now," he said then, "what's this all about?"

She explained between quivering breaths. "I won't get a dollhouse for Christmas now. I won't get it, because I stepped on a blue stone."

"Aren't you sort of big for a dollhouse?"

"But I've been wanting one such a long time. A dollhouse with furniture in it and electric lights."

Her father looked over her head and frowned. "You never asked for it. How come you never asked?"

"I didn't like to. They cost such an awful lot. I saw one down at Haskin's, and you'd never—"

Her father sat down on the edge of the porch and drew her to stand between his knees. "Leslie, that's just something you made up in your head—that about the blue stones. There's no power in those stones. You saw me set them in with my own hands. What makes you think they can get you a dollhouse?"

She shook her head. "I don't know. I don't really think so, I guess. Only I had to try something."

(*Continued on page 52*)

A few walks, a good-night kiss? Not enough, when it might be forever!

They could live a lifetime in the last three days they'd have together, and it was for Leslie to decide what memories Mike would have to carry with him when he went away.

PROFESSOR PYRO

BY EDWIN LANHAM

ILLUSTRATED BY FREDERICK ANDERSON

WHAT HAS GONE BEFORE

BACK in 1910, Eb Peters was a young oil man in search of a stake. Arriving in Othello, Oklahoma, he won three hundred dollars at poker, J. G. Watson, the banker, lending him the money for the bet. That evening Eb gave a fireworks display of "Mount Etna in Eruption" at the ball park, fifty cents admission. The citizens, outraged at the farcical "eruption," chased Eb—Professor Pyro—who escaped only with the help of Mistletoe Watson, the banker's daughter.

Out in the country, Eb discovered promising oil land. Financed by Rosie Hogan and J. G., he drilled a well and struck oil.

Albert Neville, bank cashier, resented Eb, especially since Missy Watson was interested in the newcomer. He owned the only auto in town, and when J. G. and Eb went after oil-and-gas leases, they found Albert had seen many of the landholders first!

Two of Eb's faithful friends were Stasie and "Pops" Anapopolis, who ran the Athens Café, where Eb ate.

When Eb asked Missy to marry him, she said No; she could not forget Professor Pyro and Mount Etna.

Among the oil men who flocked to Othello was Dick Howard, representative of the Old Territory Oil Company. He had bought leases adjoining Eb's land from Albert, who was opening a bank with the money. The O. T. planned to drill wells right on the line, impoverishing Eb's leases. Eb guessed it was Albert who had told the O. T. to "bring a little pressure." Missy was angered at his accusation.

PART SIX

MISSY turned the horse and drove rapidly down the grade to Othello. In front of the suffrage booth there was a group of men around the gray shape of an automobile. As she turned the buggy to the hitch rail, Albert stepped to the horse's head, grinning at her.

"Come take a look, Missy," he said. "I bought it in Guthrie for three thousand dollars."

"Bought what?"

"A Chalmers Torpedo. Missy, look at those lines! She'll do fifty without a shiver. Want to try her out?"

Missy hesitated. "I ought to open up the booth." She looked at Albert's smiling face. "Well, all right."

Albert helped her into the car and went to crank it. Missy felt a sense of release as the Chalmers moved away, and her good humor returned. The wind was strong in her face and Albert said, "We're doing forty now."

They went up the hill over the rise of land that marked on the surface the probable dimensions of the Othello anticline. Albert inspected the rigs as if he were counting depositors at the cashier's window.

"You know," he said, "I did everybody a favor when I sold out to the O. T. They'll develop their holdings on a big scale, and they're bringing in their pipe line without any delay."

Missy sat silent, listening to the cozy hum of the engine. Then she said, "Albert, did you ever stop to think you're in rather a responsible position?"

His shoulders straightened and a glowing look came into his eyes. "Mistletoe, it's been a long time since you've said anything to me that wasn't unflattering."

"You're a bank president now," Missy said. "People listen to you. You have a responsibility. After all, you were pop's cashier until a little while ago. You know everything about the Othello State Bank."

"Yes, I—" He frowned. "What are you driving at?"

"Nothing. Except that you know how pop stands; just exactly what his resources are. You sold your leases to the Old Territory and they promised to put deposits in your bank. All of a sudden they begin to crowd pop's line with wells and make him drill one well after another without time to sell enough oil to get even."

Albert sucked in a quivering breath. "Missy, that's unkind. Now see here, what's this all about?"

"Didn't you know that the O. T. has started a line fight out there? They're planning to drill ten wells."

"Well, I didn't know about it. Now, Mistletoe, I don't like your insinuating that I'd disclose any secrets, even if you do it in a fit of temper. So, please, let's be the way we used to be."

"Yes." Missy said. She did feel contrite, and her anger at Eb correspondingly increased. "I'm sorry, Albert. I have been ill-tempered lately."

Their credit exhausted, J. G. and Eb prepare to sell out, while Missy turns to her own prospecting, unaware that Albert has loosed a bombshell and that Eb plans to leave Othello

"I know," Albert said. "I understand you, Missy. I think we ought to settle it right now. A woman can't fill her life with suffragism and all that sort of thing. You should have a home to manage, and details to occupy your time. What I mean is, you ought to get married. I want you to marry me, Mistletoe."

Missy turned quickly to him, her eyes bright. "Are you sure you mean that, Albert?"

"Of course I'm sure." His voice was low. "You know I love you, Missy. You've known that all along."

Missy said softly, "I don't know why I take delight in teasing you, Albert. But it was such a matter-of-fact proposal. How was I to know?"

"Will you, Missy?"

"Ask me later, Albert. Just give me a few weeks." She smiled and touched his arm. "Listen. Will you teach me to drive?"

"Oh, good Lord!" Albert said. "I doubt if you'd ever fathom the mechanics of an automobile. It's not as simple as it looks. This is forty horsepower, Missy!"

Missy said, "Let's change places."

He groaned. "All right, go ahead and drive."

He got out and came around to the left side of the car and Missy slid under the steering wheel. As he got in beside her he said, "Missy, there's one thing you ought to tell me. Is there some reason? It isn't— It isn't that professor?"

Missy said quickly, "It isn't *anybody*, Albert." Her hands gripped the wheel. "Now what do I do?"

"You just drive off."

"Aren't you going to tell me what to do?"

"No."

Missy leaned over and folded up her skirt, pinned it with a safety pin. She grasped the wheel.

He glanced at her, saw the determined lift of her chin, and said, "Now wait. First you put your foot on that pedal. It's the clutch. Push it all the way in. Yes, like that. Now take the speed lever and pull it back, on the left. Yes. Now let the clutch in—slowly."

The car jumped forward and stalled. "Oh, dear," Missy said.

Albert sighed and got out to crank it. He patiently explained the mechanics of shifting gears, and Missy tried again. This time the car got away nicely, and she gave the throttle a shove to speed it up. The long gray hood swung to the side of the road, the car bounded as the big wheels struck the ditch, and the headlamps came to rest against a barbed-wire fence. There was a hissing rush of air, and the car settled a little on the forward side.

Albert got out and looked at the right front tire. "It's flat, and I punctured my spare coming up from Guthrie. I don't have any patches. We'll have to go in on the rim, and it's a good six miles to town."

Missy sat quite subdued behind the wheel as Albert jacked up the car and removed the tire. Her eyes strayed to the bowl-like shape of a hill behind a woods of blackjack oak. Among the blackjacks was a small farmhouse. She asked, "Albert, who lives there?"

"Farmer named Curran."

"Yes, Jack Curran. He sells us hams. Albert, I'm going over there and get a drink of water."

As Missy walked up the lane to the house she saw a lean woman sitting on the porch. She called out, "Mind if I have a dipper from your well, Mrs. Curran?"

"I'll come draw it fer you, Miss Watson." The woman's stringy arms pulled the bucket up. "Now wait a minute 'fore you drink that water. I'll have to skim that film off the top of the bucket."

Missy saw the bright iridescent film on top of the water. "What is it?"

"Don't be feared. It won't hurt you none. It always did have that there film on it, but it don't taste up the water to speak of. You can dip now."

Missy filled the dipper and her eyes were bright as she gazed at Mrs. Curran over the rim of it. She was excited, but she said nothing of the oily stain to Albert when she returned to the car.

THE pipe-line crew was making ditch toward Othello and the second Old Territory well was down a thousand feet. Eb and J. G. went to supervise the spudding-in of an offset to the first O. T.

Eb heard shouts of "Fight!" A man yelled, "Git him, professor!" He had a glimpse of Missy in the Chalmers.

producer, and saw a rig crew at work on a third O. T. well on the line.

"Look at that," J. G. said. "They'll be coming in like the gas bills, one every month. Eb, I reckon I better take a run over to Tulsa and raise some money."

"We got to raise it," Eb said. "J. G., I sounded out Dick Howard. I suggested we pool our adjacent leases with the O. T. and operate our holdings as a unit."

"No results, Eb?"

"It was worth trying. But the company's only interested in swallowing up all this field. J. G., there's going to be a flood of oil, way beyond the capacity of the railroad, or the pipe line, when that comes in. It was that way at Spindletop. They had five hundred derricks on a hundred and forty acres of land, and down went the price to three cents a barrel."

"Eb, we can sell out this south section and develop what's left."

"We sell this and they'll crowd our line on the other side. We got to fight or quit."

"We'll fight, then. I'll get on to Tulsa."

The next day two new establishments opened in Othello—the Citizens' Bank and the Riviera, Rosie Hogan's gambling hall, each in a new frame building on opposite sides of the street.

J. G. returned from Tulsa that night, and Eb arrived at the yellow house on the hill soon afterward. Missy took his hat at the door. She wanted to ask him if he was going to Rosie Hogan's opening that night, but held the words back.

In the parlor J. G. said, "Eb, I couldn't swing it. I tried all the banks. They claim that the field isn't proved up yet and they can't afford the risk. They claim they can't take any chances financing a line fight in uncertain territory. Son, I don't know what we can do."

"Soon as we complete that well out on your farm we'll skid the rig up on the hill. That will be one more."

J. G. nodded, glanced at Missy. "Honey, we're talking business."

"Don't you think I ought to hear it, pop? After all, that farm is in my name."

"Makes pretty dry listening, Missy. But sit in if you like."

"There's one thing I wanted to ask." Missy glanced at Eb. "About drilling a well. What is it you do? You hire a man who brings in machinery and you pay him so much a foot. Isn't that it?"

Eb smiled. "You build a rig and pay fuel and hauling and buy casing and pay shut-down time. Plenty of worries."

"Missy, please don't interrupt with irrelevant questions," J. G. said.

"It isn't irrelevant, pop," Missy said eagerly. "I think I found another anticline. There's a hill out there and you can see the shape of it even plainer than Eb's. Like a bowl upside down, and—"

Eb laughed. "Missy, a hill on the surface don't mean a thing. This country is full of hills. It's outcrops that show whether the rock has been tilted, not the way the dirt is shaped over the rock."

"Yes, but—" Missy began, and stopped, deciding not to mention the film of oil in the Curran water well.

She left the room. Upstairs in her bedroom she did not turn on the light. Her window overlooked the rise of land where the derricks stood, and the sky in that direction was pink from the glow of gas flares. Overhead the stars were bright, and in the middle distance lights gleamed in Othello. It was a boom town now, and the lights were as raw as the new wood of Rosie Hogan's place, where dice were clicking on the tables, where piano notes were struck out like the chink of coins, where men and women talked greedily of oil and money. Missy felt outside it and she felt alone.

THE seasonal rains came and turned the dust to mud and the streets to slippery sinkholes. Missy took her skirts up four inches—all the women wore them so of necessity—and put on rubber boots whenever she went to town. From the main street three drilling rigs could be seen on the slopes. The field was inching toward the town and there was a new excitement.

A derrick went up only fifty feet from the plank walls of the Riviera, which already were weather-stained, and there was hardly room for the ponderous drilling machinery among the cluster of tents and shacks of corrugated iron. Missy heard that Rosie Hogan owned the lease, and rode past the well the day it was spudded in.

There was a crowd, and from her horse Missy could see over the heads of the crowd. Rosie Hogan sat on the lazy bench, dressed in rubber boots, a short black skirt, and a man's hickory shirt. The girl dismounted and led her horse through to the rig. Rosie Hogan grinned. "This is something new for me."

"You mean *you're* drilling the well?"

"Sure am. Got me a contract driller to handle it."

"Oh, that's good," Missy said, and smiled. "It's good to see a woman doing it."

"Say, I'm not the first woman ever drilled a well."

"No? You're the first I ever heard of. You know, I have some leases, too."

(*Continued on page 48*)

WIRES ON WHEELS

Western Union practices what it preaches in its vast New York headquarters by using 125 roller-skating girl messengers to expedite the transmission of telegrams. The girls pick them up at a central point and whiz them off to the operator sending direct to the city of destination. The girls do not skate all day, but alternate with a job that keeps them on the ground.

INTERNATIONAL PHOTOS

It's all done to save time and make haste with important messages. Girls passing one another can exchange wires in the same manner as you run a relay race. And here it is being done. Fun?

A wire is delivered to the sending operator. Everything here is designed for speed. That skirt allows free and easy knee action and the linoleum floor is waxed and polished for smooth rolling.

Any fellow would be glad to help with this chore. An aide puts on her skates.

A girl's best friend, in this business, is her skate key. The upkeep is what keeps them up

coming wires are dropped in slots corresponding with the line over which they are sent. These indoor Mercurys speed them on.

She really likes her work. This smile was caught as one of the aides finished her day. But she still has her skates? Sure, she's going off to a rink now.

Not Rockettes about to start a stage whirl but telegraph beauties ready to go on tour.

QUICKSILVER IDA

BY HOWARD SHARPE

Dynamic, vital, restless Ida Lupino has been wise enough to control her emotions and energies and make them bring her movie success.

"I'M young, I admit it," Miss Ida Lupino told the New York reporters when she first arrived in this country in 1933. Hiking herself onto the Berengaria's rail, she added: "However, I've crowded into my seventeen years more experience than most girls of my age." She was fifteen at the time.

Thus recorded is the first fib the young actress ever told the American press. It was by no means her last. Miss Lupino is a young woman with a turbulent spirit, an aggressive, brilliant mind, and, up to a few years ago, a congenital indisposition to telling the truth—especially about herself.

She is essentially, therefore, an ambiguous character—a born zany who is also practical and civilized. By ordinary standards, she is high-strung. But she has managed to conduct her personal life and her career with a kind of emotional efficiency, so that the result has always been exactly as she wanted it. At the same time, the achievement of that result has been accomplished with a certain melodrama dear to the hearts of those who worship and read about her.

For several years in Hollywood it was generally understood that Lupino was one with the characters she played. The masquerade, which often bordered on professional lunacy, afforded her a certain freedom. She was able to indulge herself in notorious rages without censure, and to get out of tiresome or uncomfortable tasks on the plea of emotional instability. There was, for instance, the scene in The Sea Wolf in which she was required to cross a narrow plank forty feet above the studio tank in order to reach the deck of a prop ship. Halfway across it, she balked, trembling and mumbling. Prop men carried her back to safety. "My acrophobia!" cried Miss Lupino bitterly.

No one appeared to take into account the fact that Ida's fear of high places hadn't kept her from deliberately choosing a California mountaintop as the site for her new house, in which she was to spend her days with her husband, Louis Hayward.

She told fibs. She played the zany. They said she was too intelligent and needed discipline. But Ida Lupino is hard to put your finger on

Actually, she once agreed to submit the evidence of what she considered to be her best, most established neuroses to a famous psychiatrist. He reported that the entire breakdown was a superb example of the "actress temperament." He concluded that she was "too intelligent for her own good," and needed discipline.

Fortunately, no such advice was given or accepted during Miss Lupino's earlier years. Otherwise she might not have become the personage she is today: the superb actress, the restless, supercharged one-woman circus who has startled more journalists than any other contemporary film personality.

The origins of her innate exhibitionism are not hard to trace. She was born in 1918, during a seven-hour air raid on London, with attendant noise, confusion, danger, and implications of unreality. Most of her life has borrowed from this mood what it did not normally inherit from the Lupino legend. The clan, originally medieval street jugglers in Italy, had come to England to perform the works of a new playwright named Shakespeare. They had frequently been put in stocks for scorning the licensing laws, but had survived until they were the theater's oldest family.

Comedian Stanley Lupino, Ida's father, and his wife, Connie Emerald, maintained an enormous 200-year-old establishment in London. Most of the time it housed a motley collection of out-of-work actors being tided over by the generous Stanley, so young Ida grew up in an atmosphere of extreme worldliness.

When not quite fourteen years old, she approached her father to suggest that she try to get a job on the stage. Stanley replied that she had to finish school first. Ida countered with the surprising news that she was two years ahead of her class.

"How on earth did you manage to do that?" he asked. She answered calmly, "I cheated. I studied after lights out." Feeling himself beyond his depth, Lupino suggested a bargain, a kind of wager. His plan for her included school in Switzerland;

(*Continued on page 60*)

The Outnumbered

A Condensation of the Novel by

CATHERINE HUTTER

ILLUSTRATED BY WILLIAM SHARP

A strangely stirring story of how a girl's faith stood against violence — of a minor miracle in our time, which is made utterly believable — a story that will lead you through a memorable and deeply moving experience.

IN the month of March, in the year 1924, when Adolf Hitler was dictating Mein Kampf, the Jewish peddler Moishe dropped dead in the village of Pritnitz, just where a dirt road leads off into the hills to the Sanitarium Strubl. The snows on the mountains were melting and overflowed from the brook which never dried up, not even in the hot month of August. It formed a rut which Dr. Sapponyi, the owner of the sanitarium, had filled up every year in May when the ground hardened.

Moishe lay upslope. His wife, Dworje, knelt down beside him and stared at him with horrified eyes, her mouth open.

At Moishe's feet stood his daughter, a child about six years old, judging by her size. Her matted black hair was dull with dust, her eyes brown in their oval frames of thick black lashes, her nose straight and thin and rounded at the tip, with sensitive, flaring nostrils. She, too, stared at her recumbent father.

Diagonally opposite from where Moishe lay stood an inn, where two young men were drinking beer. Through the sparse trees they could see what was happening on the road. They nudged each other and one said, in the dialect of that region, "Let's go."

Both boys came to a standstill beside the dead peddler and looked down at him. Dworje did not change her attitude, but the child stared up at them, then backed away a step.

Two peasant girls came cycling down the road. When they saw the group, they dismounted. "Look," said one, "a dead Jew."

One of the young men said, "That's good. One swine Jew less."

The girl answered him gaily in the same dialect, "Ay, Conrad, you're heartless!"

Conrad threw back his head and laughed.

The child looked from one to the other. Her world was still in the process of taking shape, but she was aware of

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the unkindness of all the people in the world except those who were like them. She was therefore not surprised at the contempt and derision facing her now. One of the girls, Poldi, nudged Conrad and said, "Look at the child."

"Dirty Jew child," said Conrad. The child cast down her eyes and her lips puckered as though she would cry

"Look," said Lisl, "there's Julie."

Julie came from the inn. She was the innkeeper's daughter and a half-wit. She dragged one leg slightly as she walked and she could not talk. But she came shambling across to the group. "Here you have a dead 'un!" shouted Conrad. "Now you can pray."

Julie knelt down beside the dead man, opposite Dworje. She crossed herself and began to pray. The sun fell on Julie's hair. In it lay all the beauty which God had denied her everywhere else in her poor body. It was thick and fine and the color of spun gold. The Jewish child

moved closer, stretched out a hand and touched the golden river. Julie opened her eyes and smiled.

The child smiled at Julie. She showed a row of pearly white teeth and dimples on either side of her mouth.

"Why, she's pretty!" cried Lisl, and none of the others could deny it. Suddenly Walter said, "Shouldn't we call Schreiner?" Schreiner was the district doctor.

"*He* won't come to the Jew," said Conrad, who was Schreiner's son.

"Let's go to the Lamb," said Poldi, "and call up Sapponyi. He'll come and fix the Jew."

Everybody stared at her silently, then suddenly their faces lighted up. Telephone! If the Jew's death gave them a chance to use the one public telephone in Pritnitz, then he had not died in vain! They ran off on their exciting errand.

Others passed by and stopped to stare at the dead Jew. By the time Sapponyi's car drew up, there were fifteen spectators, five of them adults. As Sapponyi got out of his car, those standing around the dead Jew moved aside to make room for him. It was as though an old king had arrived on the scene of a medieval fairy tale; and, in a way, that was what Sapponyi was to the peasants of that vicinity. In his car, in his dress of the Austrian aristocracy, he was the visible ruler of the valley, Jew or no Jew.

He was the youngest son of a Hungarian baronet who had been a Jew only incidentally. Sapponyi's father had been knighted by a benevolent monarch. Anti-Semitism was something Sapponyi's father, living splendidly under the Austro-Hungarian monarchy, which understood how to handle its minorities so that they were not conscious of oppression, had not been made to feel.

Nor had Sapponyi ever felt like an Israelite. How could he? Judaism was as strange a thing to him as to his anti-Semitic colleagues. But he felt equally ill at ease in the Catholicism which he had acquired just before his marriage.

Sapponyi examined the dead man and said, "Go to the inn, Conrad, and tell Reischer to send the cart. Tell Keppler we'll need a coffin. Anything he has on hand will do. Hurry."

He looked down at the man he was about to give a more elegantly and solidly built bed than he had ever lain on in his lifetime. Why was he doing it? Why had the sight of this wizened old face with its traditional beard and *pajes*—why had it moved him? "Blood is thicker than water." The silly words often came to him. They came to him now. There lay the Jewish peddler, reminding him of his origin, its strangeness, its unshakable individualism in the face of an eternally overwhelming and inimical majority.

The cart was soon there. When the procession reached Schreiner's house, he was at the front door and soon terminated the brief examination. Schreiner was a National Socialist, an inscribed party member, a link in the firmly molded chain.

Pointing to the mother, Schreiner said curtly, "I need her credentials."

Dworje had no credentials. The borders they crossed were marked by no customs and passport office. They were the "green borders." You walked across them.

Schreiner said, "Your name, Jewess?"

Dworje's lips parted. They were dry and stuck a little. Her voice was parched as she said, "Dworje."

"Your last name."

She shook her head.

"Haven't you any last name, Dworje?" Sapponyi asked.

She shook her head.

Sapponyi said to Schreiner, "Oh, they're that kind. They have no second name. Where they come from the Jew has no surname. Some of their women don't even have a first name. I wouldn't be surprised if this child here"—he pointed—"had no name at all." He turned to Dworje. "What is the child's name?"

Dworje stretched out a long bony arm and drew the child to her. "This," she said in the Yiddish jargon, "is my Fehgele."

"You see," said Sapponyi, "she says that is her little bird. The child has no name. Do you recognize the word *Vogel* out of which her dialect makes *Vehgel*. . . Fehgele . . . little bird? Pretty, isn't it?"

"What is to become of them?" Schreiner asked harshly.

Sapponyi looked at the woman and child. "I shall give them sufficient money to continue their journey. Dworje, where were you bound for?"

Her parted lips let out the hoarse word, "Rumania."

Sapponyi felt for his wallet. "I will give you sufficient money to take you there by train."

She shook her head. "Thank you, good gentleman," she said. "But there is fighting among the *Goyim* in the Burgenland. Without Moishe . . ." Her voice trailed off.

Sapponyi experienced a feeling of exultation. The Jewish woman had recognized him as one of her kind. "Good gentleman," she had said . . . "the *Goyim*" . . . the Gentiles. Yes, they were always fighting.

And he found himself saying to her, "We need another woman in the laundry. I will give you the job."

Under Schreiner's disapproving eye Sapponyi shepherded Dworje and the little girl out to his car. Nice thing I've started, thought Sapponyi, and he tried to feel vexed.

THE car passed the little inn which belonged to Fichtenbach and the schoolhouse. Another bend in the road, and Strubl lay ahead of them.

"Look up," said Sapponyi to the child, and she turned and bent low to see what he was pointing at.

Strubl stood on a promontory with gently sloping lawns that ran down to neat red gravel paths. The house itself was built like a Dolomite hotel, a mixture of grand manor and chalet. Its roofs were gabled brown, the balconies framed with the same wood in a rustic crisscross pattern.

The car swung around the driveway and came to a halt at the front door. Out rushed a slim light woman, dressed in stiffly starched white, a bunch of silver keys jingling from her belt, her long, thin, serious face hooded by a nun's white cap tied in a bow under her chin. The bow trembled with her agitation.

"Really, Herr Medizinalrat has been away too long," she said, then caught sight of the two in the back, and words failed her—even her!

Sapponyi got out of the car as though it were the usual thing to bring gypsies home with him, for that was what Sister Andrea thought they were.

"This is the wife of the Jew who dropped dead in Pritnitz," he said, "and his child. They had nowhere to go. I thought we could use her in the laundry."

"Yes," said Andrea. "All right," and she called, "Hannes!" in a most efficient voice. When the porter appeared, she told him to drive down with them to the cottage where the servants lived. Andrea got into the car from the other side, and they drove off.

Sapponyi looked after them and his shoulders shook. That was Andrea for you! She wouldn't argue; she would act. She managed the entire house without assistance, allowing him only grudgingly to call for a special nurse from Vienna for the bedridden patients and for operations. These special nurses came from the same Bethesda Organization of deaconess nurses from which Andrea came, and because she was utterly reliable, Sapponyi could at times forget Strubl and know it was not neglected, and lately he had frequently wanted to put Strubl aside. There was something suffocating about the air that hung over Strubl—over all of Austria, for that matter.

HE entered his immaculate apartment, which lay on the second floor in the left wing of the house. His wife Thérèse was embroidering a fine altar cloth in white. As Sapponyi told her how he had spent the afternoon, she listened quietly; sometimes she shook her head from side to side. Her needle shuttled back and forth. She turned the cloth and finished off a thread, cutting it with a pair of little silver scissors.

"What a strange experience," she said, laying her work on her knee and looking up at him. Her brown eyes were serene and innocent. "I want to see the child. Will you have her brought to me, Manfred?"

"She's very dirty," he warned.

Thérèse hesitated. "Well, we'll have Andrea clean her up, and then I would like to see her."

Two hours later, Andrea stepped lightly into the room which she had assigned to Dworje and her child.

"I'm going to give you a bath. Come." She addressed the child, who followed her down into the basement to the bath. She watched Andrea take a sponge and washcloth and a big towel from a closet in the wall. "What is your name?" said Andrea. The child's deep reluctant voice said very slowly, "Fehge," with which solemn pronouncement she discarded the diminutive "le" and thought she had thereby gained in stature.

"How old are you, Fehge?"

"I don't know," said Fehge.

Andrea sighed, as she tried to straighten out the child's matted hair. With the first tugs she realized that it was impossible. "What are we going to do with you?" she said in despair. "I can think of only one thing."

She took a long pair of scissors and in ten minutes Fehge's hair lay on the floor, and what was left on her head curled stubbornly and stiffly. Andrea laughed and handed Fehge a mirror.

"There!" she said. "Why, you look like a boy!"

Fehge did look like a little Roman boy, with her short hair curling all over her head, her cheeks rosy from steam and excitement. Andrea remembered a pair of shabby play trousers, discarded by Sapponyi's grandson. She fetched them and dressed the child in them. "Now you will really look like a little boy," and she fastened the Tirolese suspenders securely.

She carried Fehge to the Sapponyis' apartment, where she handed the child over to Thérèse's maid, Mitzi. Half an hour later Mitzi brought the child back. Dworje, clean now too, was sitting in a chair dressed in one of Andrea's nightgowns. Fehge went up to her mother and climbed onto her knees.

Andrea said to the maid, "Well, how did it go off?"

"The *gnädige Frau* was taken with the child. She will buy everything that is necessary for her in Vienna tomorrow." Then she went away on tiptoe.

Andrea was startled by the sound of a struggle going on behind her. She turned and saw that the struggle was for something the child was wearing around her neck.

"Give it to me, wicked child!"

"I won't! I won't! The lady gave it to me! I didn't steal it! I didn't steal it! It's mine! It's pretty!"

Andrea separated them with a firm hand. Fehge retained what she was clutching in her fist.

"What is it?" said Andrea. "Go on. Show it to me. I promise nobody will take it from you."

Slowly Fehge unclenched her hand. Cupped in her pink palm, which she held under her chin, her eyes seriously raised to Andrea's, was a little silver medal. A tiny Christ was nailed on the cross on one side, and the Virgin was on the other.

"See," said Fehge, "the dolly."

"Yes," said Andrea, and turned the medal around. "And see? The Saviour."

Her face was grim. How like the devoutly Catholic Thérèse to tie her label around the child at once! The Holy Mother and the Saviour. She looked at Fehge. Which would she choose?

Firm resolve was born in Andrea's mind to win this child for her own Methodist God. "Let her keep it," she said, turning to Dworje. "It won't do her any harm."

Dworje moaned. "Ay, ay, ay, where will this all end? What will become of us?" But she let the child clamber back into her lap.

Andrea regarded them for a moment. Good heavens, she thought to herself, they *are* savages! For the moment, however, she had to let them be. There would be time enough during the following weeks to take the matter of these two strays in hand.

But this matter God took into His own hands. Dworje never did take up her occupation in the laundry. She died fourteen days later.

Andrea begged that Fehge be kept on at Strubl, and Thérèse had been as persistent as Andrea in her persuasion of Sapponyi. Thérèse's reason for wanting the child to stay in the valley was a purely mystic one—she rarely had any other for doing anything. But Andrea's eagerness to keep Fehge amused him. To give this Prussian spinster a Jewish child—it was ironic! Anyway, he would be investing practically nothing in the almost certain acquisition of a good and faithful servant. "Yes, sister," he had said, "the child may stay."

Andrea took Fehge by the hand as they left Strubl to accompany Dworje for the last time. From behind the lace curtains of her window, Thérèse watched them go. No one knew of the jealousy in her heart as she saw the Methodist nun leading the child—except Sapponyi, who was amused at this struggle for the child's soul.

HE called Thérèse from the window and asked her to sit down. "There is something I want to say to you," he began, and she gave him a friendly smile.

"I don't think we should interfere with the child's religion," he said, coming bluntly to the point. "I think, if you will excuse my saying so, my dear, it was a mistake on your part to hang that thing around her neck on her first night here. I don't think we have any right to interfere."

"I think the child should be baptized and brought up in the faith," she said.

"No," Sapponyi persisted. "I can't help feeling enough obligation to my race to give the girl a chance to choose, at least. You forget that I am a Jew."

Her eyes grew big. She said, "How unlike you to bring that up."

He laughed, and to him it sounded a short, bitter, unhumorous laugh. "I won't bring the matter up again. I confess I hadn't thought of it for years. The sight of the man brought it back to me. Humor me. The child shall decide for herself."

That night, for the first time, Andrea prayed aloud before Fehge. Fehge sat without stirring, and the chills ran up and down her spine until she turned cold. Andrea, this big, stern, all-powerful, all-knowing Andrea, was talking to some one she couldn't see, who was therefore undeniably *there*, talking to some one who disposed of the beauties of nature, the good health they enjoyed, the good food they ate, who could heal the sick and, wonder of wonders, protect the dead and, of course, the living from evil and harm. *Why had no one told her this before? Why had no one ever told her that such a Being existed?*

Fehge felt as though chains around her body had burst. She breathed deep and her heart beat so that she could hear it. The tears stood on her lashes and rolled slowly down her face. Her breath came in little shudders.

"Amen," said Andrea, and opened her eyes and saw the child's emotion, which pleased her.

IT was Dennis Seymour's first day out on the balcony. The young Englishman had been in bed for six weeks, and was now beginning to get well. He wondered whether he shouldn't have a try at painting the hills as they were today, with the fresh green of spring standing out yellow among the dark evergreens. He painted for his own pleasure exclusively—the luxury of the true amateur. Yes, he'd make a stab at it, he thought, and fell asleep.

He was awakened by the quaint chanting of a child's voice. He raised himself to a sitting posture and looked over the side of the balcony. From there he could see the child, who was dancing clumsily, her arms stretched out stiffly at her sides, all five little fingers spread.

It was a year to the day since Dworje had died, and Fehge had on her first colored dress. It was a red dirndl with tiny white spots and a little red woolen jacket with gentians and edelweiss embroidered on it. As she danced, she was in a trance of happiness.

Fehge had gained confidence ever since the remarkable revelation of an invisible protecting God, but she had not yet discovered His house on earth. Thérèse never crossed Sapponyi in anything. Andrea, of course, would not take Fehge to the church in Pritnitz. She had asked Sapponyi if she might take Fehge with her to Vienna to *her* House of God. But Sapponyi had said to her what he had said to his wife, "Let the child choose for herself."

Fehge's schoolteacher had been instructed to excuse Fehge on the afternoon once a week when the priest came to the schoolhouse to give religious tuition. And that was why she was free now to dance.

Dennis' loud "Hello" broke the spell. Fehge stopped dead and her stiff little braids trembled on for a while. Andrea braided them so tight that they stuck out straight as though wired. Her hair was so harshly scraped away from her shining clean face that it pulled her skin a little, and this made her screw up her eyes tight every now and then. This funny way of winking with both eyes had become habitual with Fehge. She did it now as she looked up at Dennis. What she saw seemed to inspire her with confidence, for she answered, *"Grüss Gott."*

"What's your name?" said Dennis, thinking inwardly, Why can't grown-ups ever think of a better way to approach a child?

The child said, "Fehge." She wanted to run away, but Andrea had taught her that she must answer when spoken to and never go until she had been dismissed.

"Who's your father?" said Dennis.

"Father is dead," said Fehge.

"What does your mother do?"

"Mother is dead," said Fehge.

Really, this was grim, thought Dennis. "So poor Fehge is all alone."

The surprising child answered him with the words, "Fehge has God."

Dennis stared for a moment, then he leaned back in his chair and looked up at the sky and tried to digest what he had just heard. In his mind's eye he could see the words in gold lettering spanning the mountains like a rainbow. "Fehge has God." It was a jolly fine sentence, he thought. He closed his eyes for a moment. When he opened them again, she was gone.

In the long weeks that followed, Dennis recovered rapidly, and before setting out on his first walk beyond the grounds he wandered to the back of the house, in search of Fehge.

Summer was dying in a welter of heat and Fehge was in the vegetable garden pulling up carrots. Like all the children near Pritnitz, she had no time for play. Physically she had developed immensely. Now she was sturdy, big for her presumed age of seven.

Dennis found her barefoot. She was wearing the red dirndl, now as faded as the clothing of other children. I would like to paint her, thought Dennis.

"Hello," he said. "Don't you remember me?"

Fehge stood up straight and let the carrots she had just uprooted drop in a heap at her feet.

"I'm a patient from up there, and I'm out for my first walk. I'd like a little girl, like you, to show me the way."

Fehge stared at him, expressionless. "You don't need anybody to walk with you." Then she added contrarily, "You'll have to ask for permission."

This made him smile. "Come on," he stretched out his hand. "I won't let anything happen to you."

Slowly she made up her mind, turned her back on the carrots and walked over to the pump. She wiped her hands and face on her dress, and looked up at him seriously and showed him her clean sweet face. Then she winked with both eyes because her braids pulled at her skin.

Dennis turned her around and began to undo them. She let him. He saw how she wrinkled her brow with relief, and said, "Can you wiggle your ears?"

He showed her what he meant. It amused her and she laughed. Nothing he had experienced here had cheered Dennis half as much. "Come on now," he said, "let's go."

They rounded a corner and there was Sapponyi, Andrea at his side.

"Well," said Sapponyi, "how did you two find each other?"

Dennis said, "I have been anxious to meet this little lady again ever since I saw her first, two months ago. I asked her to walk out with me, and I'd like to hire her for this purpose every day. May I?"

Andrea looked vexed. She opened her mouth to speak, but Sapponyi put out a hand to stop her. "Why not?" he said.

Andrea said quickly and sharply, "Fehge goes back to school soon. Then she can't go walking mornings."

"Then we'll walk in the afternoon," said Dennis blandly. He propelled Fehge past the two and nodded his head in farewell. *"Grüss Gott."*

Andrea watched them go. "You're not going to let that child walk out with him every day!"

"Why not?" said Sapponyi again.

"I wouldn't like to have the good I've done undone by Fehge's getting into contact with . . . with the people up here."

"You are afraid of infection?"

Andrea wasn't thinking of the germ of tuberculosis. No. Andrea was afraid of the germ of Catholicism. But Sapponyi's words had given her as good a way out as any. So she answered, "Yes, I am."

Sapponyi said, "Nonsense! What can happen to her if they walk out together in the fresh air? Anyway, he'll soon be bored with Fehge."

BUT Fehge did not bore Dennis. From then on, every afternoon they walked together to a little summerhouse in the park. From here they could see through the trees convalescent patients taking their coffee on the balcony, receiving visitors, visiting one another to play cards. When it rained, Fehge came and sat with Dennis on his balcony. They never missed a day.

He read aloud to her, Alice in Wonderland and Kipling's Jungle Book, translating as he went along. He taught her phrases in English and discovered that she had a parrotlike aptitude for the language.

Sapponyi found the development of Fehge under the tutelage of "the mad young Englishman" most entertaining. This girl who, by rights, should develop into a peasant, was receiving the spiritual education of a lady. Would she become a lady? It intrigued him.

One day the Prelate Schädelmeyer came to visit Sapponyi and brought the conversation around to Fehge. "I have heard a great deal about this Englishman Seymour and what he is teaching the child and about her amazing aptitude for a foreign language. Is she so clever?"

"No," said Sapponyi, "I don't think she is clever. She learns like a parrot. It seems to me that the child would make a very good medium. I am sure that she could be easily hypnotized, and I think that what the young man does with her comes under that heading. She is extraordinarily acquiescent, yet I think she is possessed of a rather unfathomable source of strength. I mean no great act of violence on her part would surprise me."

"What makes the Herr Medizinalrat come to such strange conclusions?" said the prelate.

"With a certain knowledge of psychology," said Sapponyi, "it is easy to see that the girl Fehge is a psychopath. She is hysterical."

"Hysterical?" said the prelate. "But you just said that she was placid."

"Yet she is a hysteric," said Sapponyi. "Wait and see."

At Christmas, Dennis asked and received permission for Fehge to sit at table with him in the big dining room for dinner. Fehge sat on a cushion so that she could be big enough to eat nicely from the dazzling white table.

Almost everybody was downstairs. Only those who would never walk again stayed upstairs in their beds. Now the big golden Frau Fricka Reuther was coming in, and she had her daughter with her . . . an angel child! She walked into the dining room filled with curiosity but determined not to show it. She sat down at the place her mother designated and found herself across the room from a girl about her own age whose skin was very smooth and brown, who wore her black hair loose, with a ribbon around her head, tied in a bow at the top, exactly like Anne-Marie. We're like Rose Red and Snow White, thought Anne-Marie, and the thought pleased her. The child smiled at her and dimples showed.

Anne-Marie was about to smile back, when her mother laid a firm hand on her soft arm and said, "Don't smile! Don't look at the child! She has no business to be here!"

Anne-Marie's big eyes looked up in astonishment at her mother who, she now noticed, was in a towering rage.

"It is inconceivable," she said, "but what can you expect when you come to a place run by a Jew! The child has no business to be here," Fricka Reuther went on and made Anne-Marie sit in another seat, so that she would not be facing Fehge . . . "a Polish Jewish child, one that just strayed by. Anne-Marie! I told you not to look at her!"

Fricka Reuther's Christmas was spoiled. "There will come a day," she said with bitterness, "when we won't have to put up with this sort of thing!"

Anne-Marie did not look at the Jewish child again. But Fehge never took her eyes off the golden creature.

"We'll find out if she's staying," said Dennis. "Maybe you can play with her."

Fehge gave him a piercing look. "No," she said. "She won't play with me"

"Why not?"

"You'll see."

FEHGE and Anne-Marie came face to face, however, on Christmas Day, through no fault of Fehge. It was Anne-Marie who wandered to the back of the house on the lookout for the Jewish child, to whom she was determined to speak. Fehge had just removed the debris of Christmas from her own and Andrea's rooms when she saw the angel child. She lowered her eyes and was going to pass her when Anne-Marie spoke. "You had no business being in the dining room last night."

Fehge didn't answer. The angel child stood in her way. "Did you hear me?" she said, and her voice was high and sweet like a bell's. "Did you hear me?" she said again. "You had no business being there. I'm not allowed to play with you," she went on, "because you're Jewish."

Fehge said nothing.

Anne-Marie stamped her foot. "Why don't you answer me?" she screamed. "Answer me!"

"You didn't ask me anything," said Fehge.

"Ahhh!" shrieked Anne-Marie, her feet trampling in her rage. *"Ahh, ahhh . . . awahhh!"* And her mother heard her and came hurrying.

"What have you been doing to my child?" said Fricka Reuther, planting herself rigidly beside Anne-Marie.

Fehge did not answer.

At that moment Dennis came. "Well," he said, "that's funny! I was going to ask you, *gnädige Frau,* if you would let your little girl play with my little girl."

"Your little girl!" said Fricka Reuther, and she could scarcely speak for her indignation. "Your little girl! That heathen child of a Jew! You are a foreigner, Mr. Seymour. Do you think it is fair to behave as you are doing in a country where you are a guest?"

Dennis was stunned. This was something he had never come in contact with before, that he had not believed existed. We read about things, he thought, hear about them . . . we don't realize them as they are. Then he looked into Fricka Reuther's pretty, vapid, doll-like face and realized that he was face to face with a madwoman.

His anger melted and was gone. "I think the *gnädige Frau* is exciting herself unnecessarily," he said. "Fehge wouldn't molest anybody."

He put both hands on Fehge's shoulders from behind. "Good day," he said.

Fehge looked up at Dennis and said primly, "That was a dreadful experience."

"The little girl's no angel, is she? And the mother—I know her kind—the kind that loves to hate."

"Are there a lot of her kind?"

"Most people," said Dennis.

Fehge said, "I don't hate people. I don't like people, either."

"You don't?" said Dennis, looking down at her.

She shook her head. "I try not to think about them. If you ask me, there needn't be any people."

To Dennis it seemed an appropriate sequel to "Fehge has God."

One day during the following spring, after school,

Fehge was free. She decided to walk down the road in the direction of Pritnitz instead of up the hill back to Strubl. She did not know the village of Pritnitz. She had never been inside its church. She knew only the road from Strubl to the schoolhouse, but of that every curve, every stone, and she knew and loved every *Marterl* on the road and on the trail up to Schwarzenberg's summit.

Fehge's favorite *Marterl* stood on the trail up Schwarzenberg. The *Marterl* was a carved wooden crucifix with only a narrow gabled roof over the top of the cross. The figure of Christ had once been painted in colors and gilt; now the porcelain white of His body was gray from weathering and the blood that poured down His forehead, out of His hands and feet and side was dark brown with age. His head hung sideways, as though His neck had been broken, and His eyes were upturned heavenward in their agony. When she looked up at Him for any length of time, Fehge would be forced to her knees. The poor Saviour . . . the poor Saviour . . .

Now for the second time since she had come to Strubl, the time of His suffering and crucifixion was approaching and her life's background was troubled by the almost constant consciousness of His tortured body. Her body hurt when she thought of it, and she wriggled with the imaginary pain. "Oh," she often said, "it must have hurt Him so!"

If Fehge's tongue had yet been taught to speak philosophically, she would have said, "God is harmony." She could sense discord in the air as soon as her surroundings were peopled. Dennis had given words to her own instinctive fears . . . the majority of the people in this world loved to hate. But what of Dennis, Andrea, Sapponyi, Thérèse . . . all those who did not hate . . .

what were they when you stood them up against the cruel rest? The kind were outnumbered.

As she walked on she thought what a good thing it was that a protecting God was in the heavens to see to it that the kind were not inundated by these others as by a second great flood.

Now she reached the place where the road merged into the highway, where her father had dropped dead. At once, before her, in her mind's eye, rose Conrad, whom she had not seen again since that fateful day—Conrad, who had gone to live with his aunt in Munich. Of all the persons who had gathered at the roadside, only Conrad remained clear in her mind, the personification of everything evil. Fehge still feared him more than anything else in the world.

She turned the corner where the inn with its little beer garden stood and walked straight into Julie, on her way to church, although it was a weekday. Once a week the idiot girl went there and cleaned the brasses, dusted the altars and woodwork, and refilled the vases with flowers. Now Julie's crooked mouth curved into a strange smile and she stretched out her arms. Fehge walked up to her and let the grotesque creature fondle her. Julie finally stretched out her hand and indicated that Fehge should go with her. And Fehge went.

The two girls reached the old Gothic building and Julie motioned to Fehge to take the kerchief from around her neck and tie it around her head; when Fehge complied, both girls entered the church.

"Oh," said Fehge, "the big Saviour!" She stopped dead to stare at the gigantic figure of Christ, carved and painted by a modern artist, that topped the altar. "Oh," breathed Fehge again, and squirmed where His wounds hurt her. "Oh."

Above His head were inscribed the words, "Come unto me, all ye that labor and are heavy laden, and I will give you rest."

JULIE knelt down to pray. Fehge began to walk along the sides of the church from altar to altar, admiring, not praying. It was all perfectly beautiful. The paintings in their bright colors, the wood-carved tableaux of the life of Christ, the statues . . . but Fehge returned again and again to the big Saviour. It was the most exalting experience of her little life. Fear was gone. And suddenly it dawned on her why. This was God's house! Oh, indeed, it was fitting! She skipped lightly across the stones of the center aisle like a dancer, back to where Julie was kneeling in prayer. "Oh," she said, "I am so happy!"

Julie opened her eyes, smiled her crooked smile, and nodded her head, mouthing what she meant to be words. Fehge had no idea that the girl's vocal cords were giving forth their first sound. "Don't speak so silly," she therefore said with utter disrespect. "Why don't you try it slowly?"

Julie looked at her and began again. *"Ich . . .Ich . . ."*

"Go on," urged Fehge.

"Ich . . . seh!" . . . Weiss' Licht," said Julie, pointing to behind Fehge's head.

Fehge turned around. "Where do you see a white light? You musn't talk silly. Tell you what," she said then, very matter-of-factly, "if you want to come up to Strubl sometimes—the evenings are the only time I have—I'll teach you to talk." From that moment she looked upon the idiot girl as her friend.

By the time Fehge returned to Strubl, she was late and Andrea was anxious. When Fehge told her where she had been, her anxiety turned in another direction. So it had come!

"The church," said Fehge, "is the House of God, isn't it?"

Andrea said, "Yes."

"It *is* pretty," said Fehge dreamily, her mind on what she had seen there. And in her awoke, for the first time, the urge to belong to a community, the community that worshiped in this house. "I want to go to church like the other children do," said Fehge. "Will you take me?"

"Don't you want to wait until I can take you to my church?"

"No," Fehge answered. "Yours is too far away."

Andrea said she would do something about it, and didn't, hoping that Fehge would forget. But when Sunday came, she was up and ready to go to church at seven o'clock in the morning. Andrea looked at her in despair.

She took Fehge by the hand and led her across to the apartment of Thérèse Sapponyi. Andrea said, "Frau Medizinalrat, Fehge wants to go to church. I thought you would like to take her."

It was as simple as all that. The tussle between the two women over the technicality of which road Fehge should tread on her way to heaven was over. Andrea thought, as she always did when she was defeated, and never without bitterness, "God's will be done."

Thérèse's eyes narrowed in her triumph, and Andrea reddened with humiliation. "So!" said Thérèse. "But that pleases me!" And she drew her petite little body to its full height. "Certainly I shall take her." She stretched out her little white hand to the child.

Fehge sat with the Sapponyis in the pew reserved for the *Herrschaften,* apart from the villagers. She looked around her at the kneeling figures and bowed heads. How right she had been! Here, in the house of God, even the savages behaved themselves.

That amazed her perhaps even more than the priest, resplendent in white and gold, going through his strange ritual. What impressed her most of all were Reischer's Walter and Pfeiffer's Gustl, who were dressed in long black robes with short white lace dresses over them, and looked like little angels instead of the devils which she had known them to be until then. *If the church could do this to them!* Nothing could have converted Fehge to the Catholic Church as potently as the converted aspect of these, her rude schoolmates.

The people. . . . She tore her eyes away from the boys

and watched the people. Everybody in the church looked as though they could do nothing but good. Fehge's heart sang within her. Here nobody would harm her. Here she would always be safe. Here she belonged.

Fehge sat on the wicker table on Dennis' balcony. "I am going to be baptized," she told Dennis, "and I must have a name. A proper name."

Dennis nodded. "Of course you must," he said.

"My mother called me Fehge," the child was saying, "and sometimes she said 'Fehgush,' and sometimes she just called me 'Gush . . .'" She paused.

"Fehgush . . . gush . . . Gusti," Dennis mused. "Gusti is a good Austrian name. That comes from Augusta."

She snapped it up and clapped her hands and said, "Augusta! Oh, Dennis, that is a fine name!"

Dennis had to laugh. "It's rather a big handle for such a little pot. Now, what about a second name?" And as he asked the question, he knew the answer. It came straight out of the feeling of affinity for her. "I have it!" he triumphed. "Mine!"

They spelled it the German way, "Siemohr." And he didn't do things by halves, either. He was godfather. Sapponyi, Thérèse, and Andrea attended.

Fehge was deeply absorbed by the ritual. It filled her with such exaltation that she feared her body would not

contain it. But outwardly she was able to preserve a deadly calm.

She's taking it dreadfully seriously, thought Dennis, and he felt apprehension for the responsibility he had so lightly assumed.

"Wilt thou be baptized?" the priest was saying.

"Volo," said Fehge.

The priest put the "white garment" on Fehge's head. The white linen cloth lay still on her black hair. Then he gave her a lighted candle. "Go in peace," he said, "and the Lord be with thee."

It was over. Fehge sheltered the light with her hand as she turned to leave and saw Julie. The eyes of the two girls met, and Fehge's were full of love for Julie.

Julie came to the edge of her pew as Fehge passed, and Fehge said to her, "I am the Temple of God."

Andrea, who was behind Fehge, said, "So is everybody who is baptized."

"No," she said. *"I* am the Temple of God."

Thus was Augusta Siemohr baptized in the church of Pritnitz on May 26, 1926, when she was presumably eight years old.

FEHGE received her first Holy Communion in the late spring of the year 1928. Had she not wanted so intensely to grasp religion with her mind as well as her heart, she might have received it immediately following her baptism, at the correct age of eight; but Fehge had not been able to accept blindly, and it had taken these two years to prepare her for the sacrament.

Dennis was gone, but he knew about Fehge's first communion through Sapponyi, with whom he corresponded about his health. Dennis sent five English pounds for Fehge to "buy herself a pretty dress and have her picture taken." So Sapponyi told Andrea to take a convenient day off and go with Fehge to Wiener-Neustadt and attend to the matter. At Wiener-Neustadt, the minute they got out of the station onto the street, a feeling of disaster was in the air. The police. People standing in groups.

"Now! What's up here?" said Andrea.

There were always people ready to explain. There was to be a Heimwehr parade, and the Social Democrats were going to match the Heimwehr demonstration with one of their own! Police divided the city in half, the one half reserved for the Heimwehr men and their enthusiasts, the other for the Social Democrats and their partisans.

Andrea's lips curled in contempt.

"Politics!" she snorted.

Fehge wrinkled her nose. Politics! The thing that made the people excited. The stores were practically empty, and the salespeople had their eyes on the street. More and more, private life was being submerged, as in wartime. *"Ja,"* sighed the young girl whom Andrea asked to wait on them. "It's just that there isn't anybody strong enough to keep order." And she went drearily about the business of showing Andrea dresses in Fehge's size.

Andrea asked the girl for the best photographer in Wiener-Neustadt, and they walked to his studio.

He addressed himself to Andrea. "A bad day for us," he said, and began to get his plates ready.

"It all seems to me to be foolish nonsense," she said. "Why don't they mind their own business?"

"Most of them haven't any business to mind," said the little photographer. "Unemployment is the scourge of the republic. But there'll come a day when they'll have plenty to do. You, a German, will understand that."

"Are you German?" she asked.

"Of course, of course," he said. "After the *Anschluss,* we won't have to ask that any more."

Anschluss. It was not the first time Andrea had heard of it. *Anschluss.* Well, he was good and stupid if he thought Germany would ever saddle herself with such a poor ignorant country as Austria.

When they left the photographer, he shook hands with them both, and to Andrea he said, *"Grüss Gott, Schwester. Heil Hitler."*

"Sister Andrea," said Fehge.

"What is it, *Kleines?"* she said.

Fehge swallowed and said, "Am I a German?"

"No," said Andrea, "you aren't yet. But you heard what the man said. There's going to be *Anschluss.* That means Germany will take over this country in which we live. Austria. Then you'll be German, too. Then you'll be a Bethesda nurse, as I am," Andrea went on enthusiastically. Why not?

"Fehge," she said, "you are ten years old, old enough to begin to learn something worth while. I am going to teach you how to help me keep the doctor's office clean and the operating room and the X-ray room. How will you like that?"

Fehge hesitated. "But may I still do the stairs?"

What a queer child she was! Now, why did she want to continue to wash those low marble steps every day?

It was a good thing Andrea didn't ask the question out loud, because she would not have liked the reason. There were five flights of fourteen steps each to be washed on every weekday. Now, these five flights matched the five decades of her rosary, Fehge had discovered—you could spread your prayers over them and come out right, just as you did with the beads.

"Of course you can go on doing the steps if you want to," said Andrea. "Anyway, you do them before I get up. You would like to be a nurse, wouldn't you?"

"Yes," said Fehge, having no idea what was implied by being a nurse.

Andrea kept her promise. Fehge advanced from kitchen to operating room, X-ray room, and doctor's office. Now, four years later in the year 1932, her daily routine required that she rise at half past five. With a warm cup of malt coffee and a piece of black bread and salted lard inside her, she first of all did the steps. Then she fetched upstairs from cellar to kitchen the foodstuffs that were needed for the day. After that she was ready to do her cleaning for Andrea. Before supper she fetched the milk down from Schwarzenberg. After supper she mended for Andrea and herself. At nine o'clock she went to bed, pleasantly exhausted. There was never any time for rest or recreation. After all, God had rested only on the seventh day, and so did she.

Her day of rest now included one dearly loved duty: to ring the bells. This had come about in the following manner: One Sunday, Fehge had come early to mass. Reischer's Walter, all of eighteen and very sturdy, whose duty it was to ring the bells, had asked Fehge if she would like to come up with him to see how they were rung. She went with him up into the belfry and Walter explained the bells to her. Then Walter had gone into action and had had his arm around her waist and his rough hand pawing her before she knew what was happening. A second later, however, Walter was spiraling down the belfry stairs, and he landed so clumsily that he broke his arm.

He lay on the lower landing bellowing like a bull. Fehge looked down at him and laughed. Then she went over to the bells and rang them.

The priest had gone up into the belfry then, and watched Fehge. She was strong all right! The bells were heavy, but she could handle them both. "That's enough," he'd told her, and she had turned a glowing face to him, "Oh," she had said, "may I do it again?"

"If you like," the priest had said. "But you'll be straining yourself. It's a man's job."

"I'm used to doing a man's work," she'd answered.

"Why did you come up here with the boy?" the priest had asked her then. "Didn't you know what he wanted you up here for?"

"No."

"Well, now you'll be more careful, won't you?"

THE story had spread like wildfire, and Fehge was labeled queer because she didn't want to make love, and since her extraordinary strength was by now a well established fact, she was safe from further molestation.

By now the village had accepted Fehge as being different. She had learned much from Andrea and had put it to good use. Had she not delivered Ludmilla Pfeiffer's child when Dr. Schreiner could not reach there in time? She had begun to love nursing, too. Except for devotion to the church and those who had been kind to her, she had nothing but her burning personal desire to become a nursing nun. Her eyes would become luminous like a seeress' when this thought overwhelmed her, as it often

did these days. At last she had found her place on God's earth. She would help to heal the sick, not because she had learned to love the people but because God had created them in His image. This uplifting thought, however, soon had to give way in her honest little mind to the less glorious truth, that she was choosing to be a nurse because she was not afraid of man when he was sick.

The Countess Stefanie von Hohenberge was considered not only the most beautiful but also the most tragic woman in Viennese society. No children, an unhappy marriage to the German count, love affairs that didn't last. It happened to so many other women. But it somehow did not go well with Stefanie, who seemed totally unsuited for the luckless fate that dogged her.

Now she had come to Strubl to die. The flush in her cheeks and the feverish luster of her eyes made her look more beautiful than ever. She was stricken by the same disease that had killed her sister, and she had listened to the disastrous news as a welcome release from a life that had brought her nothing but unhappiness.

Fehge was assigned to be Stefanie's maid. It was not the kind of work that Fehge felt she was cut out for, but she looked upon it as a little luxurious gift of God, this "soft" job, serving some one whom she adored, not only because she was physically beautiful but because she was gentleness personified. Yes, this was her interim gift from God before she embarked on the arduous life of a nursing sister. Thérèse had promised her that she might enter a convent when she was twenty years old. She was now fifteen.

ONE day Stefanie was expecting a visitor and rang for Fehge; she wanted her to prepare coffee and white goose-liver sandwiches.

Olga Retschnichek, the visitor, was a resplendent woman, tall, full-bosomed, with a deep melodious voice and a profusion of golden hair.

"This is Fehge," said Stefanie, pointing to her. "She has been taking care of me. I advise you to get on the right side of her and take her with you when I no longer need her. I'm sure she'd go, wouldn't you, Fehge?"

Fehge reddened and hesitated. How to explain it and not be rude? "I am going to be a nursing sister," said Fehge, "when I am twenty. I want something I can get deep down into. This . . . this is no work for me."

"Then why do you do it for me?" said Stefanie.

"Well, I'm not twenty yet," said Fehge, "and"—she blushed—"I think the Frau Gräfin is so beautiful. I want to be near her."

Olga Retschnichek laughed, but Stefanie was silent, and the tears stood in her eyes as she looked away from the girl's sincere face.

Olga said, "Well, I'm certainly glad you're being so well taken care of by such a faithful girl."

"I will not take up much more of her time," answered Stefanie lightly. "I am going to die, Olly, and you know I am glad."

Olga looked away into the hills for a moment and was still. "It's so damned unfair," she said, and her voice was very low, "that you should have to say a thing like that, and I can't say you should feel otherwise. Why did you have to marry Oscar?"

"I don't know. It's hard to explain. Because he was so rich, perhaps because he seemed so—so—perfect—so correct—so sure. I think he must have been proceeding according to some sort of plan when he was courting me"—Stefanie continued not as a lengthier answer, but more to herself, "for, as soon as we were married, he was completely changed. I was acquired; I didn't count. You hear a great deal about the calculation of the German militarist. The German industrialist is made of the same cold hard steel."

Olly said, "Well, one thing is certain—we Austrian women should never marry a German. We speak their language, but that is really all."

"If only I had a child," Stefanie said, and Fehge for the first time heard her voice break with grief. "People with our ideals should have children, children, children! That is what *they* are doing. If we don't do the same, they will soon outnumber us."

"I think they do that already," said Olga.

"If I had a child of my very own, to bring up according to our ideals . . . It seems silly, it would be only one among so many others. But it would give me hope. I would live, Olly. But I am going to die, quite wasted."

When Fehge left the room both women were looking through the balcony's railing at a man who, in an English golf suit, pipe in mouth, was walking rapidly down the curve in the road that led toward the village. Stefanie said, "Look, there goes the Englishman. He used to be a patient here. Now he has come back to live. He has rented one of the cottages on the estate and fixed it up. He is a nice young man, not really so young, but, you know, one of those people who is eternally young. I like him very much."

"Dearly beloved," said Fehge to Dennis after luncheon, "how does a woman get a child?"

"Why," said Dennis, "you know all about that," and of course she should, a fifteen-year-old girl living in the country.

"I don't know anything much," was her answer. "I want to know what makes babies start to grow inside you."

He sighed and sipped his coffee. He wanted to make a beautiful story of it. He put down his cup, sat back, and reached for a pencil and paper. He made a fairly good and quick drawing of Michelangelo's Adam, which, to him, had always seemed the most aesthetic naked man.

Fehge looked at the drawing while he talked, her forehead knit in a frown. Suddenly her face fell. "So a woman cannot have a child without a man?"

"That's right," said Dennis. "And the man and the woman should love each other."

"Do you think," said Fehge, "that you could love the Countess Stefanie?"

Dennis, about to fill his pipe, laid it down again. "Why?" he asked.

"Because she says that if she had a child, she would live. It would save her life. Now, if you could love her, she could have a child."

"Fehge," he said, "have you spoken about this to the Countess Stefanie?"

"No," said Fehge. "I wanted to discuss it with you first."

"That was quite right," said Dennis, and now he wanted very much to laugh.

"Well, will you?"

"If you promise never to mention this whole matter to any one else in the world, especially not to the Countess Stefanie—I promise you to think it over."

Fehge smiled. "Oh," she said. "You always help."

HER conversation with Olga remained with Stefanie long after that flamboyant creature had gone. After Fehge had served dinner, she asked the girl to bring her pen and paper, and began to write a letter. Her beautiful brow furrowed with earnestness and her breath came short with excitement. She wrote fast, read what she had written, and addressed the envelope with handwriting that flew. It was addressed not to her husband but to Peter Altern, a friend of her youth, one of "her own kind." He had once pledged that he would come from the ends of the earth if ever she needed him.

At just about this time, in the spring of the year 1933, Fricka Reuther suffered a serious relapse of her former ailment. She realized she would have to spend at least a year at Strubl, and rented a cottage on the Strubl estate, one not far distant from Dennis, and she brought with her Anne-Marie, now seventeen.

They arrived, and Fricka took to her bed, not to leave it until two months later, when she began to take walks. It was on one of these walks that she met Stefanie, whom she had known as a child. The women recognized each other. Stefanie's childhood memories of Fricka Krausewitz had not been enhanced by what she knew of Fricka Reuther. She had heard that Fricka was a Nazi, and that shocked her. Fricka, on the other hand, had no use for the decadent Austrian aristocracy. The meeting of the two women was cool and formal.

They bowed and shook hands. Stefanie wore her social smile. "How do you do, Fricka, and how are you?"

They started down the road together.

"How long have you been here?" Stefanie asked.

"Too long," said Fricka bitterly. "He keeps us here just to make money out of us."

Stefanie said sharply, "Sapponyi doesn't keep people here any longer than is necessary. Ever!" And she told Fricka the story of a woman whom Sapponyi had forced, against her will, to go home, and who had now, a year later, given birth to a child, a healthy boy.

Fricka grunted. "I suppose she was a Jewess."

Stefanie wrinkled her forehead. "I think she was," she said. "But what has that to do with it?"

"A boy," Fricka went on. "A Jewish boy. One more. *Ach,* it *is* a conspiracy!"

Suddenly, in a complete outburst of joy, and because she found the other woman's attitude so unbearably ridiculous, Stefanie said, "Be consoled; not only Jewish children are being born. I too am going to have a child."

Fricka started. "You?" she turned her head sharply. "You can't have a child. When he knows he'll take it from you."

"But he does know," Stefanie said, "and he isn't going to take it from me."

"So!" said the other woman, and stopped dead. "So!

He isn't going to take it from you. But he took mine! A boy."

Stefanie laid her arm on the other woman's shoulder, who shook it off furiously. "I am so sorry," Stefanie said gently. "I had no idea that you had been through anything like that or I wouldn't have spoken about it."

"It *is*—it *is* a conspiracy," Fricka snapped. "I always knew it!"

"You have a daughter," Stefanie said softly.

"I want a son!" cried Fricka. "I want a son!"

"But if your health would be endangered, why do you want a son?" Stefanie asked into the hard silence that followed, and the answer came like a hiss:

"I want sons for our Führer, Adolf Hitler."

There it was. Stefanie had never believed that there were people, people of her own level of society, who followed that man and believed in him, the way Fricka Reuther believed in him. Fricka, the child she had played with. "Of course," she said softly, "I forgot. You are German."

Fricka drew herself up to her full height and said in a resounding voice, "Yes, I am German."

"Shall we go on?" said Stefanie coldly, wishing the walk ahead of them were not so long. She was afraid. Fricka Reuther had succeeded in frightening her, and that made her very angry.

There were things she hadn't taken into account when she had embarked on this greatest of all adventures, that she had not realized were here—things like Fricka Reuther and what she stood for. When she got back she would have to write to Peter. What if something were to happen to her? Perhaps, after all, the child would need a man's protection.

Before Stefanie could write again to Peter to tell him of her fears she received the news of his sudden death. Peter had taken up gliding and one day the glider fell into the sea. Peter had never risen from the wreck. So Stefanie was to be alone with her child. So be it, she thought. "I will be your fortress, not only now," she told her stirring child, "but always. This thing shall not penetrate to you. We will live in a world of our own."

One evening she told Fehge that she was going to have a child; that she was getting well and was happy. Fehge had already noticed. So that was the reason! When her work was done, she went down to the cottage to thank Dennis for "helping."

It took him some time to grasp what she meant. Then he said, "Well, then, everything's all right. But listen! This thing is to remain a secret between you and me."

"And the Frau Gräfin."

"No. Just between you and me. I can't explain it to you, but you musn't ever mention it again. Promise me."

"I promise," said Fehge, very reluctantly. "But it doesn't seem right. It seems peculiar."

"It is peculiar," said Dennis. "Very peculiar."

It was Fehge's free afternoon, and she was going to spend it out of doors. She took the familiar path up the Schwarzenberg, but turned off to the left shortly before the road curved in to the inn, to find the rusty little lake where she loved to bathe.

Fehge undressed. "Ah," she sighed, as her overheated body slipped into the cool water. She moved her hands and arms to feel the water move against her body and closed her eyes. When she opened them, a man was standing at the edge of the wood, watching her. It was Conrad. Before she could draw breath to make a sound, he said in a pleasant voice, "Well, Jew girl, you've done well by yourself."

FEHGE stopped the scream welling in her throat. With a bound she was on the ground where her clothes lay and had picked them up. Then, hugging them to her, she ran into the woods, away, away from him. At last she reached her destination and dropped like a dead thing in the bushes behind it and lay still on the ground.

The martyred Christ, baking in the sunshine, His back turned to her, spread His arms wide and seemed to guard her. He had been her favorite destination once upon a time, her favorite *Marterl* on the road from Schwarzenberg to Hilpern. She had run to Him instinctively now. "*Ach,*" she sighed, "why must we suffer so, you and I?"

Conrad had made no move to follow her. He had seen her body as it left the water and the lithe way she had run, like a hunted animal. He sauntered over to the pool and proceeded to bathe.

Conrad was now a trained member of the Austrian Legion formed by Hitler. He had returned to Austria on a "special mission." Before going into action, however, he had been granted a few days' leave, which he was spending with his father. He thought about Fehge as he cooled off in the water, and remembered her beautiful brown body. A pity she was a Jewess, he sighed, then dressed and walked down to Strubl.

Fricka was walking with her daughter. Anne-Marie was bored with the valley and the uncouthness of the people. Bored, bored! Fehge, whom she was not allowed to associate with, was the only girl in the village who interested her. Now she could see Fehge in the distance, coming toward them. The Jewess was carrying a pail.

Now a man was turning into the road and he walked up to the Jewess and said something to her. She shook her head and tried to pass him, but the pail hampered her. He took it from her, and now they advanced toward Fricka and Anne-Marie together. As they came face to face, Fricka stopped him. "Conrad Schreiner," she said, "why do you carry the pail for the Jewess? Is that what they taught you in the Reich?"

Conrad flushed and stood indecisively. Fehge took the pail from his uncertain hand and hurried on.

"Don't make a fool of yourself, Conrad," said Fricka. Then she turned to her daughter. "Anne-Marie, this is Conrad Schreiner. He has just come back from the Reich. He will come up some day and tell us about it, won't you, Conrad?"

Conrad paled at the honor, and Anne-Marie stretched out her plump little hand and dimpled. At the touch of her hand Conrad gave Anne-Marie a look which she

answered with alarming frankness. He had seen this type before in the Reich, ready to go into any dark corner. Suddenly he felt good.

"I'll come," he said, touching his forehead, and went on in the direction Fehge had taken.

"Everybody makes a fuss about that girl," said Fricka, "and I can't for the life of me see why."

"Oh, Fehge's queer," said Anne-Marie, "and people love what's queer. They say in the village that she has healing powers, that the countess only got well because

Fehge laid her hands on her. And Ludmilla Pfeiffer says . . ."

"Nonsense! I'll thrash you if you start picking up their ignorant superstitions!" said Fricka.

Meanwhile Conrad had caught up with Fehge. He realized that it was disgraceful to want her, but that didn't make him want her less, and to go hungry for a Jewess seemed more disgraceful still.

"Fehge," he said, when he caught up with her, "meet me down at the coach house tonight when you've finished your work. I want to talk to you."

Fehge turned and looked at him. "I'm afraid of you, Conrad," she said. "I've always been afraid of you, ever since I can remember. I wouldn't meet you alone anywhere. Any time."

"You won't be able to help it," he said. "I'll hit upon you some time. You'll see."

Of course he was right. She knew that some time this brutal thing would catch up with her. Since there was no escaping it, she must fight it. The realization came to her with dreadful impact. Fight. That from which there was no escape had to be fought.

They were passing the coach house. Its big door was open, and Fehge could see into its dark maw. In the corner near the door, Franz's long whip stood upright.

Fehge looked at it. "If you like," she said slowly, "I'll meet you here tonight. At nine o'clock."

She was at the foot of the hill well before the appointed time. The coach-house door was still open. Taking the whip in her hand, she walked into the dark space as soon as she heard steps. She could see Conrad's figure lumbering toward her in the gloom. Fehge tightened her hold on the whip. Now she could hear Conrad's breathing labored with eagerness. *"Grüss Gott,"* he said in a husky voice, before he reached her.

She said nothing. When he was about two feet away from her, she lifted her weapon and struck him, once, twice, and then again and again, aiming for and finding his face. Blood trickled from one eye, then his nose felt the brunt of the lash, and he sank to his knees. His ears, his eyes again, as he covered his face . . . they all burned like hell fire.

Get away from the lash, he thought, and began to run down the hill. Down by the cottage where Anne-Marie lived with her mother, the light streamed from an upstairs window. In its path he stopped to look at himself in a pocket mirror. Not a pretty sight. "I'll pay her back," he kept muttering to himself. "I'll pay her back if it's the last thing I do."

Anne-Marie heard his feet moving on the gravel and looked out.

"Hello," she whispered when she saw Conrad. "What's the matter with you?"

Conrad didn't answer, but he looked up and the light fell on his bruised face. "Oh!" gasped Anne-Marie. "Wait. I'll come down." Suddenly the young girl was standing before him, and she had nothing on but her nightgown.

"Are you alone?" he said, not taking his eyes off her.

"Yes," she smiled at him. "Mother won't be home for another hour." She put her hands up to his face and lightly touched the welts. "Who did that to you?"

He looked into her eyes and saw the sensuousness in them, and then, as in the afternoon, he had to smile. There was a bond between them. "The Jewess! The sow! Fehge did it with a whip!"

Anne-Marie's pretty little face grew big-eyed. "I think she is a witch," she said. "You shouldn't have anything to do with her. Come upstairs. I'll wash your face for you."

When they got upstairs, she couldn't seem to wait. She pressed her body greedily to his, her back rounded, her arms all around him, her cheek on his breast where the open shirt left it bare.

That night a swastika burned on the mountaintop. Conrad enjoyed the climb in the black of night and the building of the huge cross. It calmed him. The flickering of its flames put him to sleep.

Thérèse woke Sapponyi to see the swastika, and he watched it with unblinking eyes. It looked like a sign in the heavens, and he slept no more that night. Fehge, too, saw it burn, the crooked cross, the cross of the devil. She, too, watched the swastika-branded sky and thought: To fight is more horrible than to be submerged. And I have not defeated it. It will come, catch up with me, kill me. There is nothing I can do to prevent it, and I shall never try to do anything to prevent it again.

She turned over, and to her came the afterthought: Nothing like that, anyway. There came no further clear idea to her of what other way of defense there might be, because she suddenly found herself calmed and fell asleep.

ANNE-MARIE and Conrad were married in as bizarre a ceremony as the valley had ever seen. Dennis could hear the full harmonious voices before he could see the lights of their torches twinkling snakelike as the party wound its way from the Strubl valley up to Schwarzenberg's summit, where the festivities were already under way when he arrived. The citizens of Fichtenbach and Pritnitz formed so thick a ring that he could see nothing but the backs of their accustomed figures, and the glare of the fire rose up from their midst as though they were standing around the live crater of a volcano.

In the gloom not far away he could make out the figure of a girl. "Fehge," he said, "did it draw you, too?"

Slowly she turned her head, and he went over to her. "I would like to see," she said.

Dennis looked around, then he pointed. "There." A few paces away, lightning had felled a tree. Hand in hand, like two conspirators, they crossed over to it. Standing upon it they enjoyed a bird's-eye view of the entire macabre proceedings. At the foot of a knoll a fire burned; on its summit stood an evergreen-draped altar on which lay a sword and a book. Behind this altar stood a tremendously enlarged photograph of a man. The fire lighted up his chin first and distorted it, making it seem very large. Above thin set lips grew a little mustache.

Six girls dressed in white, with garlands of field flowers in their fair hair, held hands between fire and altar. In front of this virginal semicircle stood a striking young girl dressed in nothing but a white tunic, her legs bared and very brown—a sun-baked Artemis. "Frouja" was the name she chose to go by. She was a professional arranger of New German marriage ceremonies.

In front of this high priestess stood Anne-Marie and Conrad. Never had Anne-Marie looked so beautiful. She was dressed all in white, and she wore her golden hair in braids. On her head reposed a thick wreath of field

flowers, blue and pink and yellow. Conrad was wearing the forbidden S. A. uniform, and his eyes were shining as he grasped the hand of the girl . . . now his own.

A semicircle of his closest friends, all of them in the forbidden uniform, stood between the peasants and the fire, their limp swastika flags firmly planted on the pine-needle-covered earth. Then the high priestess gave a signal, and her girls began to sing. When they ceased, the high-priestess spoke.

"What does Nature teach us?" Frouja chanted. "Nature teaches us first and foremost that the idea of equality is madness. There are no two things alike in Nature. Look at the leaves of the oak! Not one leaf is exactly like the other.

"Thus it is with the races of mankind. They, too, are different! It is their sacred duty to preserve that difference; otherwise they sin against Nature. And of all the races on this earth, the German race is the best. This has been revealed to us by our savior and Führer, Adolf Hitler. The German race is God's chosen race! Do you, Conrad and Anne-Marie Schreiner, swear to keep it pure?"

Conrad and Anne-Marie answered in unison, "We do."

"The German State blesses your union. For we have set ourselves free from the alien and unworthy Christian marriage ceremony. More than that—we have freed ourselves of the Christian faith. We have declared it for what it is—enervating and prejudicial to the development of strong, free, and independent men!

"The crucifix must go! For the German people there can be only one faith—faith in Germany!" She gave the sign, and one of the little virgins danced forward holding a crucifix made roughly of two birch branches woven together, and cast it into the flames.

Now Kurt Schreiner came forward with the wedding rings and the bridal couple was led by him to the altar, where followed the oath, their hands on the book, Hitler's Mein Kampf: "I believe in the eternal new Reich. I believe in the new world outlook which was born in the soul of a man named Adolf Hitler. I believe in this, his almighty scriptural work, Mein Kampf. I pledge myself body and soul to my leader, Adolf Hitler, and to the German people, and I swear herewith loudly and publicly, 'Adolf Hitler—I will be true!' "

And those on the knoll chanted the oath like a credo.

Fehge let herself drop astride the huge trunk which supported them and looked up at Dennis, her eyes wide with bewilderment. "Come on," he said. "Let's get out of here!" They hurried downhill. Such nonsense! he kept on saying to himself. Such nonsense! But in his heart he could not dismiss it as nonsense.

Fehge was trying to master the terror that still gripped her. "You heard them. How they renounced the Saviour. You saw them burn His cross." She turned to look into his face, and her great perplexity pained him. "Why doesn't God stop them?" she asked.

There it was, the obvious question. He had to find the answer, and quickly. Now, least of all, could he let her down. He groped in his mind. Then it seemed as though the silence of the woods created the answer. "Perhaps God thought we humans needed to see, with our own eyes, *what is sin.*"

The answer seemed to satisfy her.

MUCH of the fear aroused in Fehge by the ceremony on Schwarzenberg was mitigated in the following weeks, during which she spent a good deal of time with Stefanie. Stefanie's baby was due in February, and she seemed deceptively well.

On Christmas Eve Stefanie walked restlessly up and down. Her cheeks were flushed. She did not want to sit down. Not yet. Soon she would go to bed. She was tired, and the little straining pain in her back, which had grown steadier, now made her restless. Then she sat down heavily. The pain had suddenly become excruciating. The sound as of a rushing train was in her ears; she felt sick. It was inconceivable that now, just at this moment, when she had planned . . . that she . . .

She fainted. All that night she was unconscious, and in the morning labor began. She died shortly after midnight, and the child was taken from her after death. It was a boy, who weighed exactly four and a half pounds.

Andrea brought the child into the room where Fehge was waiting, and the first thing she did was to put him into Fehge's arms. Then she slumped down in a chair, utterly exhausted. Fehge held the boy in her arms. His little mouth twitched in a red face. His eyes were closed and bulged a little like two tiny soft pink cushions.

Andrea spoke without opening her eyes. "I doubt whether the little thing will live," she said. "If we could get him to Vienna to an incubator . . . perhaps . . ." But she seemed not to care very much whether the child lived or not; she had done her best to bring it this far; now let God decide. "We must get him out of here," she went on. "Out of this room, out of this house . . ."

"We can take him down to Dennis' cottage," said Fehge.

"Herr Seymour will thank us for that!" said Andrea.

"He won't mind! I know he won't mind! He . . . he . . . he won't mind."

SEVEN days later the child was still alive and even gaining weight, which was entirely due to Fehge's ceaseless care. She seemed to breathe life into the child by her care and the intense way she watched over it. She would not let it die.

One evening she said to Dennis, "I have thought of a name for the child."

"You have?" said Dennis. "What?"

She went out of the room and came back with her Bible. "Listen," she said. " 'Behold, a virgin shall be with child, and shall bring forth a son, and they shall call his name Emmanuel, which being interpreted is, God with us.' " She looked up from her slow reading. "We can call him Emmanuel," she said. "God with us."

"Yes," said Dennis, "we can do that."

A few days later Stefanie's husband, Oscar von Hohenberge, was sitting in Sapponyi's office opposite the Herr Medizinalrat.

"At first we thought the child would not live," Sapponyi was saying, "and we really have this girl Fehge to thank for the fact that the boy is alive today."

"Would she come with the child?"

"You can ask her. She seems deeply attached to him. If she cares to, there is no one to stop her. I will have him brought here."

It was Fehge who brought the baby, in his long dress, wrapped in a soft white shawl. Hohenberge walked over to the child and looked down at it. "A boy," he said with satisfaction in his voice. "And this is the girl Fehge?"

Sapponyi said, "It is."

"And will she come along with us?" he said, and smiled at her, a smile she found utterly terrifying. She looked from the man to Sapponyi and back at the man again, and she paled. "I don't understand," she said.

Sapponyi said, "This is the Count Oscar von Hohenberge. He was the husband of Stefanie von Hohenberge, whom we all loved. He has come to take the child with him."

Fehge could not find her voice for a moment. That was what came of keeping that silly promise Dennis had exacted of her! She must tell them! It was her duty to tell them. Dennis might not. Dennis had been so queer about this whole thing all along. She drew a deep breath and said, "That is impossible. The Herr Graf cannot take the child with him because he is not its father."

Hohenberge drew himself back and up and looked at her disagreeably. Sapponyi became very nervous.

"Who, then, is the father?" the count asked.

"Dennis," said Fehge. "Dennis is the father."

Sapponyi said nothing. He looked at Hohenberge, who was turning purple. Sapponyi opened his mouth to say something, but when he saw Hohenberge's rage he closed his lips as though he had decided to keep to himself what he had been about to say. He sent for Dennis.

When they came for him, Dennis knew that Fehge had told. All the way to the house, he fought his conflicting thoughts. When he entered the room, all eyes were turned toward him. Sapponyi plunged right into the matter. "Fehge has just told us that you are the father of this child."

In silence Dennis looked at Hohenberge with a look that seemed to measure the man inwardly and outwardly.

After that there was no longer any doubt in his mind. He turned to Sapponyi and said, "That is true, Herr Medizinalrat. I am the father."

"You wish to take the child?"

"Have I not already done so?"

Sapponyi's face broke into a smile, *because he knew who the father was.* Stefanie had told him the story when she first requested his care for her pregnancy.

Sapponyi turned to Hohenberge. "The matter now rests with you, count."

Hohenberge couldn't take his eyes off Dennis. The mother had been decadent enough. But this! This weakling. This Englishman. The father!

Hohenberge shook himself free of distaste. He turned to Sapponyi. *"Ich verzichte!"* he snapped out at him—meaning that he waived his claim—clicked his heels, turned his back on them, and strode out of the room.

NEXT to her skill in saving the premature baby, Andrea's illness and Fehge's role in it played perhaps the most important part in creating among the peasantry the illusion that Fehge was possessed of supernatural powers. Andrea's illness began with a fever. It remained low and steady, and several days later Andrea could not move her neck. It had become rigid, and she was suffering from acute pains in her head. Sapponyi decided to take her to Vienna himself.

The doctor there seemed to confirm what Sapponyi had feared and what Andrea now expressed in a loud, strained voice. "It is so, isn't it, *Herr Doktor?* Meningitis."

The doctor smiled down at her and stroked her hand. "You nurses know too much," he said.

Andrea closed her eyes and then opened them to look at Sapponyi, trying his best to smile. "Thank you for everything," she said, quite clearly, and fainted.

Meningitis. Sapponyi said to the doctor, "Will she regain consciousness?" The doctor said, "I doubt it."

But Andrea did not die, and before a month had gone by, twenty-three Vienna doctors had examined and treated her. None of them had been able to make her well, but they came because the course of her illness was so unorthodox. The patient should, by rights, have been dead long ago.

Andrea asked constantly for Fehge, who knew that she must arrange her life so that she would be free to go and see Andrea frequently. Fehge took Julie into Dennis' cottage. She had taught the idiot girl to speak; now she showed her how to do the simple chores about the house. Thus one day the telephone message came to Strubl that Andrea was dying and wanted to see Fehge. She was ready. Sapponyi sent her in his car.

"There's Fehge," Andrea could still gasp as the girl came in, and she stretched out her arms. Fehge grasped her hands and said, "I won't let you go."

That made Andrea laugh. It came from her like a gasp. *"Bist ja grössenwahnsinnig,"* she said, and meant that Fehge was a megalomaniac.

Fehge sat down at Andrea's bedside and would not leave. All that long night while Andrea alternately waked and dozed she and Sister Tilde, Andrea's nurse, kept vigil. Toward morning Andrea woke and smiled at Tilde. "Fehge is looking after me," she said. "You can sleep."

Tilde slept briefly and, as dawn broke, awakened and rubbed the sleep out of her eyes. *"Ach,"* she sighed, "that was good." And tears of relief were on her lashes. She looked at Andrea. And then, after her first wonderment at finding her patient relieved, began to tell in whispers about a miraculous Dr. Sesenheimer. Her tone was conspiratorial. It seemed he was a homeopath who had worked miracles. He had cured people whom the greatest specialists had given up as lost.

A homeopath! Andrea's lips curled. She had all the contempt of the medical man for them.

But Tilde went on talking about him, and Fehge drank in her words, wide-eyed.

Later that day, with Andrea still alive, and every one more baffled than ever, Fehge cornered the specialist. "Please may I go and get Dr. Sesenheimer?" she asked.

The specialist frowned down at her and drew in his chin. "Who? What?" She was probably thinking of some relative. "Bring any one you like," he told her.

Sesenheimer gave Andrea two injections, silver intravenously, and another of elixir of hawthorn between the shoulder blades. He also prescribed some powders.

Andrea didn't wake up until five hours later, and when she did, the pains in her head were gone. Then it came to her that once she had the strength, she would be able to sit up. She knew that the disease had left her body. She put out her hand and touched Fehge. Fehge looked at Andrea, whose eyes were free of pain. "He did it, didn't he?" she said.

Andrea nodded her head, but her words were not a clear affirmative. "You did it," she said, and smiled.

Sesenheimer came and confirmed his belief. He took Fehge's arm and said jocosely, "This little girl did it." And the two women took his word for it solemnly.

There were many doctors, including Sapponyi, who, after hearing the case described in detail, said that it had been a coincidence. Be that as it may, to the peasantry in and around Fichtenbach it was a miracle. The reports went that Andrea had been dead at least twice and bought back to life again. The homeopath remain nebulous. But they knew Fehge; she became the central figure of this miracle. They put aside everything they had ever known about the girl except what it now pleased them to accept —that she had supernatural powers. Three months later Andrea was back at Strubl.

In the month of February, with the winter of 1937-38 drawing to a close, the peasantry of Lower Austria was disturbed by a display of the northern lights. They wondered what it could portend, and all agreed that it was a bad omen.

Sapponyi and his patients had other things to worry about. Another light was gleaming on the horizon, a political light, and its red glare lit up their sky as garishly as any northern lights. Schuschnigg went to Berchtesgaden, and came back to make his fiery speech of defiance. He said, "They didn't leave us much . . . this Austria . . . but what they left us, that we're going to keep!"

It was a great speech, but it came too late. One by one Strubl's patients began to leave the valley. Those who were domiciled in Austria fled to their homes to be in familiar surroundings for the kill. Those from farther south or east went home to wait for it to come to them.

Fehge, who was often called upon during these days to help some such departing patient to pack, felt her little world heaving as though an earthquake had struck it. For the first time in her life she found herself in a condition that could be called sickly. Ever since that twenty-fourth of February, when the Chancellor had spoken, she had not been able to eat or sleep. In the last fortnight she had lost over ten pounds in weight. Her eyes were big and woeful in her peaked face.

Sapponyi, who saw her only superficially these days, knew nothing of her condition, and Dennis, who might have noticed, was away on one of his infrequent trips.

THE news that the German Army had entered Austria reached Strubl at two o'clock on March 11, 1938. Andrea was in the office. She wanted to be reassured by Sapponyi. He came in, and she said at once, "It isn't true, is it, Herr Medizinalrat? All this nonsense about the Germans marching into Austria?" She had been saying to herself that it couldn't be true because it wasn't right, and besides, she hadn't seen it happen.

Sapponyi looked at her, and the flicker of a smile played about his lips. "You are funny, sister," he said. "You never believe a thing until you've seen it, do you? Yes . . . yes it's true." Shaking his head, he took his white coat from its hook. "Come, it is time for the rounds."

Pritnitz was "taken over" that same night. Fichtenbach was overlooked as not important enough, and Strubl's day had not yet come. But they, in Pritnitz, decided on a torchlight parade through Fichtenbach, up Schwarzenberg, where, on the summit, they would light a big swastika, the biggest swastika ever, and be free, at last, to do so!

They passed the cottage, and Fehge heard them coming, their voices ringing out through the countryside. Fear conquered her heart. There it was before her, what she had always sensed lay latent in the people. There it was —at large. *And God was doing nothing to stop it.*

Fehge woke up the next morning feeling queer. There was a lump in her throat, and to get rid of it she would have liked to scream. At last the solution came to her. She must go to church. Church had been the beginning of the end of fear when she had been a child. Church would help her now.

She dressed as quickly as she could, but she was overcome every now and then by fits of trembling so violent that her teeth chattered in her head. Then she went and told Julie that she was going to church and would be back before noon. She smiled at the infant Mani without really seeing him.

In the village square where the church stood, Fehge came to a stop. There was a crowd separating her from the church. In it she recognized Conrad, the center of a group of young men in brown with bright swastika arm bands. Above their heads she could see the crucifix knocked askew. Fehge's eyes dilated and the lump came back in her throat. "The crucifix must go," they had said, and there it was, toppling. He was getting his way—the devil was getting his way. *Where was God?*

Fehge turned and walked back the way she had come. She took a roundabout way home, climbing up to the *Marterl* she loved on the Schwarzenberg. There she knelt and prayed. It was still and breathless about her. Wood and earth baked in the noonday sun. She finished her prayer and waited, as though for a message. None came.

"No," she said aloud, in a positive tone of voice, "He doesn't know what to do either."

She walked straight up to Strubl and did what she had never done in her life before—asked to speak to the Herr Medizinalrat.

Sapponyi found her standing quite still, waiting for him. "What is it?" he asked.

She began, "Herr Medizinalrat . . . is there nothing that can stop them?"

He was thinking, she has lost her faith in God, or she would not come to me. And there is nothing I can do.

Aloud he said, "Nothing but a miracle can save us now."

FEHGE thought the day would never end. But the time finally came when Mani's lids were drooping, opening a little, drooping. Mani fell asleep. Fehge went to her room and got into her coarse cotton nightgown. She knelt by the open window to say her prayers. Then she got into bed. She had never been so tired.

"Fehge . . . Fehge!" Fehge opened her eyes.

She sprang out of bed and ran to the window. It was Julie. "What are you doing here at this time of night?"

Julie was so agitated that speech had forsaken her. Fehge left the window and went down to the front door and let her in. "Now," she said, "calm yourself."

Julie began to breathe evenly and said quite clearly, "They're coming to get you."

"Who is coming to get me?"

"Conrad," said Julie. "He says . . . he says . . ." Julie stumbled over the hard phrase. "He says that you must be made an example of."

Fehge couldn't follow her. But the lump was in her throat again and the shivering fits came back. "Go upstairs," she said, and went up behind Julie.

The two girls waited in Fehge's room. Fehge thought, I can't think of a thing to do. The shivering fits gave her no pause now. She trembled from top to toe without cease. Her eyes were enormous as she looked out the window.

Around the bend now came the little flickering lights of bicycles being pushed up the hill. A dark mass of men and girls milled and moved around them. Fehge was cold, as though her blood had congealed hours ago. Yet she was bathed in sweat. She rubbed her moist hands against her nightgown and could feel the hardness of her thighs. She ached all over and her legs felt as though water were running softly down inside them.

They came up the hill to the door of the cottage and stood in front of it for a while, whispering. Then one of the men looked up, as though trying to guess which room was Fehge's, and she saw that it was Conrad. He saw her white figure move away from the window and yelled, "There she is . . . the witch!"

The group had meanwhile discovered that the door was not locked. The noise of their tumbling into the quiet house could be heard above.

"Open the door," said Fehge, "or they may go into Mani's room and frighten him." Her voice sounded as though she were in a trance. The last thing Julie heard her say in that strange voice was, "Dear Saviour, help me."

Julie went to the door and opened it. The group, Conrad in the lead, had reached the top of the stairs. Now they entered the bedroom.

"Turn on the light," said Conrad. Somebody did—click—and the room was flooded. Eyes blinked.

The boys were in S. A. uniforms and wore the swastika arm band on their sleeves. The girls wore their dirndls. Fehge turned around slowly and faced them, as though on a pivot.

A scream rang out, a long-drawn wail from Julie's throat, and she fell on her knees and cried "Maria! Maria!"

The boys stopped dead. The girls stood higher so that they could see between the boys' heads, and then they, too, saw, and, like Julie, screamed, and one by one fell on their knees. The boys around Conrad began to back slowly.

Conrad stood alone, facing Fehge. But Fehge could not see him. Her eyes were closed and the blood trickled slowly from her forehead over her lids, its fall broken only by her lashes. It trickled on from there, down her cheeks, in broken, uncertain channels. She held her hands stretched down at her sides and from two open wounds in her palms, the blood dripped to the floor. The wounds of Christ were in her feet, above the instep, and the red blood trickled out of them, down her feet, between her toes where she stood on the wooden boards of the floor which sucked it up.

Still Fehge stood motionless, not seeing, not hearing—and Conrad, still, facing her.

At last he raised a shaking right arm and his three longest fingers touched the blood on Fehge's cheeks. "*Ahh,*" he bellowed, "*ahh . . . ahh . . . ahh . . .*" and turned and ran out into the night.

They found him next morning where he had hanged himself from a tree behind the summerhouse.

The Führer had been expected in Vienna on Saturday, March 12. On Sunday, the thirteenth, he still hadn't arrived. Why? There were some who realized that there were not enough National Socialists in Vienna to make his reception as spectacular as it had to be, and all the faithful Nazis from a radius of more than a hundred miles around Vienna were rounded up to chant a mechanical welcome to the new god.

These hooked fishes rode to Vienna packed into trucks, as tight as sardines. As they approached the city, the highways merged and traffic became more congested. This congestion was not helped at all by the fact that there was another stream of traffic coming the other

way. This pilgrimage was not mechanized, it had not been organized; it was spontaneous. The story of the stigmata of the girl Fehge had traveled fast. Such stories do. Now, two days later, there was not a parish in Lower Austria of any size which was ignorant of the fact that a Catholic girl, but of undeniably Jewish origin, living in a hamlet near the village of Pritnitz, had been blessed with the stigmata of Christ. The peasantry carried the story from village to village and it grew, as such stories will. The girl had made the dumb speak, had brought the dead to life, had healed the sick. A sinner had hanged himself. The stains of her blood were still wet on his fingers when they took him down. Slowly the pilgrimage started. Forgotten were politics and the fact that the little country was without a government. Without a government? No, indeed! God had spoken. God still reigned supreme.

Sapponyi was seated at Fehge's bedside in one of Strubl's rooms into which she had been moved as soon as news of the "Strubl miracle" had reached the main house. By the window sat His Excellency Bishop Riehl, his mauve cap providing a soft spot of color in the otherwise somber room. Fehge lay on the bed with her eyes closed. Sapponyi had just looked under the light bandage of her hands and had been able to ascertain that a thin pink healing skin had formed over the open red gashes. The wounds were disappearing.

He had just told this to the bishop, who nodded his head and seemed relieved. "It would be a blessing for her," he whispered, "if this did not recur."

Andrea came in with the news that pilgrims were arriving in Pritnitz in droves. Sapponyi, who had thought he would never laugh again, laughed now. "Isn't it strange, *Hochwürden,*" he said, "this . . . shall we call it 'contra-pilgrimage' to the Jewess Fehge? That this should happen under my roof, I consider a sort of personal recompense from God, if I may be so presumptuous as to say so. It has heightened my self-esteem. I shall die a self-respecting man."

Ten days later an elderly man stood in front of Sapponyi's desk in extreme agitation.

"I am sorry," Sapponyi was saying, "but I cannot let you see her. I have strict orders . . ."

Moritz Behrendt, who had been leader of the Social Democrat Party, leaned forward and said, "Look. Let me tell you why I want to see the girl."

When he had finished, Sapponyi was silent for a while. What Moritz Behrendt was proposing was fantastic. A climax. Preposterous. And absurd. Still . . . you could never tell. And what had they to lose? He could not worry about Fehge; he could not presume to. She could look after herself. He rose and said, "All right. Come with me. I will take you to her."

FEHGE was sitting at the open window of her room, her hands folded in her lap. She wore white mittens to hide the pale marks, and she wore a white kerchief on her forehead. She turned as the door opened, and when she saw Sapponyi with a stranger, she rose.

"Fehge," said Sapponyi, "this gentleman would like to speak to you."

Behrendt smiled at her, and she smiled back at him. How simple she is, he thought, and suddenly his heart sank. For the first time he had the feeling that his mission might not succeed. He had been so sure. Why else had it happened? God—for now he, too, suddenly believed—God could not let such a thing happen without a purpose. But now, face to face with the girl who had revived his dead hopes, his spirit flagged. He felt before he began that he had made a mistake.

"Fräulein Fehge." The sound of his own voice surprised him. Whatever I say, he thought, is going to sound dreadful. "You know how terribly this man who has taken over our country has persecuted your people and what he will do to those of your race over here. These Nazis —you know them. You have seen them. They will destroy you all."

"They will destroy everything," said Fehge, and her eyes grew big. "*Ach, gnädiger Herr,* they are like the locusts in the Bible. They will leave nothing as it was."

Behrendt stared at her. "Tell me," he said, weighing his words, "*tell me exactly what you think about it all.*"

She said. "He went and freed them like he always promised he would. They are free now, at last, to do as they please."

Behrendt was confused. "You don't understand," he said. "He didn't free them; he let them loose. Freedom . . . freedom is quite another thing."

"It is?" said Fehge. "What is it, then, if it isn't to be free to do as you please, like the animals we would be if we didn't have God in us?"

"There is the freedom," he said, "to worship as you

please, to say what you please, to write what you please . . . to . . . to be yourself!"

She looked at him for a moment. Then she said, "What good is that freedom when you have people who don't want to worship? Who want to speak and write and do evil?"

Behrendt nodded his head with a stupefied expression on his face.

"You and I," said Fehge, "we are not free. We are tied by a thousand chains. God's chains." Then, in an altered tone of voice she said, "But the *gnädiger Herr* wants me to do something for him or he wouldn't be here. What is it?"

"Fehge," he said, "I want you to save us. I mean those out there who, in spite of everything, will never lose sight of the cross because they carry it in their hearts. Lead them, Fehge! Lead them! As Joan of Arc once led an army. Go out to the pilgrims and tell them you will lead them! And they will rally around you—an invincible army. An army the Nazis will not be able to break. They don't dare touch you. They would like to, but they don't dare. They will fall back abashed before your followers." Behrendt was sitting forward now on his chair. He thought if I can get her to do it, we could make history.

At last she spoke. She said, "You have no right to tell me these things. Such a message must come from God. What you say that I should do is overweening."

Silence. Then Behrendt's low words. "Overweening? Are you not being overweening when you believe that this miracle was lavished on you by God for no greater purpose than to save your life?"

She answered him slowly, "Why not? It may seem wasteful to you that such a miracle should be lavished on some one as insignificant as I am. But not to Him, who can do nothing too lavish because everything is in His power. Besides," she added softly, "I am afraid you think too well of those pilgrims of faith. If they are here to see me, as you say, it is because they hope to gain something for themselves." She leaned forward and said with deep feeling, "Why do you think they go to church, sir? Because they love God? No. Because they covet heaven." Her tense body relaxed again and her voice sounded tired. "No," she repeated. "You and I know that they can gain nothing from me except what I can do for them with my two hands."

It was over. What had Sapponyi said at the door of her room like a parting shot? "I want to draw your atten-

tion to one thing . . . I am sure this is not *your miracle.*"

Then Dennis came back. He did not go to Fehge at once. First he went to Sapponyi, seeking reassurance. It couldn't be true, this wild story he had picked up on the train between Vienna and Pritnitz!

"It is true." In three words, Sapponyi denied him reassurance.

"Such things don't happen," Dennis said vehemently.

"Of course they happen!" the doctor replied.

Then he had proceeded to explain Fehge to Dennis psychologically. First—her intangible fear of people in general; then that fear, becoming more real as she witnessed the growing terror of the outnumbered concentrated on a tangible enemy, and, finally, the physical results culminating from her rigid control.

Sapponyi spoke, checking off the items one by one on his fingers as he mentioned them. "Here you have the symptoms of hysteria rising rapidly to a crescendo. First—the cessation of the period of menstruation a little over six months ago. Second—insomnia, resulting in an increased nervousness which it required an ever greater amount of self-control to hide. Third—the incapacity to retain food, with its inevitable loss of weight and a resultant thinning of the skin tissues. And finally, the conquest of mind over deteriorating matter—the effusion of the blood into those channels where the mind wants it to run—the stigmata."

When he had finished, Dennis said, "And what is to become of her?"

Here, too, Sapponyi was helpful. He could draw a picture of Fehge's future that figuratively made Dennis' hair stand on end. A life on earth under constant supervision, a life actually only beginning after death, after canonization.

"Not Fehge!" Dennis said, as vehemently as he had ever said anything. "Not Fehge! There are enough saints, don't you agree with me, Herr Medizinalrat?"

Sapponyi answered him obliquely. "Why don't you take her away with you?"

The words stood out as clearly in Dennis' mind as the words "Fehge has God" had done thirteen years ago. He could never let her go. He could not bear the thought of her leaving him.

It was late afternoon when he finally walked into her room. "It was high time I came," said Dennis. He sat down, crossed his legs, and looked at her.

"It was indeed."

"I intend to take you and Mani to England with me."

She opened her eyes wide and echoed in a whisper, "To England?"

"Yes. But it may be difficult to get a passport for you. Perhaps the simplest way will be for you and me to get married."

Fehge's mouth fell open.

"Don't let that worry you," he went on calmly. "It will be just a formality."

She found her voice. "Marriage is never a formality," she said. "It is a sacrament. If that is the only way out, then I shall stay right here. Why can't you take me as your maid? Can't a maid go so far away?"

Dennis said, "Oh, yes. Only now, circumstances being what they are, it may not be so easy. But we'll try it and see how far we get." And her face became radiant.

IN THE end, it was all perfectly simple, thanks to the agitated state of mind of the new mayor of Pritnitz, who could not prevent this Jewish girl from stealing the show the Nazis had so carefully planned. And even the bishop agreed that it might be simpler for every one if the girl should "disappear."

Once they had gone, the end of Strubl came like the final unraveling of a knot. When the Gestapo came, Sapponyi was nowhere to be found. Andrea received them. She looked like a whipped dog. She had looked like that ever since her first contact with her new brown countrymen. The few patients left were assembled in the living room and told that they must go. Meanwhile a thorough search was going on for Sapponyi.

It was the next day, at about three o'clock in the afternoon, when Andrea, who had gone up to the attic, heard groans from one of the mansard rooms. She tried the door. It was not locked. On the dusty mattress of the cot lay Sapponyi. Andrea felt his pulse. It was very weak. He had evidently taken something. She picked up a bottle from the floor and looked at it, then she shook her head. Sapponyi opened his eyes.

"I know what you're thinking," he said in his parched voice, and the trace of a smile curled his lips. "That a doctor should make such a mess of suicide!"

Andrea succeeded in answering his smile, but her heart bled.

"Leave me be," he said.

But she stayed with him. He spoke only once more before he died, to say, "I'm glad that Fehge got away. She . . . she was something rare."

When they had taken him away, Andrea went into Rosl's room, chose a simple dark-blue dress, took it with her to her own room, took off her habit and put on the dress. Then she made a bundle of her habit, crumpling her hood without hesitation, tucking her brooch safely away. Her other things were already packed. Then she went downstairs to telephone to Pritnitz for a car to carry her and her belongings to the station.

As she reached the lobby, a car drove up. Mechanically she paused to see who was coming. Out of it stepped her Oberin, the golden cross swinging from a cord at her waist.

The old lady took in Andrea at a glance. Her eyes flickered, but she said nothing. She had heard of the doings at Strubl, and that was why she was here, to protect Andrea from any harm. She had almost come too late.

Andrea took a few steps in the Oberin's direction, as though without volition. She held the bundle outstretched in her arms. "Here," she said, "is my habit. The rest of my things are in my bag . . ." Her voice went dry in her throat.

What was she doing? Revolting? But how did one revolt? She swallowed. How did one revolt?

The Oberin spoke. In a very gentle voice she said, "Andrea, I have come to take you home. Don't protest, Andrea. It's no use. We are too small."

Andrea bowed her head. The Oberin had her bird in its cage again.

The following Sunday when, from the pulpit of her church in Vienna, Andrea for the first time heard a prayer for the Führer's health, she bowed her head to hide the tears that rolled down her cheeks. Obedience . . . obedience . . . obedience. . . .

THE tide of the brown flood sucked the faithful down from the hill about Strubl where they had been waiting. The girl Fehge was gone. She had been spirited away. And on the day they learned that fact the Bavarian "field kitchen" arrived in Pritnitz. It served goulash and a band played in the square! This was good, heart-warming. They couldn't help but have faith in it. Their hearts were full of hope. The fine young men, the good warm soup . . . a little watery . . . but one didn't look a gift horse in the mouth.

They danced to the music and their mayor stood drinks all around. Oh, they thanked their Führer, Adolf Hitler, again and again until the mountains re-echoed to the sound. And the flowers withered on the graves of Moishe and Dworje.

The tide of the brown flood lapped at Strubl's foundations and inundated the big house. It was turned into a maternity home for the poor, with Schreiner in charge.

But in the end the valley remained more or less as it had always been. To be sure, the new teacher organized the children into Hitler Youth for the boys and B. D. M. for the girls. Now, when school was out, their good-by greeting of *"Sieg Heil"* rang out into the clear mountain air instead of the former *Grüss Gott.* And the brown of the Nazi uniforms blended in with the dirt color of the road. But for the rest, everything was the same—the sky, the mountains, the flowering fields, and the icy brook which never dried up, not even in the hot month of August.

THE END

BOOKS IN REVIEW

By E. A. PILLER

SOMERSET MAUGHAM, wily and polished master of storytelling, has done it again in **The Razor's Edge**, a novel which his publishers (doing him a disservice) compare with Of Human Bondage.

Part of the pleasure of reading Maugham is that he tells his story so smoothly, so capably. This latest is no exception. But it is also no Human Bondage. It is, rather, a quite fascinating story of a young man who found a morally cozy way of life through study, travel, a dip into the lore of ancient India, and renunciation.

Somerset Maugham

The principal point of similarity between this novel and Mr. Maugham's early masterpiece is that both are concerned with telling the story of young men. The young man in The Razor's Edge is young, sensitive, and intelligent. He enlisted early in World War I, as an aviator. His best friend was shot in battle, and died as a result of the wound.

Having watched him die, this young man found himself forced into a quest for life's values. He was engaged to Isabel Bradley, a young, fairly rich, and attractive woman, whose idea was that he would settle down in their native Chicago and take a job with the father of a broker friend. Instead he chose to go first to Paris, where later she met him and had it out (breaking their engagement), and then to various parts of Europe, to India, and back to Europe.

His ex-fiancée married the broker friend, and when they all met again in Paris found herself just as attracted as ever. So attracted, in fact, that when she thought he was going to marry a once sweet girl they had both known in Chicago, but who now was drinking her way into the gutter, Isabel didn't hesitate to set a trap which eventually led to the girl's death.

And so the young man went forward again on his quest, wrote an erudite book containing a number of biographies of men who seemed to have clearly assayed life's shifting values, divested himself of the small fortune which had enabled him to travel and study, got a job on a boat going back to America, and prepared to support himself as a truck or cab driver.

Isabel went to live out her life with her husband in Dallas, and Mr. Maugham assures us that everybody was very happy and successful about it.

For the benefit of his publishers I should like to point out that the young man's name is Laurence Darrell in Mr. Maugham's book—not Darnell, as the publishers have it on the cover blurb. And I should like to make the suggestion that whoever writes future cover blurbs for Maugham books could have a fine time for himself reading Of Human Bondage.

Published by Doubleday, Doran & Co., New York. Price, $2.75.

ANOTHER novel which deserves more space than I can now give it is **Fire Bell in the Night**, by **Constance Robertson**, an exciting novel about Mahala North and her father, Moses, whose inn near Syracuse became one of the "stations" in the Abolitionists' underground railway just before the Civil War. Into Mahala's life (and activities) come two men, strangely diverse: John Palfrey, a Northerner who, as a member of the anti-abolitionist Patriots, fought against her, and Dallas Ord, a Southerner whose sympathy was with Mahala and her work. It is a moving story of a dangerous and fateful period and of a remarkable woman caught up in a tangle of opposing events and loves.

Constance Robertson

Published by Henry Holt & Co., New York. Price, $2.75.

QUIZZ-ICAL CROSSWORD

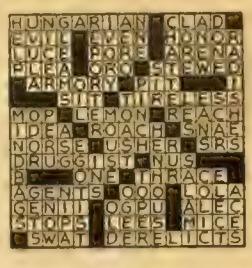
BY TED SHANE

HORIZONTAL

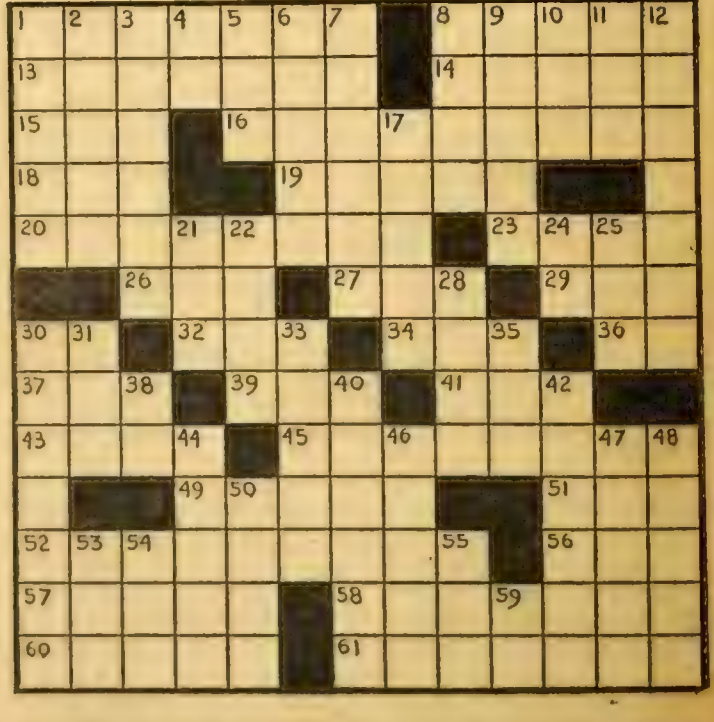
1 Who is Vatutin's successor?
8 The what is a rare feature of a stevedore's pants?
13 On what street did the Barretts live?
14 What bird occupies the same nest for years and mates for life?
15 An agnostic Cockney would disavow the existence of what?
16 What's slang for folks who misuse ten-dollar words?
18 To whom does Eddie Cantor refer in every program?
19 More indisposed
20 The mailed fist is in a what?
23 "Diversion of the senses from the external and concentration on the within" is what?
26 Devonshire hill
27 Name an unrationed butter
29 What tank runs on alcohol?
30 What male is contained within a short female?
32 The Army is short of what? (abbr.)
34 What has to be four years old before it enters the U. S.
36 What's the order of existence?
37 What man's name means watchful?
39 What king is most unrestrained?
41 Would you call a talkative Wave a this?
43 What word would be considered Basic English in the doll-making industry?
45 Horses you see pulling brewery wagons are probably whats?
49 Which is the most pugnacious eel?
51 Fishing and tennis have the what in common?
52 What torpedoed liner was a World War I cause?
56 Where would you go to find a tiglon in New York city?
57 Nantes is associated with a famous what?
58 Where is Vincennes?
60 What public spectacle grew out of the round-up?
61 An I-full Tower of Self-love would be a what?

VERTICAL

1 The last work of whom was The Royal Game?
2 What girl's name is contained within another gal's name meaning heroine?
3 Two dots over a German vowel're called a what?
4 An unpopular Army pastime (abbr.)
5 The Boer Paul Kruger was called what?
6 What whip has the Gestapo revived?
7 Name a former boy wonder who pitched for Cleveland
8 Complete: ——le-Moko
9 What's the nickname for a man's name meaning "crowned with laurel"?
10 The what is known as the "peacock in the tail of vanity"?
11 Insurmountain
12 What word is commonly associated with the human will?
17 What hitching post will probably survive the horse?
21 The best time to buy war bonds
22 English surface transport
24 What's Latin for the mouth?
25 What's another word for a lump of butter?
28 Oldtime movie actors tended to do what, excessively?
30 Who's known as the world's leading wholesale butcher?
31 1817-1824 was known in America as the what of Good Feeling?
33 What snake spits its venom?
35 In what month do *les fleurs* appear?
38 Time printed in light-faced type is what part of the day? (abbr.)
40 That close-fitting wisp of a female hat is called a what?
42 What Jap word is equivalent to our "Bingo!"
44 A priest's winter overcoat is called a what?
46 What's a synonym for "manufacturing baloney"?
47 Modern gaslights are called whats?
48 What animal runs around with "a million dollar coat"?
50 What Hapsburg tried to form a battalion here recently?
53 Jap edible plant
54 Man's nickname
55 Hurly-burlyishness
59 Vulnerable in tag



Last week's answer



The answer to this puzzle will appear in next week's issue.

"Happy Tomorrow" – 2 words that mean saved dollars

2 words that mean smooth whiskey – "Walker's DeLuxe"

Like a kindly nature, the friendly smoothness of Walker's DeLuxe is "bred in the bone"—for this whiskey is smoothed at every step of its making by a special refinement in its distilling. Then it is cask-smoothed four full years. Walker's DeLuxe is scarce now, for the distillery is making war alcohol and pre-war stocks must be made to last. But, come times of plenty, all America will find Walker's DeLuxe the two-word synonym for whiskey smoothness.

Straight bourbon whiskey. 90 proof. This whiskey is 4 years old. Hiram Walker & Sons Inc., Peoria, Ill. Copr. 1944

"You have? Then why don't you drill?"

"Pop wants me to stay away from oil. I talked to him and Eb and they both laughed. Where is Eb?"

"He'll be here. He said he'd come to the spudding-in, and he promised to keep an eye on the drilling."

"I guess he's pretty busy."

"He'll be here. You know, everything is changed in an oil town." Rosie's voice held a tone of explanation. "It's a different world altogether. The one thing that counts is whether a man is loyal to his friends and whether he keeps his word. Honey, I never knew Eb to fail, and I ought to know. I just about brought him up. I guess he told you how he broke his leg in an oil-field accident when he was just a baby at Glen. I took care of him." She chuckled. "We'd play cards, and I taught him all I know about it. I believe he was the best faro dealer I ever had."

"So that's how he started dealing!"

The driller called to Rosie then, and Missy led her horse out of the crowd and rode back down the hill. If Rosie Hogan could drill a well, why shouldn't she? Rosie could tell her how to go about it.

THE No. 1 Mistletoe Watson, on the Watson farm, reached the pay the day after the pipe line came in. The horizon was twenty feet low to the discovery well and Eb was anxious as he stood with J. G. on the derrick floor, watching the cable dip into the hole. They drilled a screw and pulled the tools.

"No salt water, at least," Eb said.

"No nothing, Eb."

"There's oil in the hole. Look at that bit. We're still on structure, J. G., but I guess it's pretty tight and we'll have to give her a shot. Let's make a call from the house."

J. G. telephoned, and they waited there for the shooter to arrive. The nitroglycerin was mixed in a remote place, packed in shells, and brought to the well.

J. G. said, "Ever see these photos?" He picked up a black album from the table.

As Eb opened the album, J. G. said, "You'll find Missy there from three years up." He smiled. "She's a strange one, that daughter of mine. You know what she's done? I went to the bank a couple of weeks ago and found she'd overdrawn her account. She said she'd used the money to get a lease on Jack Curran's farm."

Eb shook his head. "That's bound to be off structure."

J. G. chuckled. "This will tickle you. I told her that the lease was pretty far out, and she said yes, but the close-in leases were *so* expensive."

Eb's smile was fond and too revealing.

"She had her mind made up," J. G. said. "She had it all planned to drill a well, and she wanted me to lend her some money. She said she'd put up her royalty interest on this homestead as collateral."

"You lend it to her, J. G.?"

"I did not, but that didn't stop her, Eb. I found out today what she's done. She's drilling a well out on the Curran place. Got a portable rig and she's down a thousand feet."

Eb whistled. "Where did she get the money?"

"That's the point. When I turned her down, she marched right over to the Citizens' Bank and got the loan off Albert, with her royalty interest as collateral. My own daughter takes her business to the competition bank!"

"You ought to be thankful, J. G. She'll have a dry hole for sure."

"And Albert will hold the royalty interest on my homestead."

"If she makes up her mind to drill a well she's going to drill it," Eb said. "If she makes up her mind to anything, nothing in this world will change her."

They walked to the rig. Harry Williams, the shooter, arrived carrying a ten-quart shell of nitroglycerin to the well. He called out. "Hear the news?"

"What news?" Eb said.

"That there pipe line ain't going to hook up everybody. Not all the independents. Not you-all, at any rate."

"What's that?"

"'Sright. I got it off Dick Howard. Oh, they'll hook you up, I guess, but they'll run your oil in quarts, not barrels. The O. T. figures it can keep that pipe line busy with its own run, so it's taking over fifty per cent of the capacity and prorating the rest among you independents."

"But they can't do that!" J. G. shouted.

"They can do what they please," Eb said.

"Then we're through. We're licked proper. We just can't run enough oil through the loading rack to pay our debts."

"We'll have to sell a lease here and there," Eb said. . . . "Harry, be careful."

The shooter laughed. "You never can tell about nitro. Sometimes it won't go off if you drop it from the top of a derrick, and sometimes it will explode if you just look at it. So the best thing is to handle it as it comes."

When he had finished lowering the shells into the hole he sent a jack squid down to explode the charge. There was a dull rumble far below, sand sprayed from the mouth of the hole, and the well came in, flowing in heads a few minutes apart, but making no water.

"Missy's collateral is all right," Eb said. "J. G., we've got another oil well. We'll take all our run from those offsets on the line and cap this hole if we have to. If we don't take that oil out it will all go to the O. T."

"Eb, the truth is we're licked, ain't we?"

"That's about right."

"We can't sell enough oil to finance our drilling, and we got too big a saddle on our credit as it is. I suppose we sell to the O. T.?"

"We'll see what kind of deal we can make," Eb said.

EB was weary. Back in town that afternoon he stopped at the Riviera. He had promised Rosie to keep an eye on the well, and now he glanced at the log. They were down twelve hundred and fifty feet and drilling through conglomerate.

"Another fifty feet will tell," Eb said.

He walked on to the Riviera. Rosie was at the bar.

"Rosie," Eb said, "I'm petered out."

She poured him a drink of bourbon. "I wouldn't get discouraged, son. I've seen something of that little friend of yours. She didn't want me to get ahead of her, so she's drilling a well, too. You ought to be proud of her, Eb—"

They heard a sudden shout of laughter on the street and Eb glanced out the window. An automobile had skidded, sloshed through a mudhole, and stalled in the middle of the street. Eb recognized Albert's Chalmers and saw Missy at the wheel. She was alone in the car.

Her face was bright pink. There were catcalls, and Eb did not like the laughter of two roustabouts standing on the boardwalk near the car.

He walked out to the street, pushed past the two men. He grinned at Missy. "What's the trouble?"

"It stalled. Eb, will you give it a crank?"

"Sure thing." He waded to the front of the car and spun the crank, but the motor did not start. "I believe you've flooded the carburetor. We'll try pushing it." He glanced at the two men on the edge of the boardwalk and said, "You fellows want to lend a hand?"

The big roustabout laughed. "Let *her* push. Ain't it equal rights she's after?"

The anger smoldering in Eb had a low flash point and it exploded in him, but still he smiled. "Brother, what you're needing is a nice bath in that mudhole, and I'm going to give it to you."

The big man stepped down into the mud and came at Eb with a rush, but slipped. Eb waited, side-stepped, and swung for the belly as the big man rushed. His feet slipped and there was little power in the blow.

The big man ran at Eb again.

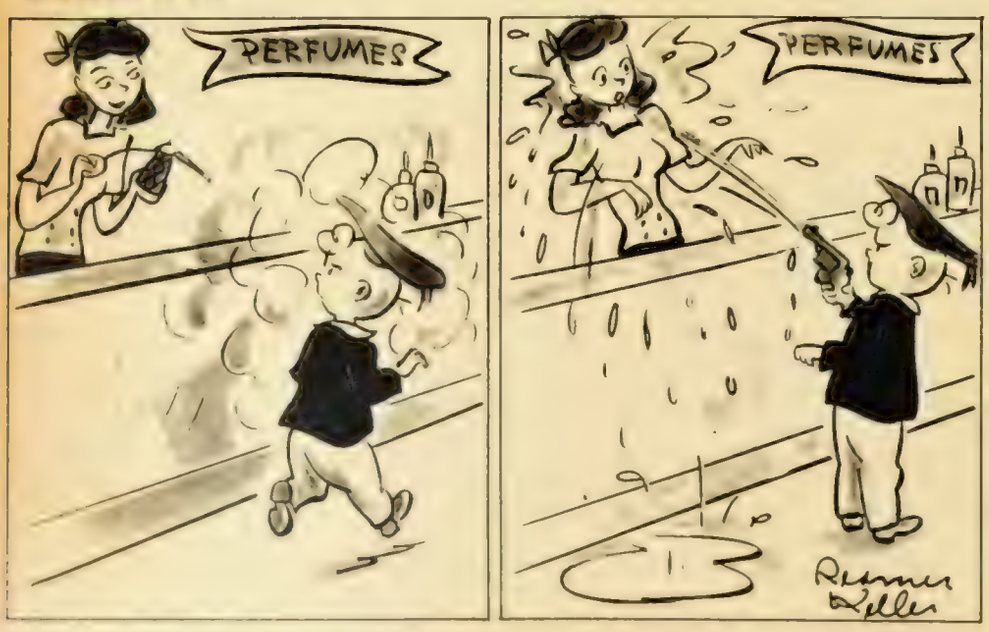
The boardwalk all at once was crowded, and Eb heard shouts of "Fight!" A man yelled, "Git him, professor!"

Eb took a glancing blow on the shoulder and snapped out his left. His fist struck full and hard and the man went down, but was up in an instant.

All around there was noise and Eb had a glimpse of Missy standing up in the Chalmers, screaming. Her voice was lost

(*Continued on page 51*)

HARDTACK



The Omen...

To the heart of Japan from our nearest base is 2,600 miles. Block-busters weigh up to six tons — a dozen machine guns with ammunition weigh 3,500 pounds — 4,000 gallons of gasoline weigh 12 tons. Add up such facts as these and it is evident that to break down the barriers of distance behind which Tokyo lies hidden, one thing is essential — brute power. That power is now available in the most concentrated form ever produced — an ominous power that holds particular foreboding for Japan . . .

Not even the Emperor's crystal gazers saw this one coming.

It is the most powerful airplane engine in production — an 18-cylinder Wright Cyclone that packs 2,200 horsepower into a diameter of only 55 inches.

Making possible the new Boeing Superfortress which will strike with more than twice the range of our heaviest bombers today, power such as this means still greater superiority in the air for the men who fly against the enemy.

Thousands of men and women are busy night and day turning out this new engine power. Working as a fast, highly skilled production team, they are playing a major part in speeding the end of the war, and enlarging the whole future that lies ahead for America's returning men of the air.

Then, the whole vast energy of American aviation can become a force for good. . . . The need is here. The plants are here. The skills of 5,000,000 flyers and trained workers are here:

But many problems must be solved if those skills are to be one of the truly great peacetime legacies of this war — problems that call for straight thinking and action outside the aviation industry as well as in: Problems of reconversion and finance — of international aviation agreements — of our national policy of security — of the distribution of surplus military aircraft, and the degree of regulation or encouragement for the airlines of the United States.

The solution of those problems depends upon all of us in America, not alone upon those of us who build air power!

Look to the Sky, America!

This intricate machine tool cuts the fins in the newly developed forged cylinder heads for Wright Cyclones. Handling eight heads at a time, this process is typical of the many operations that have made possible the mass production of the 2,200 horsepower Cyclones.

X-rays peer into the depths of castings for Wright Cyclones, protecting our flyers against engine failure resulting from hidden sub-surface defects. The X-ray inspection shown here is only one of more than 50 thousand individual inspections in the production of each Wright Cyclone.

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★ *Buy War Bonds* ★

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Porthole Soliloquy

"THERE IT IS! The land I've been fighting for—that Mike and Tim died for . . . the land I thought, maybe, I'd never see again . . .

But there it is . . . whole and good to see. Not like the gaunt, charred cities I've left behind. No! *Solid, beautiful* and *real.* Maybe the bit I've done *has helped* keep it that way . . . for the folks—and Mary.

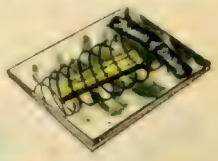
Imagine—I'm going to *marry* her soon's I get to work! Work—I wonder if I'll get my job back? But if I don't there'll be another. The good old U.S.A. won't let a guy down."

No soldier! America won't let you down! Free Enterprise, Free Competition and Private Initiative—Your Rights to a good living—must be here when you return.

These and an America returned to peacetime production will create a wonderful, new world for Mary and you. And to this world the Detroit Tap & Tool Company will make its own contributions. For *precision* and *quality* are as necessary in building for Peace as when creating for war.

LET'S ALL KEEP BACKING THE ATTACK—*Buy More Bonds*

Send for your free copy of "Threads of Destiny," a new booklet tracing the development of the machine screw thread. Please make your request on your company letterhead.



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(Continued from page 48)
in the shouts, "Go git him, professor!"

The big man closed in again, and after the clash of impact Eb's ears were ringing. He drove his left into the hickory shirt. Above the shouts he heard a gigantic grunt and knew that he had his man, but a sudden blow smashed Eb's shoulders from behind and he went forward on his face into two feet of fluid mud. Gasping, he scrambled out. The smaller roustabout had joined the fight, and both men were coming at him.

Eb side-stepped and traded blows with the man in the hickory shirt. He twisted away to face the other, and then there came a yell from the crowd and a gray shape flashed past Eb, a man who ran at the smaller roustabout, stopped, and went backward into the mudhole from a jab that caught his shoulder. As he fell, his derby sailed clear and Eb saw Albert's blond hair.

He caught Albert's elbow and pulled him upright, shouting, "Stick with me, boy! You tangle with the little fellow and let me finish off this ape."

He turned with a grin toward the man in the hickory shirt. He brought up his right in a mighty smash, and the big man grunted and sat down with a splash. He did not get up.

EB swung around. Albert was in trouble. A smashing uppercut reached his face and he fell to one knee. Eb shouted and started for the roustabout, but he had already started running down the street. Eb laughed but did not follow.

He helped Albert up. "Say, you're *all* right."

Blood trickled from the corner of Albert's mouth and one eye was closed.

"I don't know why you did it," Eb said, "but I sure needed you."

Missy was still standing in the car, short of breath and gasping. Her eyes danced. "Albert!" she cried. "My Lord, look at your eye."

"What am I going to look at my eye with?" Albert said wryly.

Eb grinned. The fight had taken the resentment out of him. "Albert, you're some banker," he said. "I'm going to buy you a drink," Eb said.

"Now wait a minute," Missy cried. "Remember me? I'm stalled here."

"We'll give you a push."

Two men stepped off the boardwalk, saying, "Need a little help, professor?"

They began pushing. The motor turned over and the Chalmers shot ahead. Eb stood looking after it, then shook his head slowly and said to Albert, "I need a drink."

Rosie Hogan was at the door of the Riviera. "Eb, I've seen your left working better than that, but it was all right, in all that mud. The drinks are on Rosie."

They had bourbon at the pinewood bar.

"Albert, I had you wrong all the time," Eb said. "The last fellow in town I'd have expected to pitch in and help me out was you."

Albert finished his whisky, and waited a moment until Rosie had moved to the other end of the bar. "I didn't want to get into a brawl like that, but I had to."

"How do you mean?"

"Because of Mistletoe, of course. Naturally, I had to do my part to defend her," Albert said, "since we're going to be married."

"Since what?" Eb said.

"I thought you knew." Albert's blue eyes inspected Eb calmly. "How about another drink, professor?"

Eb breathed deeply and called to Rosie, "Will you bring that bottle over here and leave it lay?"

"Just one more for me," Albert said. "I've got to get cleaned up."

"Getting a little careless, isn't he?"

Eb nodded sagely. "Won't do for the banker to go around with his pants muddy." He poured a mighty drink. "And get the hell out of here before I haul off and bust your other eye."

Rosie Hogan leaned across the bar. "Eb, what's the matter with you?"

"Albert," Eb said, "I want you to pass the word along. Don't think I don't know why the O. T. started a line fight with us. Don't think I don't know who your bosses are. All right, you just pass the word along that we're willing to make a deal."

Rosie signaled to Albert with her eyes and he left the bar. Eb finished his drink. "Rosie, I love you," he said. "You're the best friend I ever had. So will you just set that bottle down and walk off and leave me be? I'm going to get drunk and I want to get started on it. Beat it, Rosie."

She sighed and walked away, and Eb poured another drink. He swallowed the whisky and slapped his glass down on the bar, and thought bitterly that he'd been a damned fool. He thought back to the first day in Othello. Missy had been teasing him then, laughing at him then. She hadn't changed. You couldn't put your finger on that girl the way you could on a woman like Rosie Hogan, or Stasie Anapopolis, he thought. That Stasie Anapopolis was a real woman, he thought, and when she looked at you her big black eyes said they believed in you and they were for you, whatever happened. Eb's head snapped back. He remembered the tight hug of her thin arms, her warm voice in his ear, soothing and caressing. His eyes opened wide and he swung on his heel on his way to the street.

Men turned to look at him as he walked along the boardwalk, and Pops' eyebrows went up when he turned into the Athens Café. He strode through to the kitchen and paused in the doorway. Stasie turned from the stove toward him.

"Stasie, I got something to say to you," Eb said.

She seemed thin and very frail standing there with her long fingers nervously enlaced, and Eb's heart pounded. He said thickly, "Stasie, you're the girl for me."

There were streaks of watery mud undried on his face. Stasie stood very still, looking at him.

Eb said, "Come out back. I want to talk to you." He pushed open the screen door and stepped into the tall grass of the back lot. Stasie followed him. In the glow of the sunset the legs of the derrick behind the barbershop next door were looming black shapes.

"Stasie, I was a fool not to have known it sooner," Eb said. "But it just came to me and I had to see you right away."

Her dark eyes watched his face. "Eb, what's the matter? You in trouble?"

"Me? Of course not. Stasie, listen here." His fingers closed on her wrist. "What I was saying is you're the girl for me. Honey, let's you and me get married."

"Eb, maybe you're drunk?"

"No, I'm not drunk."

Her black eyes still watched him, and her thin face was pale. Eb's grip on her wrist relaxed. "Maybe I made another big mistake. Yes, I guess I did."

Stasie's voice was low but broken in tone against the rhythm of the drilling rig in the distance. "Eb, what you say is wonderful. It is music to hear you say it. But not for me."

He bowed his head. "I'm sorry, Stasie. I'm a bullheaded fool."

"No, Eb, you do not understand. Let us be true with each other. Eb, it is not me. It's Missy Watson."

Eb looked at her, his lips pressed tightly together. He went limp. "Yes, it's her. Stasie, I don't know what's going through my head. I'm half crazy. I don't think I ever saw a finer girl than you, and I love you, Stasie, I swear I do. But it's Missy, all right."

"Yes," Stasie said. "Always I knew."

She came nearer, put her hand on his shoulder. "Eb, you had anything to eat?"

He rested his hand on hers. If he had any sense, he thought, it would be Stasie.

"I ain't hungry," he said. "I couldn't eat."

"Something is very wrong?" she asked.

"Plenty wrong, Stasie."

"I'm sorry I cannot help, Eb. Anything I could do, I would do."

He looked deep into the luminous eyes. "I know that you would." He took her hands and squeezed them, and walked away.

AT three o'clock the next afternoon Rosie Hogan awakened him with a cup of black coffee in her hand. He was upstairs, on a sofa in Rosie's sitting room.

"You sure tied one on," Rosie said. "I hope it done you some good."

"I needed it, Rosie."

Eb sat up. In a full-length mirror opposite he saw his face. His eyes were bloodshot, and his face still was caked with mud. His suit shed dry flakes of mud.

"I believe I'll have to buy me a new suit," he said. He passed a palm over his eyes, stood up. "Rosie, I'm going out and get a shave and bath. See you later."

The bath made him feel better, and he had Curly slap on half a dozen hot towels. Next Eb went to the clothing store and chose a black suit and a new black hat. As he stood looking at his reflection in the mirror he thought, The hell with it. Why didn't he upstake and go? Let J. G. handle it? Sell out to the Old Territory?

He went back to the Riviera, and found Rosie talking to Ben Adams, her driller.

Ben Adams said, "I was just telling Miss Hogan, professor. We're six feet in the sand and she don't want to flow. I reckon she'll need a shot."

Eb glanced out the window at the derrick. Rosie said, "What about it, Eb?"

"Sure. Give her about thirty or forty quarts. Ben, you call up Harry Williams."

"Sure will, professor." Ben Adams left.

Rosie Hogan consoles Eb, in next week's concluding chapter, and Missy discovers Professor Pyro is a man to be proud of.

He smiled at her and spoke softly. "Why didn't you just pray for a dollhouse, Leslie?"

"I did. I've prayed for three Christmases and birthdays, but it doesn't work. I guess praying's no good. I guess God can't hear me, or maybe He doesn't care."

"Why, sure He does. The thing is, you have to believe very hard that He's listening." He stood up, her small hand lost in his big one. "You just forget about these stones, and pray like anything the two weeks from now to Christmas."

Her father was away every night for the next two weeks, and Leslie complacently accepted the explanation that he was "seeing to things." Once she awoke in the early morning, before daybreak, and dimly heard him coming home—dimly, from the edge of sleep, heard the words that he and her mother said, but did not understand them until years later.

"You can't keep this up, Ned, working all day at the mill and at night too. It's not worth it."

"Don't talk foolishness, Mary. It's the most important thing I ever did. If a kid stops having faith . . ."

On Christmas morning the dollhouse stood under the tree with its homemade decorations of colored paper and strung popcorn, and Leslie knew it was a miracle. She knew there was no money in that humble home for anything so wonderful. It was twice as large as the one in Haskin's window, and there were more rooms in it, more furniture, more electric lights.

"My, you must have prayed hard," her father said.

"Oh, yes, I did." She touched it carefully, reverently. "Isn't God lovely!"

LESLIE took the handkerchiefs out of the drawer and packed them in her bag. She packed three pairs of stockings—three pairs of stockings for three days.

Funny, the things you remember. . . .

When she was fifteen, there was a high-school dance, and Leslie wore her first pair of silk stockings. She could remember how queer her legs looked in them—not like the sturdy legs of a child, but sleek and tapering—a young woman's legs.

In the afternoon she had slipped into her mother's empty room and dipped a bit of cotton into the face powder. She stuffed the powdered cotton into a deep corner of her purse with the lipstick she had bought at the dime store. At the dance she and the other younger girls would make up in the ladies' room, and then wash it all off again before they went home.

She walked downstairs with innocently shining face and pale lips to show her mother how she looked.

"Very nice," her mother said. "You could do with a little powder, though." She squinted critically at Leslie. "A little color on your lips wouldn't hurt, either."

Leslie stared at her. "You wouldn't *mind* if I—?"

"Mind? Why should I mind? Every girl wants to be pretty at a dance. Come on upstairs with me and I'll show you how to put it on so it looks nice and natural."

"The other mothers don't allow it," Leslie said. "They think girls our age should be plain and—and wholesome."

Leslie's mother made a quick impatient movement with her head. "It's not a shiny face that will keep you wholesome, that's sure. But of course you won't want to powder if none of the other girls do."

"They do. They—" Leslie looked quickly down at the bag in her hand, and then up again at her mother. "They sneak."

"Well." Her mother gave a little laugh. "Well, as long as they're wholesome—"

Leslie opened her bag and took out the cotton and the lipstick. "I was going to sneak too."

Her mother only said, "Well, now you know you never have to."

Leslie went to the dance and met a boy with smooth blond hair and fine manners. His father was one of the owners of the mill where Leslie's father worked.

Leslie thought he was wonderful. She thought the way he talked was wonderful, and the clothes he wore, and the ease with which he spent money—leaving a handful of change for the soda boy at the drugstore, not even looking at it, not even knowing how much was there. She thought that to be the way he was—with every grace and charm, everything possible for him, all doors open—must be the greatest happiness in the world. . . .

He gave a party the night before he went back to school. There was a man to serve, and dishes Leslie had never heard of, and a marvelous radio-phonograph that played records for the dancing.

And then his father and mother came in late in the evening, and they did not seem to know what to say or how to act. They seemed embarrassed, as though they had never seen young girls and boys before. They even seemed embarrassed with their own son.

And later their voices came from upstairs—angry, quarreling voices, full of hate and venom. The blond boy laughed a lot and talked very loud and fast over the voices, and his face was stiff and white. Leslie felt so sorry for him. She felt so sorry for him that she wanted to cry.

THE clock on the dresser pointed to five. Mike would be calling for her in half an hour, and here she was not dressed yet.

Mike would come for her, and they would get on a train and go away somewhere together for three days. They had never really been alone since they had met. You can't be alone with a man when you live at a girls' club. They had hardly even had a chance to kiss—just once in a while in the shadow of a doorway, if there was no one around.

But now they would be alone for three days, and Mike would have it to remember when he was fighting somewhere at the end of the earth, and she would have it to remember when she was lonely for him.

"I've met *him*," she had written her mother, "and you would love him too. He's strong and fine and everything you'd want for me. I think he's a little like dad—gentle, the way dad is, and sentimental about his home, and about the whole of this country, and awfully nice with children. He talks a lot about a kid brother he has. But he's full of fight too. I don't believe anybody could get the better of him, any more than they can of dad.

"We're going to wait until after the war to get married. Lots of people don't, of course. Frannie didn't, and I guess she's glad. I guess it's all according to the way you feel and the way you look at things. Mike says he couldn't fight the war, knowing I was back here, tied to him—'stuck with him' is the way he puts it—no matter what happened. He says the only kind of marriage that seems any good to him is the kind his folks have—where there's a home and children and a man who comes home every night—and he thinks that kind is worth waiting for and fighting for.

"I guess he's right. The way I feel about him, everything he says is right. . . ."

Leslie's mind skipped to that time when the war would be over. She and Mike would have a house—a pretty big one, because they both liked big rambling houses, not one of these modern compact ones, without a wasted corner or an odd cranny. Mike would have a favorite chair the way her father did, and each of the children would have a favorite spot on it or near it. . . .

FUNNY, the things you remember. . . . Leslie's spot was on her father's knee, because she was the youngest girl. Frannie always sat on one arm and Dan on the other, and David sat on the ottoman, because he was the baby.

Two girls and two boys. There was an old popular song their parents always sang called Tea for Two. There was a part in it that went, "a girl for you, a boy for me," but Leslie's mother and father always sang, "*Two* girls for you, *two* boys for me," with tremendous emphasis on the "two" and great hilarity. The children laughed too, but mostly because they liked to laugh, the whole family together. It wasn't, as David said in his grave, reasonable way, "all that funny."

Two girls and two boys. Dan went first—left the mill and joined the Navy; and

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(Unabashed)

HEIRDALE: His master left him a fortune.

BERTHPLACE: Where Mr. Pullman was born.

LANTURN: The light in a revolving lighthouse.

COPPERTUNITY: A chance to get on the police force.

WARSHINGTON: Our capital during the emergency.

SPAWNSHOP: A place to hock shad roe.

DESPAIRAGUS: When the darned stuff won't come up.

CASTEROYAL: Medicine fit for a king.

SCENTUAL: One of those come-hither perfumes.

PANDAMONIUM: Tibetan bears raising merry Ned.

then Frannie married a soldier and followed him to camp. Leslie got a secretarial job in a government office in another state. David, still in school, was the only one left home.

"You'll be lonely," Leslie said to her mother. "Maybe I shouldn't go. We've always all been together, and now—even David will be going soon."

"No, it's right for you to go. Even if there weren't a war and jobs for all of you to do, I couldn't keep you much longer. There's no need to." She smiled her young quick smile. "But if there's ever anything troubling you—anything gone wrong—no matter what it is, you come on home."

Frannie had come home very soon. Her soldier husband had been shipped, and she had come back to her family again—back to have her baby in the same room, the same bed where she had been born.

Later, Leslie had come home too, but not to stay or because she was in trouble. She had come home to mourn for David, whose plane had been shot down over Berlin on his twentieth birthday.

Leslie remembered walking up the path of colored stones with a reluctance she had never felt in that spot before. Always the walk up that bright path had led to security, warmth, and comfort. Now it led to grief—to grief that she was afraid would have changed her parents into strangers with stricken faces, and home into a cold, hushed, unfamiliar place.

She stood for a moment and thought of David, the gentlest one of them all, the youngest, who had gone straight from his books into the sky, into death before he had ever really lived. And she could not understand it. She could see only that it was senseless and purposeless and cruel.

She went on up to the porch and turned the knob of the always open front door. It was warm inside. It was warm and the lamps were lit and everything looked just the same. From the kitchen came the familiar tangy fragrance of spice cookies baking. Leslie loved spice cookies.

She walked into the kitchen and saw her mother standing at the stove and her father cutting rounds out of the cookie dough with a small floured glass.

"Hello," she said.

They turned, and their faces lit up. They kissed her, first her mother and then her father. She had thought that in their grief they would not be glad to see her.

"You're making cookies," she said.

Her mother smiled. "Spice cookies."

LESLIE looked from one to the other. She shook her head, as though to clear it. "I don't see how—how could you remember *—now?"*

Her mother touched her hand. "You were coming home, and you love spice cookies. Why wouldn't I remember?"

Remember the living, Leslie thought—and without knowing she was going to, she began to cry. She had come home to comfort her parents, but now they were comforting her.

"He was over Berlin," her father said. "Think of that! He must have taken a few good shots before they got him."

"But David didn't care about taking shots at anybody," Leslie said. "He only cared about books and the garden and home."

"Yes," her father said. "Enough to fight if he had to for the right to read the books he wanted to read, and live in his own way."

"But he died before he had a chance to enjoy any of it."

Her mother bent and took a pan of richly fragrant cookies from the oven. "I thought that way too," she said. "I guess I thought what every mother thinks . . . Why did it have to be my son? All those years wasted now—all the care and love and teaching gone for nothing. But it's not like that." She straightened and looked at Leslie. "So many people live a long time, and when they die it doesn't matter whether they were ever here. But it matters that David was here. He was needed to fight for the things he believed in—the things we taught him at home. He lived long enough for that."

They heard Frannie on the stairs, her step heavy and awkward.

"No more tears, now," Leslie's mother whispered to her. "We can't have Frannie's baby born in a house full of gloom and grief. David wouldn't want that."

SHE snapped shut the little bag that held enough clothes for three days, and put on her hat and coat. In spite of all her dawdling it was early. She went downstairs to wait for Mike on the corner.

He was a few minutes late, but she saw him finally, coming toward her with his long, quick stride, with his fine straight Army way of holding himself. They kissed, the rapid, meaningless way people kiss in greeting on a street corner.

"Hello," he said softly. He looked at her, and then he looked away, and she saw that his face had a strained, troubled look. "I tried to get you on the phone."

"I've been waiting down here quite a while. Did you want anything special?"

"No. No, not really. I just wanted to make sure you hadn't changed your mind."

"We can walk to the station," she said. "My bag isn't heavy. Did you check yours there?"

He didn't answer her. He seemed not to be listening, to be thinking of something else. They walked along in silence. After a few blocks he stopped again and drew her into the shelter of a building and faced her, his black eyes very serious, his hands jammed into his pockets.

"Look," he said. "I— Look. Are you sure you know what you're doing?"

"Aren't you?" she asked him softly.

"I don't know. How do I know?" He made a sound like a groan. "I love you so much, Leslie. I guess I want these three days with you more than I've ever wanted anything, and I keep telling myself we've got them coming to us in this crazy upside-down world. But I'm—I guess it's just the small-town, middle-class way I was raised. After I left you, I kept thinking maybe—I don't know . . ."

She smiled up at him. "Sure you know," she said. "We both know. Come on, Mike, we're going home."

"Home?"

"Yours is too far away, but mine's not. We can catch the seven-o'clock train and be there before midnight and have our three days together." She laughed, and the sound of it was so happy that passers-by turned to look and smile. "You can kiss me under the maple tree in the back yard. Nobody will peek," she said. "My family is very discreet."

HE just stood there for a minute, and then he laughed and caught her hand, and there was excitement in his voice. "But we can't just barge in on them. We—"

"I wired before I came downstairs. See? I was raised that same small-town, middle-class way myself. I wired and told them we'd be home tonight, and they'll all be waiting up for us—mother and dad and Frannie, and maybe even Frannie's baby. Mother will have spice cookies baked."

"How do you know?"

"I know." She looked at him gravely. "Some things never change," she said.

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BERLIN UNDER BOMBING

Continued from Page 15

to realize that the Nazis' vaunted efficiency works only when they can use terror or bribery.

Millions feel hatred for their leaders who have established their wives and mistresses safely in Paris and provided them with luxuries from the occupied countries, while the people of Germany lose everything in the bombings—dear ones, homes, belongings. All this feeling is surely in the air, but the Gestapo's reign of terror is too overwhelming for any organized resistance to develop.

Goebbels' propaganda has done its work, too. It has convinced the average German that he must carry on, since, bad as things are, unconditional surrender will be worse. Goebbels has played that up until the Germans fear they will have to work as slave labor from Alaska to Siberia.

So the bombings haven't created an atmosphere of revolt. The Germans' reactions are a curious mixture of apathy and fury. The apathy is acceptance of the inevitable; the fury, a fury of frustration. Each man thinks of only one thing—how to save his life, how to endure until the all-clear signal sounds.

All day long people speculate on which air-raid shelter to pick that night. There are primitive ones and dangerous ones, cold ones and warm ones, lighted and unlighted. And there are those with large entrances and those with small entrances. That's a consideration, for one may get hurt or even killed in the panic.

The large shelters have hospital facilities, because many arrive with burns or with injuries suffered in the rush. Others are sickened by the crowded conditions, and often children need care. Here, as in everything else, foreign laborers—the people of conquered countries—have to wait until the others are taken care of.

The people try to sleep, since they will have to work the next day and absenteeism carries severe punishment. Some play cards—the famous Skat. Hundreds of soldiers fill the public shelters, and move off into the dark corners with their girls. Their conduct shocks many a Berliner; yet, for the majority, moral standards no longer exist.

(*Continued on page 56*)

"So that's how Fred Astaire does it, eh?"

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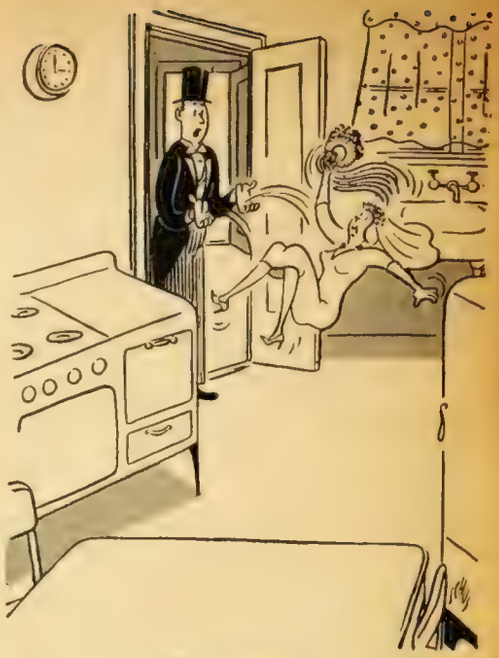

"I'm hungry!"

(*Continued from page 54*)

The air-raid shelters in apartment houses and private dwellings are extremely vulnerable. Hundreds have been leveled by direct hits or by the explosion of gas systems, and people have been drowned in their cellars when a near-by water main was hit.

During these days many people have taken to wearing only their worst clothing. You can't reach a shelter without fighting your way through a mob, and after the raid you must pick your way among burning houses, and the fiery pavement ruins your shoes. Often the soles are scorched through before you reach home. And when you do reach "home" you are lucky to find it still standing.

You see children wildly seeking for their mothers, wives wildly seeking for their husbands. Women carry dead children in their arms and children weep beside their dead mothers.

These were the sights in London, too.

There are some Germans who recognize that and say: "It is the same as we did to London and Amsterdam. It was the same when we were victorious in France." People overheard saying such things have been shot.

Berlin has not been completely knocked out, but certainly half the city has been destroyed. The Berliners call the process "Berlimination."

After the first bombing nobody worked for a week. Nobody shaved and nobody washed. It was nearly impossible to get food, although the German Red Cross did manage to maintain mobile *Gulasch-Kanonen*, where one could get a kind of thin stew. Civilians turned fire fighters and firemen from all the surrounding cities were called in. This proved a mistake, because within the next few days the neighboring cities of Leipzig and Magdeburg were bombed in their turn.

The bombings of December, 1943, and January, 1944, disrupted transportation. The Berlin subway did not run for weeks. People hung on the outside of trolley cars, which were thrown completely off schedule. They stood in luggage cars, jammed platforms, and lay on the roofs of the S-Bahn, the suburban railways, in their eagerness to get out of Berlin for the suburbs of Straussberg, Fürstenwalde, Werder, and Erkner. They traveled three and four hours a day to and from work just to avoid spending the night in Berlin.

Hitler's chancellery was badly damaged

(*Continued on page 58*)

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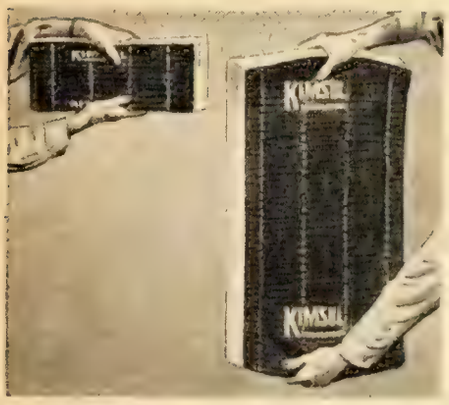

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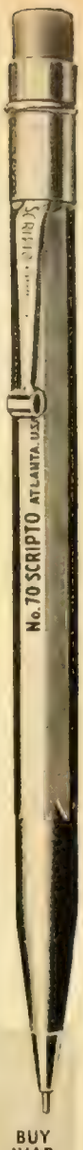

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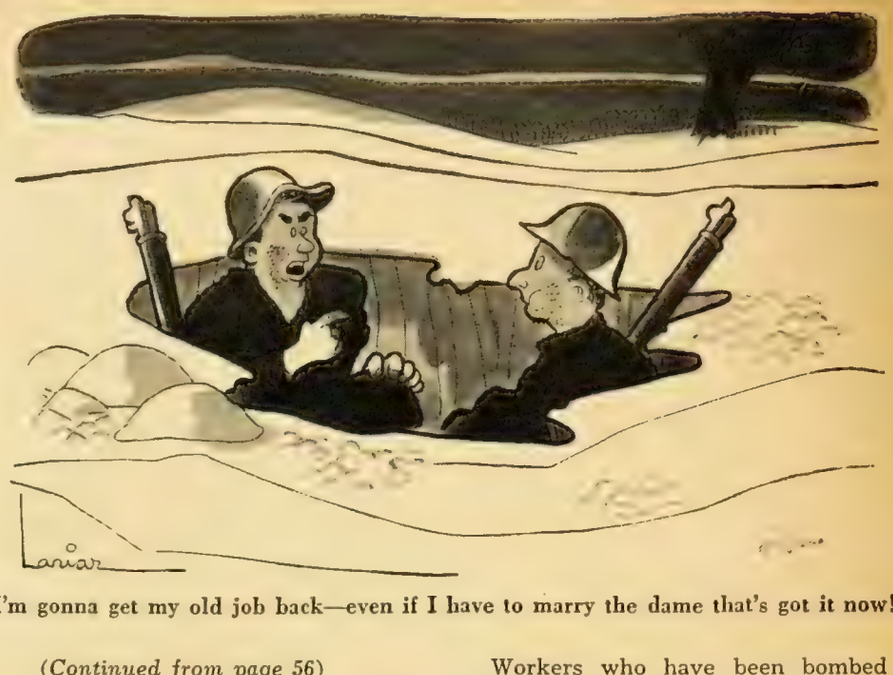

"I'm gonna get my old job back—even if I have to marry the dame that's got it now!"

(*Continued from page 56*)

and the balcony from which he so often had made his rabid speeches was neatly nipped off by a bomb. One bombing caught the Führer himself as he was conferring with Munitions Minister Albert Speer. He dived into a shelter, and the next morning left Berlin by car.

The Foreign Office of Joachim von Ribbentrop—whom Berliners call Ribbensnob—was wrecked. Hermann Göring's Air Ministry was heavily damaged, and people joked grimly about his fifty bathrooms. "Where is he going to get water for his bathtubs?" they asked. The offices of Goebbels and of Alfred Rosenberg, the pagan philosopher and Minister of Eastern Affairs, were destroyed.

The railway stations got the worst beating of all. The Yorkstrasse freight railway station is a complete ruin. Five others, the Stettiner, the Potsdamer, the Lehrter, the Friedrichstrasse, and Charlottenburg, have been severely damaged.

Movies, theaters, and department stores, including the two largest, Wertheim and Kaufhaus des Westens, were burned down. For a short time Berlin even had a jungle scare. Bears from the Berlin zoo padded down Unter den Linden. Troops armed with machine guns hunted leopards, tigers, and lions.

Tens of thousands of people fled the city. For Berliners it was the first taste of what it is like to wheel handcarts and carry bundles. But thousands of others—those who had been evacuated from the Rhineland after the terrific bombing of Cologne and the Ruhr—had been through it before. They knew what it was to lose everything they had just as those people in the countries the Germans had overrun also knew.

NOW there is no longer running water in the houses in Berlin. Water itself is rationed at one pint, and people wait in long lines to get it. They go to pumps and wells which fifty years ago were used for watering horses. There is no means of telephoning within Berlin. It is impossible to get a room without some inducement—such as a food parcel from Turkey or Denmark.

Bitter jokes are made about the housing conditions in Berlin. The situation is referred to as the "Soviet Paradise," an allusion to the anti-Soviet propaganda exhibit which depicted the "deplorable" housing conditions in the Soviet Union.

Workers who have been bombed out are herded together in small allotment centers or in municipally run labor camps—some 250,000 people crowded in barracks. There are French, Italian, Dutch, and Norwegians—enforced labor from conquered countries. I visited some of the labor camps and the sanitary conditions were disgusting.

They work at least twelve hours a day. The wages seem high, but after the deductions and numerous "voluntary" collections barely enough is left to live on. Wherever one goes, there is a collection box for the "Winter Help" or the "Evacuation Fund." Workers in the labor camps who refuse to contribute have their holidays taken away. They are expected to contribute at least two marks a week.

THE foreign laborers, incidentally, are expected to give up their seats to Germans in streetcars, buses, and subways. To fail to do so often precipitates a fight, and there is a statute providing for a penalty of fifteen years' imprisonment for a foreign worker who fights a German.

The transport workers are men over sixty-five—or women. Women even drive locomotives. The people are resentful of the Nazi overlords who still have their big Mercedes cars.

The prices in the black market are almost incredible. An auto tire and tube costs 1,000 marks, or $500. Coupons for about two pounds of bread are worth ten marks, or five dollars. Butter coupons go for fifty dollars. These prices are for the coupons *alone*. They don't include the cost of the bread or butter, which is very high. Two pounds of pork in the black market is worth thirty dollars.

Breakfast is without milk, coffee, or tea, but there is plenty of beer. Strangely enough, that never seems to run out. Berliners have even taken to washing themselves with it.

The paper shortage is so severe that the labor camps keep the same blackout paper up for a year. People have to bring their own paper to public lavatories. Shoes have cardboard soles and even soldiers' puttees are made of paper. I was offered a secondhand suit of good English cloth—at $250. Combs, pencils, and fountain pens are not obtainable except on the black market.

When I sought to have my watch fixed, I was told I would have to bring the parts of another watch, and then the repairs

would require some six months. The Nazi leaders slip their watches and other articles needing repair into diplomatic pouches and send them to Switzerland or Sweden.

A Danish friend of mine spied an umbrella in a shop window, but when he went in to buy it the shopman said: "Bring me a pound of Danish butter. Then I'll sell you the umbrella." The Danes working in Berlin are permitted to receive one food parcel a month, and such a parcel, nominally worth sixteen Danish crowns, or four dollars, can be sold on the black market for $150.

Only the wealthier Nazis can afford the prices of the black market. From others you hear—guardedly—such remarks as, "In the last war we lived on beets. In this war they feed us like animals on carrot mixtures."

Widows, incidentally—and there are many of them—are paid well for uniforms. Newspapers carry such ads as the following: "Army colonel wants to buy uniform of dead or wounded colonel. Will pay highest prices."

Germany is filled with rumors of the wildest sort. Nothing can be learned from the German radio and press, so some of the more daring listen furtively to British, American, and Russian broadcasts to learn of the German losses. Others rely on the *Flüster-Post* (Whispering Post), and the *Flüster-Post* works pretty well.

I KNOW for a certainty that there is an underground movement, a Russian-inspired Communist group, in practically every industrial center. They proceed carefully and wear the Nazi uniform. Their chief task is to transmit secret service information to the Allies.

The leader of the German Communist Party, Ernst Thaelmann, had been imprisoned in Hanover since 1933. In January, 1944, when Hanover was bombed, men from the underground wearing Nazi uniforms entered the prison, while the guards were in a shelter, and liberated Thaelmann. Himmler has announced a reward of $50,000 for his recapture, but we may well see him next heading the Free Germany Committee in Moscow.

Through all this the Germans persistently hope for miracles. They have underground factories which can continue to produce, and the fact gives them hope that some secret and invincible weapon will come out of them. Countless books of fantastic prophecy appear. The most famous is by one Hans Dominik, and it tells the story of a Nazi who discovers a secret ray which, directed from Berlin, can demolish Rockefeller Center in New York City.

But the truth is that all but the most fervid fear that the war will be lost. Recently even loyal Nazis have found their way to concentration camps. They have become critical, or clearly see that the cause is lost. There is a joke current in Berlin about new Nazi Party regulations:

"Every Nazi who recruits one new member is allowed to leave the Party. A Nazi who can recruit five members will be given a letter stating that he never belonged to the Nazi Party. A Nazi who can recruit ten new members will be given a birth certificate stating that he has a Jewish grandmother."

But not all the remarks are jokes. Perhaps better reflecting the feeling of many Germans that the jig is up is what a charwoman told me. "In 1917, when the stores were stripped of everything, they put Hindenburg's picture in the empty windows. These days they put Hitler's picture in the empty windows. That's the only difference," she said.

THE END

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She's as Lively as a Youngster—Now her Backache is better

Many sufferers relieve nagging backache quickly, once they discover that the real cause of their trouble may be tired kidneys.

The kidneys are Nature's chief way of taking the excess acids and waste out of the blood. They help most people pass about 3 pints a day.

When disorder of kidney function permits poisonous matter to remain in your blood, it may cause nagging backache, rheumatic pains, leg pains, loss of pep and energy, getting up nights, swelling, puffiness under the eyes, headaches and dizziness. Frequent or scanty passages with smarting and burning sometimes show there is something wrong with your kidneys or bladder.

Don't wait! Ask your druggist for Doan's Pills, used successfully by millions for over 40 years. They help the kidneys flush out poisonous waste from your blood. Get Doan's Pills.

QUICKSILVER IDA

Continued from Page 30

but if within six weeks she could get a job in a theater without using the name of Lupino, or his influence, she would thenceforth be free to lead her own life.

He did not really know his daughter well. She worked wonders on her hair with a bottle of peroxide, worked further miracles with cosmetics, and finished off with items from her mother's wardrobe. A London stage manager, desperate for talent, hired her to play a maid, believing her to be a curiously guileless young woman suffering from malnutrition.

She signed herself "Ida Ray."

Her father kept his promise.

When Miss Lupino came to America two years later, she had become something of a screen actress. When she was fourteen she had been called on to lure a gentleman in a picture titled Money for Speed. When fifteen, she played a siren in I Lived with You. Then she progressed to even more eyebrow-raising roles.

Thus her childhood. Paramount put the topper on it by offering her $600 a week plus expenses if she would come to Hollywood. From descriptions provided by British agents and photographs taken somewhat earlier, this youngest of the acting Lupinos looked like a natural for the title role of Lewis Carroll's Alice in Wonderland. Hopeful executives were eventually treated, upon viewing her tests, to the spectacle of a platinum blonde with penciled brows and a come-hither look mouthing such lines as "Oh, how I wish I could shut up like a telescope!" The result, she herself recalls, was nauseating. She did not play Alice.

Once in Hollywood, however, with Connie acting the traditional mother, Ida spent an amusing interval mimicking the accents of typical hard-boiled American girls, justifying her billing as a Depression Flapper, and having a very good time indeed. With the salary that was regularly paid to her, she bought a house with a swimming pool, an enormous Cadillac hotel-on-wheels, and a circle of fair-weather friends. The latter were good for publicity purposes only, since, as they drove with her to premières in the car and fell fully clothed into her pool, their very famous names brought her into print.

Some months later she made friends with a neighbor, Louis Hayward, who gave her some sound advice. "How can you expect to get anywhere," he asked, "when you look such a fright? Wash your face, let your hair grow out, get some decent clothes. Stop playing the phony."

WHEN, after a sixteen-months lay-off, she went back to Paramount to ask for a job, she had light brown hair, a face not disguised by too much make-up, and a cultivated air of intensity. Seven years before, Director William Wellman had promised her that if he ever got around to filming The Light That Failed, she should play the little cockney Bessie. Ida had heard the picture was finally being cast.

Old-timers in Paramount's front office still recall with reverence the scene she made while convincing the Big Boys that she belonged to the part and it to her. Eventually Wellman was called in. He recalled the promise, and kept it. Gratefully Ida gave him a performance that established her as a dramatic actress.

She had for some months been aware that Louis Hayward was not only a shrewd consultant on the subject of careers but an extraordinarily exciting person as well. She had, in fact, fallen in love with him. Still, he had pointed out that both were professional people with highly developed egos, that neither had reached any great degree of recognition; and he held to the sensible premise that two Hollywood failures uniting their common miseries by the bond of Louis' patrimony (on which he was living) must inevitably find each other pitiable, thus ensuring an early divorce.

Just about this time Warner Brothers hired Ida to play a neurotic murderess opposite Humphrey Bogart in They Drive by Night. She followed through as a gangster's moll in High Sierra, also with Bogart. Simultaneously Louis got the leading role in The Duke of West Point. He and Ida were married.

THE Haywards appeared together soon after their marriage in Ladies in Retirement, in which most of the characters were, to put it mildly, high-spirited. ("Seeing the picture," said one critic, "was like spending a quiet evening with Louis and Ida.") The role of the young housekeeper who stuffed her employer into a bake oven brought Ida even greater movie glory. And when she got more high-strung parts in Moontide and The Hard Way she began calling herself kiddingly "the poor man's Bette Davis."

Then, true to her unpredictable nature, Ida announced that she no longer wanted to play hags and waifs. "I want to be held in Boyer's arms and be kissed," she insisted. She got her chance in In Our Time—with Paul Henreid pitching for Boyer. But the critics were lukewarm in their praise of Ida as the mousy little secretary. Now she wants to play hags and waifs. Her next part is back in the familiar groove—Emily Brontë in Devotion.

Before Louis enlisted in the Marines the Haywards settled down in a comfortable ranch-style house atop a Brentwood hill. The money a swimming pool would have cost was thrown into fittings for an English pub bar, where they gave wonderful, zany parties. During one of these Ida might write a song or a play, or gather every one together and work up a radio show to record for posterity. Invariably some one would say, "Ida—go mad for us." If she was in a gay mood, Ida would oblige. Otherwise it would be, "Sorry, ol' boy, Mag the r-r-r-rag isn't giving out tonight."

Ida works hard on and off the lot. Recently she got a six-months leave from the studio because she was near a nervous breakdown. When she came back to work again she was so exhausted from bond drives, radio speeches, and visits to Army camps and the Hollywood Canteen that she had to have a vacation to rest up.

Her personal life today follows a discreet pattern. Back in 1936 she complained to a reporter, "I hear that I'm a sex-appealist de luxe—that men are my meat—that I'm as wild as a native from Fiji. It's all a lie." Today she makes it her business to see that rumors of this kind are no longer broadcast—even in denial form by herself.

For since her marriage Ida Lupino has ceased to make such public statements as "I haven't any real friends. There isn't a soul in this town, outside of my own family and Louis Hayward, who would lift a finger to help me." . . . "The doctors tell me I'll be in a box in five years. I have a nervous breakdown as regularly as other people have colds." Asked now about her future, she describes a gentle postwar program in which she will live quietly with Hayward (recently honorably discharged from the Marines as a captain), writing, reading, composing music, making one movie a year, and having children.

But she adds, perhaps from habit: "We are wonderfully mad!"

THE END

Not an A Card in Ye Group

Wherever they went, they walked . . . on guard at every step. Hardships taught our forefathers the virtue of self-reliance and the need for co-operation. Thus, in the humble cradle of privation, the spirit of our Democracy was born.

Our enemies foolishly ignored the enduring influence of our Nation's heritage when they jeered that we were too soft to fight. Little did they dream that, almost overnight, free men could perfect the finest and best-equipped fighting forces the world has ever seen.

So, today when good citizens see an A card on a windshield, they recognize it as a symbol of what people can accomplish who have learned from experience to work together to attain a common objective.

That same spirit will win this war—and in peacetime that same unity of effort will keep America strong and prosperous for our men and women now on the fighting front.

Most folks are more tired than usual when they finish each wartime day. A bottle of golden, foaming Budweiser is a welcome companion in a moment of relaxation—and it makes simple, wartime meals taste better.

In addition to supplying the armed forces with glider and bomber fuselage frames, wing parts, gun turret parts and foodstuffs, Anheuser-Busch produces materials which go into the manufacture of: Rubber • Aluminum • Munitions • Medicines • B Complex Vitamins • Hospital Diets • Baby Foods • Bread and other Bakery products • Vitamin-fortified cattle feeds • Batteries • Paper • Soap and textiles—to name a few.

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to look like tulips, shaded the light bulbs. There was a bar along one side of the room. A series of booths were opposite the bar. There were tables out in the open.

Max and I sat down in one of the booths. He placed himself so he could see the entrance. There was a bartender on the job behind the mahogany, a slick sharp-eyed gent who didn't seem overpleased at business from strangers. There was a harassed little waiter with a gimp leg who took our order. There were maybe a half dozen young kids spotted around the room. Somebody was feeding a juke box with a constant stream of nickels so that it was impossible to hear any conversation.

MAX lit a cigarette and sipped the whisky-and-water the waiter brought. His blue eyes told of the cold anger that was on him.

"It's incredible how little risk people will take to protect their freedom, their rights, the simple law and order of their community," he said. "Twenty-five or thirty of them must have seen some phase of this business, Rod, but do you think they will talk? A gang of vandals tear apart a building and spirit away an old woman whom everybody admires and respects, and the people who saw it hedge and won't open their traps."

"You know why, don't you?"

"Sure. They're afraid somebody will wreck their shops, or offices, or homes. Maybe they're afraid their own kids are involved. They'd like to help; they're concerned about Hilda Moffet. But they're afraid."

"What are you going to do?" I asked.

★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★

The story is told of a young hopeful who persuaded the great pianist Rubinstein to listen while she played a piano selection. When she had finished she breathlessly asked the virtuoso what he thought she should do. His reply left little to be desired: "Get married."

★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★

"Just sitting here isn't going to find the old gal."

"Maybe not, Rod, but I wouldn't lay too many bets on it."

Just then Lee came in the door and I forgot all about Miss Moffet for a moment. For my dough, Lee Ames is about the swellest girl that ever drew breath. Unfortunately for that idea, she doesn't know I exist. There's only one thing in life that matters to her—Max Chandler. It burned me up sometimes, because she almost never got a tumble from him. He had deliberately cut himself off from any thought of romance. His job was fighting the enemy on the home front. Lee had known that when she took the job of his secretary. She had known it was going to be tough, but it was better than nothing.

"A girl isn't safe in this neck of the woods," Lee said, sitting down next to me in the booth. "There are more drugstore cowboys in three blocks than I've ever seen before. I've been whistled at till my ears ring!"

"Anyhow they've got taste," I said.

"What's going on, Max?" Lee asked. "I thought you were speechmaking."

He gave her a brief outline of what had happened. "I've got a hunch this place is the center of trouble," he said. "Marigold was much too concerned about Hilda Moffet. He was overacting. Before we leave I'm going to give this place a going over."

"Where do I fit in?" Lee asked.

"There may be some conversations for the record," Max said. "Also, if we do find Hilda, she may need a gal to look out for her."

"Poor old soul," Lee said.

"Hold it." Max was looking past her down the room. "Our friend Mr. Marigold has spotted us. He doesn't look pleased."

By the time I twisted around in my seat to get a look at Marigold, any sign of displeasure he'd had was supplanted by a tooth-paste ad smile.

"Say, this is great, Mr. Chandler," he said. His eyes rested on Lee appreciatively.

"We dropped in to hear if any of your boys had gotten wind of Miss Moffet," Max said.

"Not a thing," said Marigold. "But we're turning this part of town inside out. We'll find her."

"I hope so," Max said.

Marigold took a silver cigarette case from his pocket and offered a cigarette to Lee. "Mr. Chandler didn't introduce us," he said, "but I am Joe Marigold."

"I'm Mr. Chandler's secretary," Lee said. She didn't take the cigarette.

"Well, the house would like to buy you folks a drink," Marigold said. "We don't often have celebrities down this way. I'll bet if some of these kids knew who you were, Mr. Chandler, they'd like to have your autograph. I'd like it myself."

"You produce Miss Moffet and I'll do more than that for you," Max said.

Marigold's eyes narrowed. "You mean there's maybe a reward?"

"It's quite possible there might be."

"Of course we don't need a reward to do the best we can," Marigold said.

"Of course not."

Marigold teetered back and forth on his heels. "Would it be a fairly good-size reward?"

"Four figures," Max said.

Marigold whistled. "That ain't hay!" he said. "Well, I'll order you the same thing all around. And maybe if you wait, I'll know more than I do right now."

"We'll wait," Max said.

THE waiter with the gimp leg brought us another round of drinks. The Blue Tulip seemed to be gradually filling up with customers. There were a few girls, but most of the newcomers were boys about sixteen or seventeen years old. There was something unhealthy-looking about these kids. They looked sort of pinched, sort of hopped up. Two or three couples began dancing to the juke-box tunes.

I began to have an uneasy feeling. It must have come out of the air, because nothing actually was happening. A half dozen of the boys were at the bar drinking beer and they kept glancing over their shoulders at us and then going into a huddle.

Then I saw the tootsie who had been questioned by Faxon back at the settlement house. She was dancing with a redheaded boy in a loose-fitting zoot suit. They danced over near our booth. The tootsie gave Max a dazzling smile. Then something happened. She seemed to turn her ankle and almost fell. The boy caught her in his arms and held her up. She threw back her head and laughed. Then they were gone.

I looked down at the table and saw a small rolled-up piece of pink paper. I reached out to flick it off onto the floor, but Max reached faster. He unrolled it and looked at it for a moment, scowling. Then he passed it over for Lee and me to see.

There was writing on it in lipstick.

"You better get out of here," it said.

We both looked at Max. There was a pale angry light in his eyes and his mouth was set in a hard straight line.

"Apparently," he said, "if we leave now no one will stop us. If we hang around we're going to be in the way and somebody will start something to get rid of us."

Max was watching the tootsie. Obviously she had tossed us the pink paper when she staged her fake fall. But we were not going to get any more leads from her. She never once glanced in our direction.

"There is something here," Max said, "that we aren't supposed to see. I think we start looking."

"These kids might not be too tough to handle individually, but there are a hell of a lot of them, Max," I said.

"Start using that camera of yours, Rod," he said. "Get as many faces as you can. Go over to the bar and get a drink. You'll be in a better position there."

"O. K., master," I said.

"You stay here in the booth," Max said to Lee. "Keep your eyes open."

"And you, Max?" she asked.

He stood up. "It turns out that I have an overwhelming desire to wash my hands," he said.

This sounded like complete gibberish to me, but you don't question Max when he's in this kind of mood. I went over to the bar, ordered a drink, and then turned around, facing the room. I got a couple of good shots of the kids lined up at the bar. I got our tootsie and her redheaded friend. I got the bartender and the waiter. Then I saw Lee flagging me. She motioned over toward the end of the room. Max was standing by a door over which a red exit sign burned. He seemed to be having some sort of an argument with four or five kids who were blocking his way. I hotfooted over to join him.

"It seems," he said to me as I came up, "that the plumbing is out of order. I can't

seem to persuade these chums that in any event I yearn to see it."

There were five of them. They looked scared, although they were attempting a reasonable facsimile of toughness.

"There ain't no use going to the gents' room if it's on the blink," one of them said.

"I'm not interested in the mechanics of the plumbing system," Max said. "I just want to see the room." He took a step forward. For a moment they huddled together like a football line getting ready to repel a line buck on the goal line. I got a swell picture of the five of them. Max reached out, took one of them by the shoulder and moved him gently to one side. He walked through into the corridor beyond and I followed him, half expecting to be clipped from behind. We went down the corridor to a door marked "Men." Max was just reaching for the knob when a voice called out sharply.

"Mr. Chandler!" It was Joe Marigold.

"Sorry," he said, "but this place is out of order."

"Is it?" Max said.

"The kids told you, but they said you didn't believe it."

"I believe it, if that makes you feel any better. But I want in just the same."

"Why?" There was tension in Marigold's voice.

"I am an endlessly curious guy, Joe. When I get an obsession to see something I just have to see it."

"I don't get it, Mr. Chandler. Why do you want to see the washroom?"

"Primarily, Joseph, just because you and your little chums don't want me to."

The corner of Marigold's mouth twitched. "I'm sorry, Mr. Chandler, but I'm the owner here, you know. I've got a right to keep customers out of any part of the place I want."

"Why, Joseph, surely you know that the customer is always right," Max said, and reached for the door.

"It's for you!"

Marigold's clawlike right hand made a lightning-fast move. Out of nowhere a clasp knife appeared and a long sharp blade snapped into position.

Max brought the edge of his right hand down over Marigold's wrist. The knife slithered across the floor out of Marigold's paralyzed fingers. Then Max's left fist traveled about six inches to connect with Marigold's jaw.

Joe's knees buckled like a rag doll's, and he slid down, his eyes glazed.

Max opened the washroom door and went in. I followed him.

Max crossed the room and opened the door of a sort of broom closet and I heard him swear softly under his breath.

In the closet was a boy. His body sagged and yet was upright because his wrists were tied to two hooks high above his head. His head lolled over onto his right shoulder, and the half of his face we could see was caked with dried blood.

And sitting on the floor of the closet, a patch of adhesive tape over her mouth, eyes blazing with anger, was a woman who had to be Hilda Moffet. A gold-headed umbrella lay on the floor beside her.

Max started toward her, but she jerked her head imperiously toward the boy. Max took him around the waist and lifted him up so the pressure was off his wrists. I had nothing to cut the cord with but I was able to slip it off the hooks. Max carried him out into the room and put him down gently on the floor.

Then we got Miss Moffet up on her feet. Her hands were taped behind her back and her ankles were also taped together. First Max removed the adhesive from her mouth as gently as he could.

"What in blazes has to happen here before you get help?" Miss Moffet demanded.

"We got here as quickly as we could, Hilda," Max said.

"I've been here hours!" she fumed. "That boy needs a doctor. They've done everything to him but murder him."

"Who, Hilda?" Max asked.

"Marigold and his gang. Max, I'll see every one of them behind bars."

I wet my handkerchief and started to wash the kid's face. I figured he must have been a nice-looking kid when he was all in one piece. One eye was swollen shut

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and his lips were bruised and puffy. His shirt was torn away from his chest and there were great red streaks on his skin as if he'd been clawed by an animal. There were also some ugly-looking blisters.

"Cigarette burns," Max said grimly.

"I tell you he needs a doctor," Miss Moffet said. "What are we waiting for?"

It wasn't Max who answered the question. The washroom door burst open and kids swarmed into the place. There must have been twenty-five of them. These were crazy kids—wild-eyed kids. You didn't have to be a doctor to know they were hopped up. Mr. Marigold probably knew his way around the marijuana market.

These kid hoodlums didn't stop to palaver. They rushed us. Some of them were armed with clubs and homemade blackjacks. I don't mind admitting the daylight was scared out of me. I've been on the wrong end of a dozen automatics, and once or twice a tommy gun, but it wasn't half so blood-freezing as these homicidal kids.

Max and I tried to take a position in front of the hurt boy on the floor, but the sheer momentum of the attack drove us back against the wall. They walked over that kid on the floor, stepped on his face, paid no attention to him at all. They were out to get us.

I AM not too bad a guy in a brawl and Max is superb, but the odds in this one were way off. Even with unexpected help from the aged Miss Moffet, who had retrieved her umbrella from the closet and was flailing about with it lustily, we didn't have a chance and we knew it, even while we stood there slugging it out.

I nailed a little stinker wearing brass knuckles, but then they were all over me. Just as I went down, with somebody kicking hell out of my stomach, I saw Joe Marigold. He had come quietly in the door, the clasp knife once more in his possession. He slid along the wall toward Max. I tried to shout a warning at Max, but there wasn't much he could do about it anyway. Kids were hanging all over him, clawing at him.

Then somebody kicked me in the jaw and the whole place started to go round in a big circle.

That was why I didn't actually see Faxon and a couple of his men come in. Just as I got clear I saw Faxon calmly beating out Joe Marigold's brains with the butt of his revolver.

The kids seemed to evaporate at the sight of the police. I noticed, confusedly, that a couple of cops at the door were letting them all slide away, unmolested. I recognized the two cops as the analyst and his pal.

I struggled up from the floor. Max, his face streaked with blood, was wigwagging me. I didn't know if my camera was still working, but if it was I got an action shot of Faxon putting the finishing touches on Joe Marigold. As Marigold slid to the floor, Faxon turned to Max, breathing hard.

"He was going to murder you, Mr. Chandler. The little punk!"

"How did you get here?" Max asked.

"Your secretary phoned the precinct station house."

"Lee? Where is she?"

"I didn't think it was safe here," Faxon said. "I had a couple of my men take her out."

Max took hold of the front of Faxon's dark blue shirt. "If she isn't back here in five minutes, safe and sound, so help me, I won't wait for the law to deal with you, Faxon."

"What's wrong with you, Chandler? I just saved you from being murdered! Your secretary's O. K. I tell you—"

"Send one of these men to get her!"

"Sure, sure, Mr. Chandler. But—"

"You've got four minutes left," Max said.

Faxon nodded to the analyst, who went trotting out. "You've got things wrong, Mr. Chandler."

"Have I? You say you came here because my secretary phoned?"

"Sure. I—"

"That's a lie and you know it, Faxon. This fight had only been going on a couple of minutes when you got here. Marigold phoned you that I was here and looking for trouble. You came on the run. When you saw what was happening, you knew the game was up."

"You're talking crazy, Mr. Chandler. What game?"

"Marigold was taking orders from *you*," Max said. "He didn't have the guts to organize anything. Every move you've made in this thing points to you. When you saw Marigold had really blown his top you beat his brains out, to make certain he would never rat on you."

"You're talking pretty big, Mr. Chandler. You're talking to an officer of the law. By—" Faxon's face had gone a dark red. He didn't finish, because another group of cops came in, headed by a captain.

"WHAT'S going on here?" the captain asked. "A Miss Ames phoned and said there was some kind of a riot."

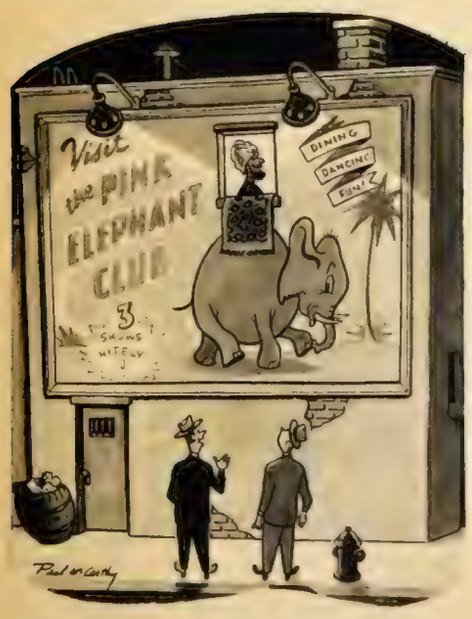
"There was, captain," Max said. "But the riot's over, and I want to charge this man Faxon with attempted homicide, kidnaping, destruction of property, and of being head of a juvenile criminal ring."

For a fraction of a second I thought Faxon was going to turn his gun on us. But his nerve broke. "You can't make it stick," he said weakly.

Just then the analyst reappeared with Lee in tow. She ran across the room to Max. "Are you all right, Max?"

For a moment his arm went around her shoulders and he bent his blond head to kiss her on the forehead. "I'm O. K., baby," he said. "For the Lord's sake don't go running off with strange men again, even if they're cops. Another five minutes and Faxon would have had you somewhere where he could have used you to keep me from talking."

Max and Lee and I had a midnight snack with Miss Moffet in her apartment. The kid who had been hurt was in the



"Abdul feels right at home since he rented that room up there."

UNITED STATES COAST GUARD
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old lady's spare bedroom, having been attended to by her doctor.

Over coffee and cigarettes she told the blank part of the story. The injured boy, Tommy Hughes, had been helping her prepare for the evening's entertainment when Marigold's vandals broke into the settlement house. The boy had put up a fight and been slugged. It was his blood on the rug in her office. A group of the vandals had lugged her and the boy out the back way and taken them to the Blue Tulip through a series of back alleys.

"I had been gunning for Joe Marigold for months," the old lady said. "Somehow he must have got wind of the fact I was about to swear out a warrant against him. I don't know whether he expected to frighten me into silence or whether he would have killed me. Of course I never dreamed Faxon had a hand in it. I didn't suspect him of being the real leader."

"Marigold wasn't strong enough to run that kind of show, Hilda," Max said. "Perhaps he started it in the beginning; perhaps he did pay protection money at first. But these kids do a profitable job with their organized thieving. Faxon simply took over and skimmed the cream off."

"Getting one Faxon or one Marigold isn't enough," Hilda Moffet said. "There are men like them all over town, organizing boys into criminal gangs, steering uniform-crazy girls into prostitution. And who's to blame? The kids? No! The city officials? No. We're to blame, Max—you and I and every mother's son of us in the community. We need organizations, societies to deal with these kids—give them something to do. You're a radio commentator, Max. If you're worth your salt you'll take up the cudgels for these boys and girls. You've seen enough tonight to know how important it is."

"I have and I will," Max said gravely. "But what are you going to do now, Hilda? Your settlement is a wreck."

"Rebuild, of course," the old lady said tartly. "I've been doing this work for fifty years. I hope to go on for another fifty."

The lines in Max's face softened and he smiled. "Were you scared when those kids barged into the washroom, Hilda?"

"Pink!" she said promptly. "But I wasn't going to take it without a fight!"

"Darling," Max said, "you certainly swing the meanest umbrella I've ever seen."

THE END

★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★

In those long-gone days when Booth Tarkington was a "cub" member of a Princeton literary magazine's staff, the managing editor used to take himself and his duties with deadly seriousness. Day after day he would complain of the lack of suitable material. Whenever manuscripts were offered, they got the full dose of his scorn.

One day a poem popped into the letter box. As soon as he read it, the editor broke loose.

"See this?" said he to Tarkington. "This is what some freshman calls poetry. How can one ever make a magazine out of such stuff?"

"Oh, that?" spoke up Tark. "Why, I sent that in myself. Just a small thing, you know."

"So you wrote it, did you?" growled the editor.

"No," said Tarkington sweetly. "I only copied the poem. Tennyson wrote it."

—John Aldredge

★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★

Woman-Talk

BY MARGARET FISHBACK

FEET FIRST: Twenty-three-year-old Captain Harold E. Segal, Marine Corps ace credited with downing a dozen enemy aircraft in the South Pacific, came to New York on leave. "Hurray," said he, "New York is full of women with shoes on!" Some seventy girls telephoned him at his parents' apartment between Sunday morning and Monday afternoon. When he answered the first, he was asked if it were a date, to which he replied fervently, "What else am I here, alive, for?" That's the kind of enthusiasm the female of the species likes to hear.

WANTED: A MAN: According to Senator Chavez, Democrat from New Mexico, the Pueblo Indians would rather have a man than a woman for a boss. Dr. Sophie D. Aberle, who resigned as superintendent of the Pueblos in New Mexico, was efficiency itself, but the senator declared the Indians were "not happy with her." Senator Chavez urged the Indian Bureau to accede to their wishes in choosing Dr. Aberle's successor.

GIRLS PREFERRED: Studies made in fifteen youth camps operated last year showed that farmers found girls more cheerful workers than boys, more diligent and less susceptible to fatigue, especially in the late afternoon. Cornell University's Rural Sociology Department made the report, which included the statement that New York farmers, combating a labor shortage, especially liked the older girls, as they were more serious. This year the labor shortage promises to be severe, and the Department of Agriculture says that 4,000,000 emergency workers will be needed before the harvest is in. (Approximately 3,500,000 helped the farmer last year.) To feed the armed forces, our civilians, and to help feed our allies and their hungry children, U. S. farmers are out to produce the greatest supply of food in the nation's history. They need help from every one who can spare time during summer vacations—from a few days to a few months. Those who gained farm experience last year will be most valuable if they take on the same jobs again, and the Department of Agriculture urges farmers and workers to get together on that basis wherever possible. Incidentally, vigorous farm work is fine for the figure.

A BARREL OF PENNIES: Fellow employees gave seventy-eight-year-old Mrs. Ellen Decker a barrel of pennies amounting to fifty dollars in honor of her sixty years of service with the textile firm of Julius Kayser & Co. of Brooklyn. Her employers presented her with a $1,000 war bond. She has commuted every working day for the past twenty-two years from South Orange to Brooklyn. What a durable woman!

WINS ARE WINNERS: Thousands of teen-age daughters of the WINS (Women In National Service) belong to the Junior WINS. Many of these young ladies entered a sewing contest sponsored by stores in cities throughout the country. First-prize winners in local contests were automatically entered in the national finals in New York, after which the national prize-winning clothes were presented at a fashion show in the ballroom of the Hotel Pierre. First-prize winner in the "Wardrobe Staples Group" was nineteen-year-old Martha Sant of Pittsburgh, a sophomore at Carnegie Institute. Her entry was a pink chambray dress of original design, self-trimmed with sawtooth edging. Fifteen-year-old Darlene Lewis of Seattle, Washington, won first prize in the "Gadget and Fixin's Group," with a navy blue felt hat-and-bag set. Most interesting prize-winning outfit was eighteen-year-old Virginia Covey's cardigan-style suit made from a man's navy blue worsted with hairlines of red. Dramatized with inserts of red flannel, the suit was such an attractive "make-over" you would have to be told it was in the "Something from Nothing Group" to realize it wasn't fashioned from fresh bolts of fabric.

BABIES GOT LEFT: In Teaneck, New Jersey, there was such a shortage of large paper bags that clerks advised housewives not to come shopping without their own bags. Mothers who had some one with whom to leave their young, used baby carriages to bring home the bacon

and other household effects. Because of the national paper shortage, Uncle Sam is urging all housewives to carry home packaged wares without further wrapping.

EXTREME CASES: Mrs. O. Schmidt of St. Louis appears to be nylon-nutty. Her attentive spouse went clear to Chicago to attend a post-office auction of unclaimed articles for the express purpose of buying nylons for Mrs. S. He paid sixty-eight dollars for a dozen pairs. He had previously tripped all the way to Atlanta to corral another dozen. On the other hand, Mrs. Muriel Shaffer of 440 West Thirty-fourth Street, New York, seems downright unworldly in her nonchalance toward the nylons she was wearing when she descended into a sewer to rescue a cat. She uttered no word of anguish or complaint when pussy clawed her legs and wrecked her nylons. On the contrary, she offered to pay the cat's expenses for treatment at the American Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals.

DISCORDS IN THE WARTIME WEDDING MARCH

Continued from Page 22

machinery show that applications by soldiers for divorce were in the thousands in 1943.

He attributes many of the requests for divorce to abuses of the present dependency allotment law. For example, wives long separated from their husbands rush in to claim allotments as soon as they hear that John is on Uncle Sam's payroll—and they get them. Even a woman convicted of immoral acts cannot be cut off. Right now the serviceman's only recourse is to divorce or annulment.

The usual reaction of a soldier abroad who learns—or sometimes just suspects—that his wife is unfaithful is to try to get her allotment discontinued. So far, the War Department has refused to do it. Brigadier General H. N. Gilbert, administrator of Army Dependency benefits, has said, "The Army would prefer not to pass on a woman's misconduct. Many men are alleging that their wives are wayward when, as a matter of fact, they are not."

THIS policy protects the innocent wives, who are in the majority, but it also protects a class of women whom lawyers call "love racketeers." They are a new type of wartime chiseler, and Charles Rothenberg, New York lawyer and author of New York Law of Alimony, says of them:

"I am regularly receiving pleas from servicemen who discover that the women they have married on very slight acquaintance were already married to some one else. Miami and Miami Beach are two of the special hunting grounds for these love racketeers. I have just received a letter from a man who married a girl in Florida, only to discover later that she had been previously married to at least two other soldiers, each time under a different name and address. She was drawing allotments from all three. The only way this soldier can stop part of his pay from being sent to her is to get an annulment of their marriage.

"This particular man is lucky, because he has been able to locate husband number two, from whom we can get testimony. But many men who have fallen into this same trap are not so fortunate. Previous husbands of the women who have deceived them may be on some far fighting front, hard to trace; they may even have been killed. In such cases, bigamy is difficult to prove."

Mr. Rothenberg stresses another curious angle of the divorce situation which may take on considerable significance after the war. What will be, in effect, divorce cases after death may be tried in great numbers in New York and other states which have laws similar to New York's.

"New York," he explains, "has a law that if a married person dies intestate, the remaining spouse may not inherit from the estate if it can be proved that he or she has been guilty of any kind of conjugal delinquency at any time during the marriage. 'Conjugal delinquency' may cover a number of things—adultery, desertion, extreme cruelty, for instance. Many of our servicemen who die in battle will die intestate—that is, without having made a will. If close relatives or other heirs of these servicemen can prove that their wives have at any time during the marriage been guilty of misconduct, the wives will not be able to inherit any part of the husbands' estates.

"The legal question which will come

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before the Surrogates' Courts will be, in effect: 'Did this wife, during her married life, give her husband legal grounds for divorce?' There will be many of what may thus be described as 'post-mortem divorce cases.'

"For example: If a woman, against her husband's wishes, joins the WAC, will that be legally regarded as desertion? That is one of the questions which will need a legal answer. I do not know what it will be, but I think it should be No."

It would be unfair to give the impression that women are responsible for all or even most of the failures of war marriages. There are soldiers who blithely woo and sometimes even marry girls they meet while they are in service, failing to mention that they already have wives. The marriage failures of the men, however, are likely to be more in evidence when the war is over. To many war brides, husbands will return who have been reshaped, in the oven of war, into men vastly different from the boys they married. The period of adjustment will be the testing time for both of them. It will also, in all probability, be the time when the divorce rate will reach its new high.

IT might be well to look ahead to this time. At present American divorce laws are in a state of chaos, and the signs are that getting a divorce will be an increasingly complicated business. Some unhappy complexities may arise to plague young couples who are marching so swiftly down the aisle today.

There has been a long recognized need for uniformity of standards in divorce laws among the various states. Nevada, for example, has become a byword for easy divorce. South Carolina, on the other hand, practically refuses to recognize divorce on any grounds. One of the principal problems calling for a solution is that of couples whose divorce is legal in some states and not in others.

★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★

Rockwell Kent, the artist, was present at the showing of some of his work when a woman accosted him regarding the appearance of one of his celebrated angels.

"No angel ever looked like that, Mr. Kent," said the woman.

"Madam," replied Kent, "have you ever seen an angel?"

★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★

The United States Supreme Court caused some consternation in December, 1942, when it ruled that Nevada divorces are valid and must be recognized by other states. The Court specifically overruled a 36-year-old opinion.

Here's what happened. O. B. Williams and Mrs. Lillie Shaver Hendrix determined to get divorces and marry each other. As thousands of others had done, they went to Reno, spent six weeks in the Alamo Auto Court near Las Vegas to "establish a residence," and procured their divorces. On the day the second divorce was granted they married and returned to North Carolina.

There a shock awaited them. On the ground that their Nevada divorces were not legal in North Carolina, they were indicted and convicted of "bigamous cohabitation." They appealed. The United States Supreme Court reversed the judgment as being contrary to the provision of the Constitution which declares that each state must give "full faith and credit" to the laws of every other state. The couple's troubles seemed to be over.

But the decision provoked complaints that the Supreme Court, whatever its intent, was lowering all divorce laws to the Reno level. In fact, Justice Jackson, who dissented, declared: "It is not an exaggeration to say that this decision repeals the divorce laws of all the states, and substitutes the law of Nevada as to all marriages one of the parties to which can afford a short trip there."

But there is still a loophole. Such divorces may still be nullified if it can be proved that legal residence in Nevada is not actually established by the divorce seeker, and judges are showing an increasing tendency to question whether the "residence" is genuine. For example, it could be a mistake for one who arrives in Reno swearing that he "intends to reside there permanently" to retain his New York apartment.

At any rate, there have been several recent decisions, notably in New York and New Jersey, which have thus refused to honor Nevada and Florida divorces. And, recently, North Carolina actually retried, reconvicted, and resentenced Williams and Mrs. Hendrix! The ground this time was that they never had become bona fide residents of Nevada, had never actually come under that state's jurisdiction, and therefore their divorces were not protected by the "full faith and credit" clause of the Constitution. Williams has announced that he will reappeal to the Supreme Court.

THE question of what exactly constitutes a legal residence is an important factor in the celebrated divorce case of the tobacco heiress Doris Duke Cromwell. The Cromwells were separated in 1940. In July, 1943, Doris, who had originally lived in New Jersey before building her home in Honolulu, arrived in Reno and announced that she was going to establish a permanent residence there. One reason was Nevada's lower property and inheritance taxes; another was to get a divorce. She immediately bought a home in Reno.

In September, Cromwell brought suit in New Jersey for a "limited divorce"—really a separation—on the grounds of desertion. By New Jersey law, a separation gives the winning spouse certain financial interests in the other's estate.

Doris countered by filing suit for absolute divorce in Reno, on the grounds of "extreme mental cruelty." Cromwell's next move was to obtain an injunction in the New Jersey courts to restrain his wife permanently from obtaining a divorce "anywhere on earth except in the sovereign State of New Jersey." New Jersey was far from disinterested. It was trying to hold onto an extremely taxable citizen. It claimed that the Reno residence was a fraud.

Judge William McKnight of Reno, however, ruled that the Nevada residence was genuine and granted Doris her divorce in December, 1943. Now Cromwell's attorneys have started a legal battle to have the Nevada divorce nullified, and Doris has announced that, if necessary, she will go to the Supreme Court. If she does, the question of legal residence may be clarified.

Examples of the confusion arising from the easy divorce laws of Nevada and other "divorce mill" states are many, and point the necessity of working out some sort of uniformity.

Here is one example. Mr. and Mrs. Jones had married late in life, after each had been divorced from another mate for some years. They pooled everything they had and bought a farm, placing it in Mr. Jones' name. Jones died intestate, and

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almost before the funeral flowers had withered his first wife arrived on the scene. The court upheld her contention that his divorce from her had no legality in the state in which he had remarried. Therefore she was still his wife in the eyes of the law, and she inherited all of his property, including the farm which had been purchased, in part, with money earned by his second wife before her marriage to him.

And here is another example of the absurdity of the divorce laws. "Mrs. Baker" of New York, aided financially by "Dr. Taylor," established residence in Reno and won a divorce by default—that is, her first husband took no part in the proceedings. When the decree was granted, she left for Indiana to marry Dr. Taylor. They returned to New York.

But after she had lived for a while in New York as Dr. Taylor's wife she brought suit for separation. Dr. Taylor resisted the suit on the grounds that he had never really been her husband, since a Nevada divorce by default was not recognized by the New York courts! The case went to the Court of Appeals and Dr. Taylor won.

So what is her legal status in her home state? The New York courts have said she is not the wife of Dr. Taylor. If she claims legally to be the wife of Mr. Baker, he can sue her for bigamy or bigamous cohabitation.

And so it goes. Of course, not many will find themselves in such unhappy predicaments. But the facts themselves should serve as a Stop, Look, and Listen warning for those who now are marrying too lightly, believing that later on they can divorce just as lightly.

THE END

ISLAND COMMAND—Continued from Page 23

have for American currency. Finally the king was presented with a considerable store of rice and canned salmon, Japanese supplies which had escaped our bombardment.

But now that plane was up there, and as I sat on the edge of a foxhole with Commander George Chapline of the housekeeping unit in the Island Command, a tall fellow in dungarees approached. "Excuse me, sir," he said, "but how long is that bastard likely to stay up there? We got work to do, and we can't do it without lights. Why don't somebody shoot him down?"

Commander Chapline urged patience. We couldn't shoot him down, he said, because we couldn't put searchlights on him to get the range, and we couldn't have fighter planes in the air until the landing strip was restored. And presently the snooper went away, the sirens blew again, and all the lights flared on at once.

But some of the officers were anything but jubilant. "It's only a case of *when*, now," they said. "That fellow didn't come over for an evening's stroll. He has looked us over. He'll bring back his pals from Ponape or somewhere. But *when*? Well, what the hell? We'd better check on the unloading from the ships."

The flow of goods into the compound was steady and even—goods from half the states of the Union. The loading back at Pearl Harbor had been shrewdly planned to make the unloading efficient. Every crate or case with a yellow slash went to piles that bore a yellow flag, everything marked with blue went to the blue flags, and so on. About half the enormous store of matériel had come ashore, and anything needed right now could be found right now.

THE radio and signal people were beautifully set up. They had been given the least damaged spot on the island for the establishment of their mobile power plants and aerials. Their commanding officer had started out in the banking business and for years had been manager of the London branch of an American bank. But his first love had always been radio and the electronic sciences. Now he was really happy. The Navy had put him in charge of magnificent equipment and a full crew of experienced technicians.

When we came upon his tent, he and some of his men were examining a great mass of electrical stuff spread out on tables and on the ground—a collection the Japs had left behind. They took delight in pointing out that the Japs didn't have equipment to compare at all with theirs.

They were jubilant on another score: the Signal Unit was fully established. The big motors of their mobile power plants hummed sweetly only a few yards away from us.

"We're set, you fellows," said their commander exuberantly. "We're operating. How soon will your bloody kitchens be giving us a hot breakfast?"

"Not yet," replied Commander Chapline. "Not yet. You'll eat K rations for a while, and like them." The kitchens, he explained, would be able to produce hot meals in another twelve hours; but they wouldn't do so until mess halls, completely screened, had been built.

"We're not going to cook a thing until everything we cook can be eaten or disposed of inside an entirely fly-protected hall," said Commander Chapline. "There aren't many flies on these islands, and we're not going to build up the population by leaving food scraps around."

Next stop was the Medical outfit, and the doctor in command was in good spirits too. "We learned a lot from the native king," he said. "There hasn't been a serious epidemic in these islands for fifteen years, and that's a relief. There aren't any endemic diseases, either—none of those tropical diseases and no mosquitoes to

(*Continued on page 73*)

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LIBERTY GOES TO THE MOVIES

THE HITLER GANG *A Paramount Production*

HERE'S a documentary picture every one should see—but not for entertainment. As propaganda (in the best sense of the word) it combines characteristics of both newsreel and drama, carefully tracing Hitler's rise from 1918 to the outbreak of this war. Sets, costumes, and even actors are uncannily authentic. The only freedom exercised has been in dramatic organization of the material. Wholly commendable, the exposé is sometimes gripping, generally depressing. Too old to be news, too recent to be history, the story nevertheless makes you realize the enormity of those crimes which plunged the world into war.

1 Adolf Hitler (Robert Watson, whose face is familiar through several comic portrayals of the role) makes his first grab for power in the 1923 Beer Hall Putsch. Starting out as a neurotic corporal in the "demobilized" German Army, he has ranted his way into control of the German Workers' Party as a paid tool of the Army. His gift for rabble-rousing makes him invaluable in the secret plot of the High Command to seize control of the government and start another war. Attracted by his growing power, the Gang has begun to gather about him—Goering, Hess, Himmler, and others [illegible] to gain their own ends. The newly [illegible] Nazi Party, backed by storm [illegible] is strong—but the Putsch fails.

2 Hitler now rashly leads a street march, with revered old General von Ludendorff as Army figurehead. The police begin shooting; Hitler sneaks away to safety as his friends are mowed down all around him. Ludendorff alone is spared.

3 After a prison interlude (a mere formality, during which he writes Mein Kampf), Hitler brings his half sister and niece Geli to live with him. His pose as a "family man" is ended when the Gang's machinations cause Geli's murder.

4 President von Hindenburg is finally induced to make Hitler Chancellor. Hitler has bided his time, taken advantage of Germany's poverty and discontent, used Jews and Bolsheviks as scapegoats. By now the Nazi Party rules the nation.

5 By brutally purging the very men who put him into power, Hitler removes the final threat to his ambitions. Der Führer and his gloating Gang have Germany by the throat, prepare to reach out for world domination.

HITLER'S CRONIES AND THEIR SCREEN COUNTERPARTS

Air Marshal Göring (left), second only to Hitler, is portrayed by Alexander Pope.

Rudolf Hess, Deputy Party Leader till his 1941 flight to Scotland, and his screen double, Victor Varconi.

Minister of Propaganda Paul Joseph Goebbels—Martin Kosleck in the film.

Gestapo Chief Heinrich Himmler is played by Luis Van Rooten.

PICTURES WORTH SEEING

ADDRESS UNKNOWN (Columbia). Paul Lukas, Carnovsky, K. T. Stevens. Drama.
AND THE ANGELS SING (Paramount). Fred MacMurray, Dorothy Lamour, Betty Hutton. Comedy.
COVER GIRL (Columbia). Rita Hayworth, Gene Kelly. Musical.
GOING MY WAY (Paramount). Bing Crosby, Risë Stevens, Barry Fitzgerald. Drama with music.
KNICKERBOCKER HOLIDAY (Producers' Corp.-U. A.). Nelson Eddy, Charles Coburn. Musical.
LADY IN THE DARK (Paramount). Ginger Rogers, Ray Milland. Drama with music.
SONG OF BERNADETTE (20th Cent.-Fox). Jennifer Jones, Charles Bickford. Drama.
THE ADVENTURES OF MARK TWAIN (Warners). Fredric March, Alexis Smith. Drama.
THE WHITE CLIFFS OF DOVER (M-G-M). Irene Dunne, Alan Marshal. Drama.
UNCERTAIN GLORY (Warners). Errol Flynn, Paul Lukas. Drama.

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AFTER A POEM
at eight, a girl's adventure story at twelve, and a very sophisticated novel at fourteen, which achieved a wide private circulation in pencil script among her friends, Gertrude Schweitzer considered herself launched as an author when the New York Times accepted a bit of verse. But she filled a great variety of clerical jobs between the years 1925 and 1929, then got married, and had two children to further divert her time from writing more than a letter. Following a whirl at professional photography, which proved a disappointment, Miss Schweitzer made up her mind to get somewhere in fiction, so she rolled up her sleeves, preened her wings of imagination, and began trial flights. Her The Things You Remember, in this issue, is one of the latest of her story trophies. Let us know how you like it.

THE NAZIS ISSUED
a warrant for high treason against Kurt Singer, who reports the experiences of N. Joglu, a member of the Turkish Trade Mission, in Berlin under aerial bombardment, which you will find in these pages. But Mr. Singer escaped the Gestapo clutch and came to the United States in 1940, as a correspondent for British and Swedish newspapers. He is the author of a dozen books, two of them biographies of Pastor Niemoeller and Hermann Göring respectively. It is rumored that the Luftwaffe chief didn't like what Singer had to say about him.

SPENDING THREE
and a half years in a small village in the Vienna Woods, and fascinated by a picture of a little girl in an old-fashioned dress started Catherine Hutter on her novel The Outnumbered, which you will read in a condensation in this issue. Prior to that Miss Hutter was an international journalist and a ballet dancer, having once been in the fabulous Pavlova's company.

THE EDITORS.

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(Continued from page 69)

carry malaria. The Navy couldn't have picked a healthier place for an Advanced Base, and we're going to keep it that way. The water is pure—all distilled fresh from the sea. I've already set up an isolation ward, so if some fellow blows up with a contagious disease we can quarantine him. Keep the Jap bullets away from here, and we're in for a long and happy life."

Dawn came and passed without the air raid. The Seabees were working on the mess halls and putting up Quonset huts. The Quonset huts nest into a trifle of space when knocked down for shipment, but they can be turned into solid, permanent little buildings within a few hours. The first ones completed would be used for hospitals and operating rooms and the storage of perishable supplies; then for barracks to replace the tent city, churches, game halls, canteens and clubs.

The skeletons of two Japanese hangars stood over by the main runway. They were big ones, and the structural steel framework was fairly well intact. Examination revealed that they could be patched up with new roofs and new walls. So the Seabees had their ironworkers aloft, tucking together the beams and rafters to make them secure. A prime rule of the Island Command is to use everything of the enemy's which is usable. Men were at work, too, repairing the cleverly built Jap water conduits. These were partly covered sluiceways, concrete, about eighteen inches broad and just as deep, bordering all three runways. The runways themselves had been built with a slight crown so that water from the frequent showers would drain into the conduits. They, in turn, led to big water-storage tanks. The reservoir would be useful for everything except drinking and cooking.

Surveyors who were also expert swimmers had marked off beaches where the men could bathe without danger from sharp coral outcroppings or serious undertow. Other experts were making inquiries among the natives about the edibility of the fish the men might catch. Some data had been prepared in advance and issued to the men in booklet form. But now little fishing parties were offshore, and the natives were explaining that this fish was good to eat, that one deadly poison—and there are many poisonous fish in the Pacific Islands.

The Japanese had had considerable livestock, chiefly pigs and chickens, but all living things that had dwelt upon these islands five days ago were dead, except for a few dogs which moved anxiously about, wagging their tails.

IT was Sunday now. The enlisted men were working on two straight shifts, twelve hours each. The officers had not got around to shifts yet. They were working all the time, snatching an hour or two on their cots when they could. And what a change they had wrought in these shattered islands since Friday afternoon! The scene was still largely a ruin. But it was ordered ruin now, cleaned-up ruin. Already a sky line was rising above it: a sky line of low mountains of goods from the ships, of radio towers, of permanent buildings, huts and mess halls and cook shacks and the repaired hangars.

People from the fighting ships anchored in the lagoon came ashore to look around.

"What a hell of a mess," they said.

Yes, it was a hell of a mess compared with the scrubbed order of their own neat vessels out there in the anchorage. But the men of the Island Command weren't offended. They grinned and said, "Brother, you should have seen it yesterday!"

The only unhappy people were the men of the Aircraft Service Unit. Here they were, with big squads of expert mechanics and maintenance men, with fine machine shops mounted in specially designed truck bodies, with every tool an airplane man could think of—and no planes to work on. No planes could land on the strips yet. "It's a six months' job," they agreed gloomily in one breath. And in the next, "Why haven't the Seabees got it ready by now?"

Three or four Marine officers arrived and wanted to know the same thing. They weren't peevish; just eager. They were the advance men for the aviation defense unit, the permanent flying outfit of the Island Command. Their planes were lying off somewhere, waiting. And the pilots and crews were waiting, too, to set up housekeeping and begin their job of fending off Japs.

To the delight of all hands, the first American airplane landed on Roi airdrome Tuesday morning, just 100 hours after the first bulldozer had bitten into the half-obliterated surface of the main runway.

True, the pilot didn't land from choice. He had been flying a bomber on a task operation somewhere, and ack-ack had damaged one of his engines. He made port at Roi because he had to. But he made port—and he didn't crack himself up, either.

THAT day was memorable for something else, too. At about three o'clock in the afternoon a Navy PBY flying boat circled over the lagoon and came in for a landing at the big yellow buoy the harbor people had put out. It was loaded with mailbags. The first U. S. post office in the Marshall Islands had work to do. But before it could begin sorting the mail from home it had to get its own bags aboard the PBY—letters to the folks from the men of the Roi-Namur Island Command.

I left the islands not long after that. But in one hundred hours the place had been swept up and building was well under way. The big cargo ships lying off the beach were nearly unloaded. In the compound, in the storage tents and sheds, was every conceivable thing the new Advanced Base would need for a while. In a few more days we would have a new airdrome 2,200 miles closer to Tokyo than Hickam Field. The kitchens were serving up three hot squares a day. The Navy was already plotting operations which would use Roi-Namur, in the Kwajalein Atoll, as its fixed base.

There is nothing unique in the ability of Americans to fight well and bravely. Man has been doing that since Joshua "fit the battle of Jericho." But that morning when he blew the first trumpet blast against the disputed walls, Joshua didn't have a full and integrated plan, with men standing by to execute it, for rebuilding Jericho nearer to his heart's desire.

We did, in the Marshalls.

And that is American genius. The Japanese are not equipped, by training or temperament, either to understand it or combat it. To them, a ruined airdrome is a ruined airdrome, and they figure the time required to restore it according to their own methods of restoring such a thing. Our bulldozer upsets all their timing. And the bulldozer will defeat them, in the end, as surely as guns and bombs and bayonets will defeat them.

(The Japs came over, all right—the night after I left Roi-Namur. Admiral Nimitz' communiqué said the casualties were "moderate." But if the Japs return again, nobody will have to ask, "Why don't we shoot them down?" That's been arranged for.)

THE END

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JUNE 10, 1944

PAUL HUNTER
Publisher
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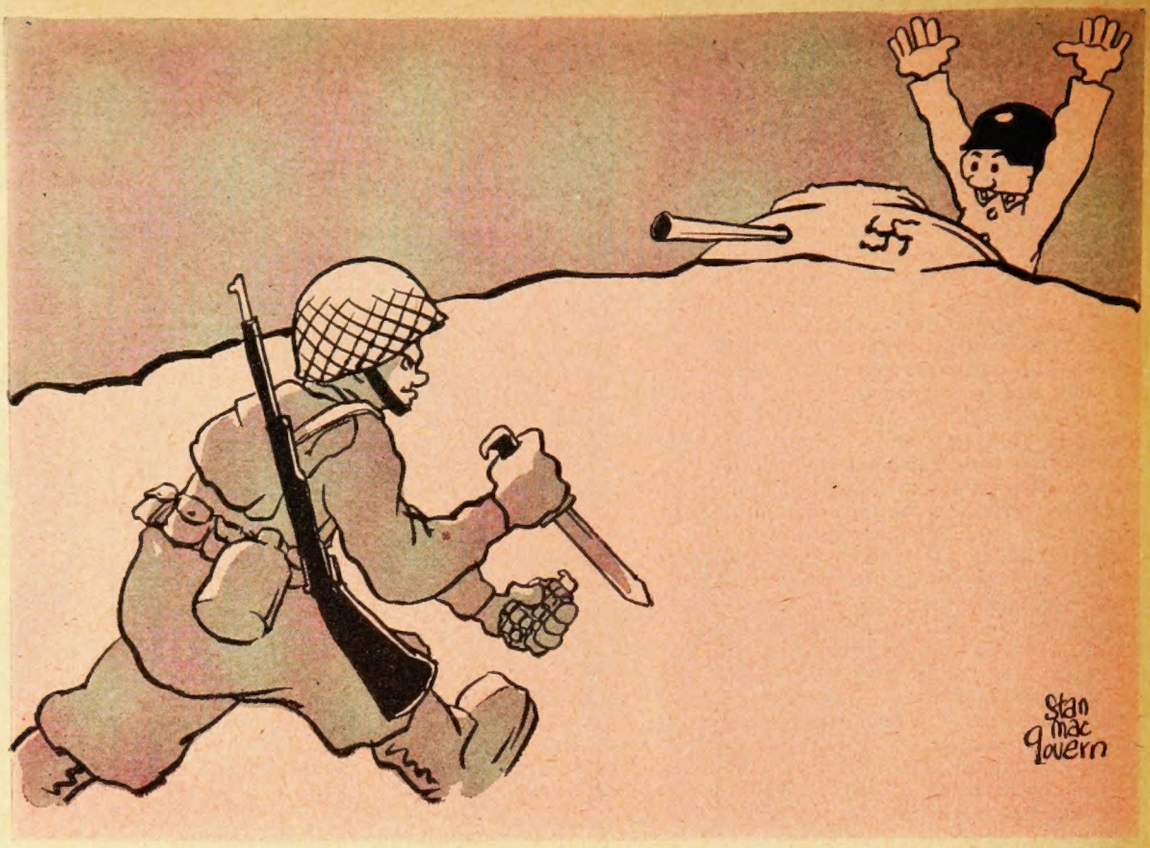


THE G. I. COMES INTO HIS OWN

ONCE again in war's long history the chips are down, and it's the man in the mud with a knife in his hand who has to go in to win or lose them.

War today is supposed to have become mechanized. True, machines have accelerated its tempo and drawn into the fight the total physical resources of the nations engaged—to build the machines, to supply them and to keep them rolling forward in greater strength than the enemy can muster.

But when the marvelous gadgets have all had their innings, the tired foot-slogger is the guy who must go in to win or lose. Machines help him to move faster, to overcome points of strong resistance, to achieve in hours that which took weeks in the last war. But though he cannot win against enemy machines without machines of his own, his machines alone cannot win for him. We have discovered this to hold true both in Europe and in the Pacific.

Given a stout heart and determination, the infantryman in time finds ways to master the machine and defeat it. The airplane, man's most spectacular invention and a marvelous weapon of attrition, has been thwarted of achieving victory on its own hook by so simple a thing as a hole in the ground.

The enemy needs but to burrow in the earth until the mechanical holocaust is past, when he emerges with his fighting power and effectiveness unimpaired. Our soldiers must still go in and get him with knife, rifle, or grenade.

So far in this war the lion's share of spectacular deeds—and of the headlines—has gone to the men who fly. No praise, of course, is too great for them. With their bodies and machines they stemmed the onslaught and stood virtually alone between the enemy and victory. In both Europe and the Pacific the airmen kept the war from being lost in those dark days a while back. The story of their deeds will never die.

But now the foot soldier comes into his own. On his courage, his training, his weapons, and his skill in using them final victory depends.

The men in the ranks who have been putting in month after month of grueling training while others got the excitement, thrill, and glory of action are now the hope of their country and of the world. They can forget their inferiority complex. They can say good-by to what seemed to them their lowly status while their more spectacular brothers in arms were reaping the cheers.

The spotlight now swings to G. I. Joe, the humble dogface. When the last shot is fired he will be proud to say, "I was with the infantry."

Paul Hunter

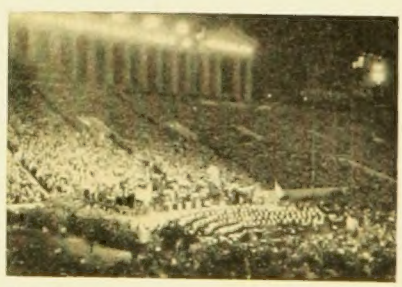
From the days of one-man war loans to

Fifth War Loan Drive

A GRAND OLD CANADIAN NAME

1861 **JAY COOKE'S** Wall Street bank becomes "General Subscription Agent of Government Loans" and finances the North in the War Between the States for 2½ billion dollars. This was in the third year of Corby's fine whiskey tradition.

1917 **THE WALL STREET** scene changes as World War financing enlists every American in Liberty Bond drives for a total of 22 billion dollars. Liberty Bonds, bought at par, sold at market . . . sometimes below par . . . in Corby's sixth decade as a great whiskey name.



1944 **GREAT MASS MEETINGS** will open the 16-billion-dollar Fifth War Loan Drive June 12. War Bonds now have fixed values at all times . . . a sure investment. Nearly 70 billion dollars worth are outstanding in this 86th year of Corby's whiskey fame.

PRODUCED IN U. S. A. *under the direct supervision of our expert Canadian blender.*

The parrot on every Corby's bottle reminds you to buy all the War Bonds you can possibly afford. Only after that do we suggest you buy a "sample" bottle of Corby's, the light, sociable blend. There is enough of this whiskey with the grand old Canadian name to enable you to try it from time to time. *And an occasional "sampling" of Corby's now may grow to lasting preference after Victory!*

86 Proof—68.4% Fruit and Grain Neutral Spirits
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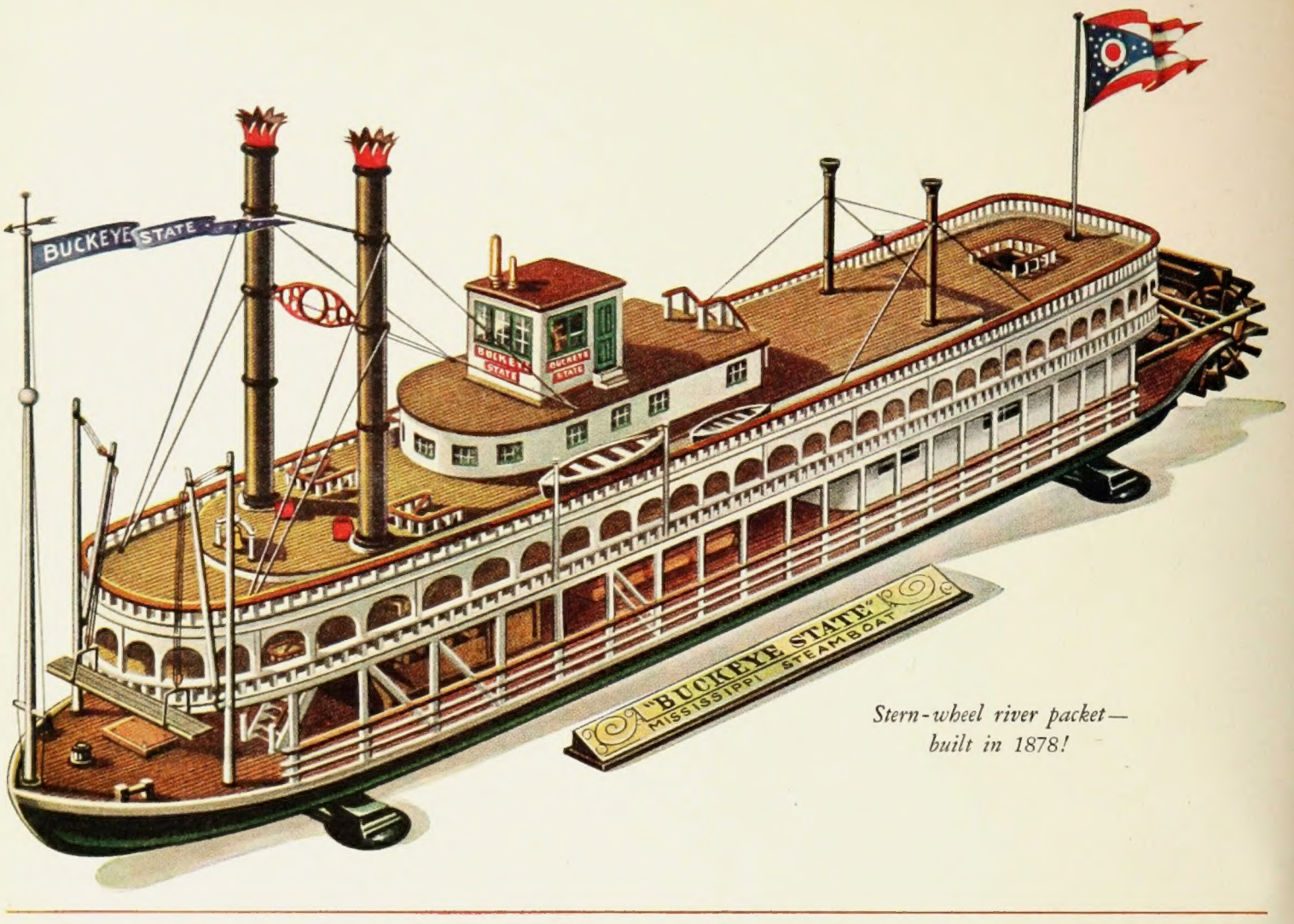

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GOODERHAM & WORTS LIMITED, PEORIA, ILLINOIS

G&W FIVE STAR
Blended Whiskey

86 proof—75% fruit and grain neutral spirits